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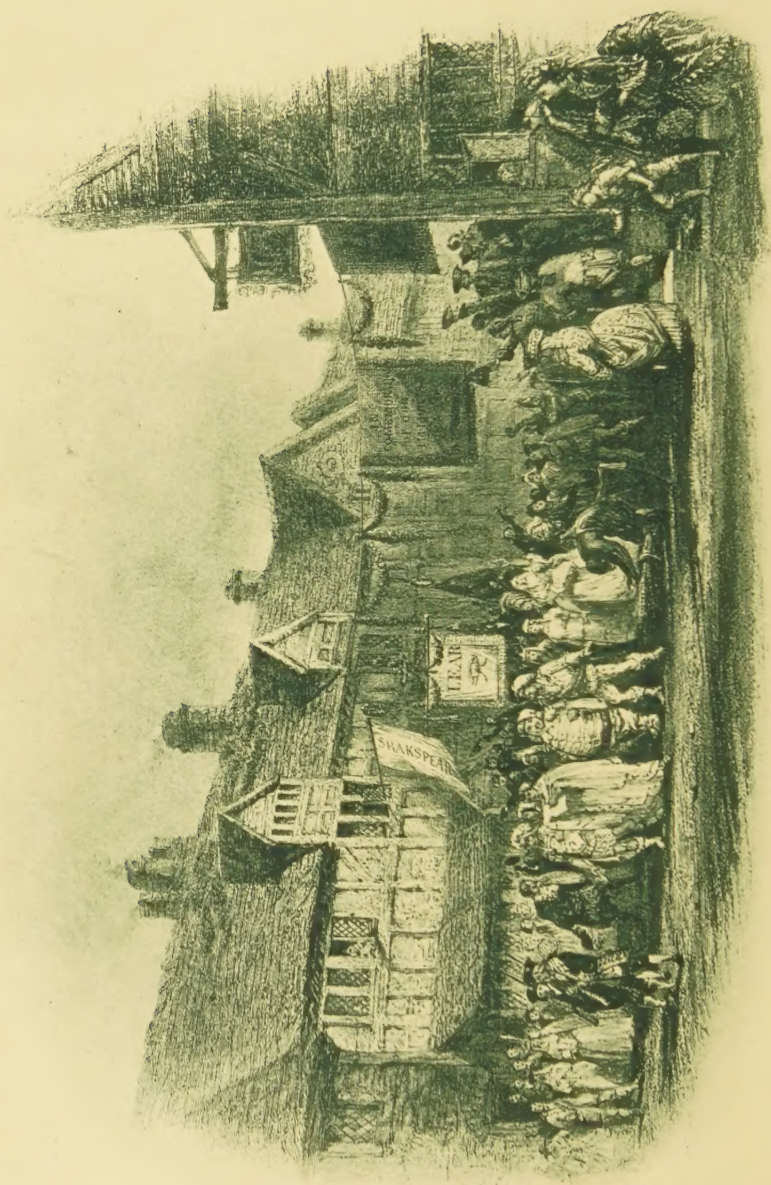


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Birthplace of Shakespeare, with Garrick's
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[Vol. VIII.]

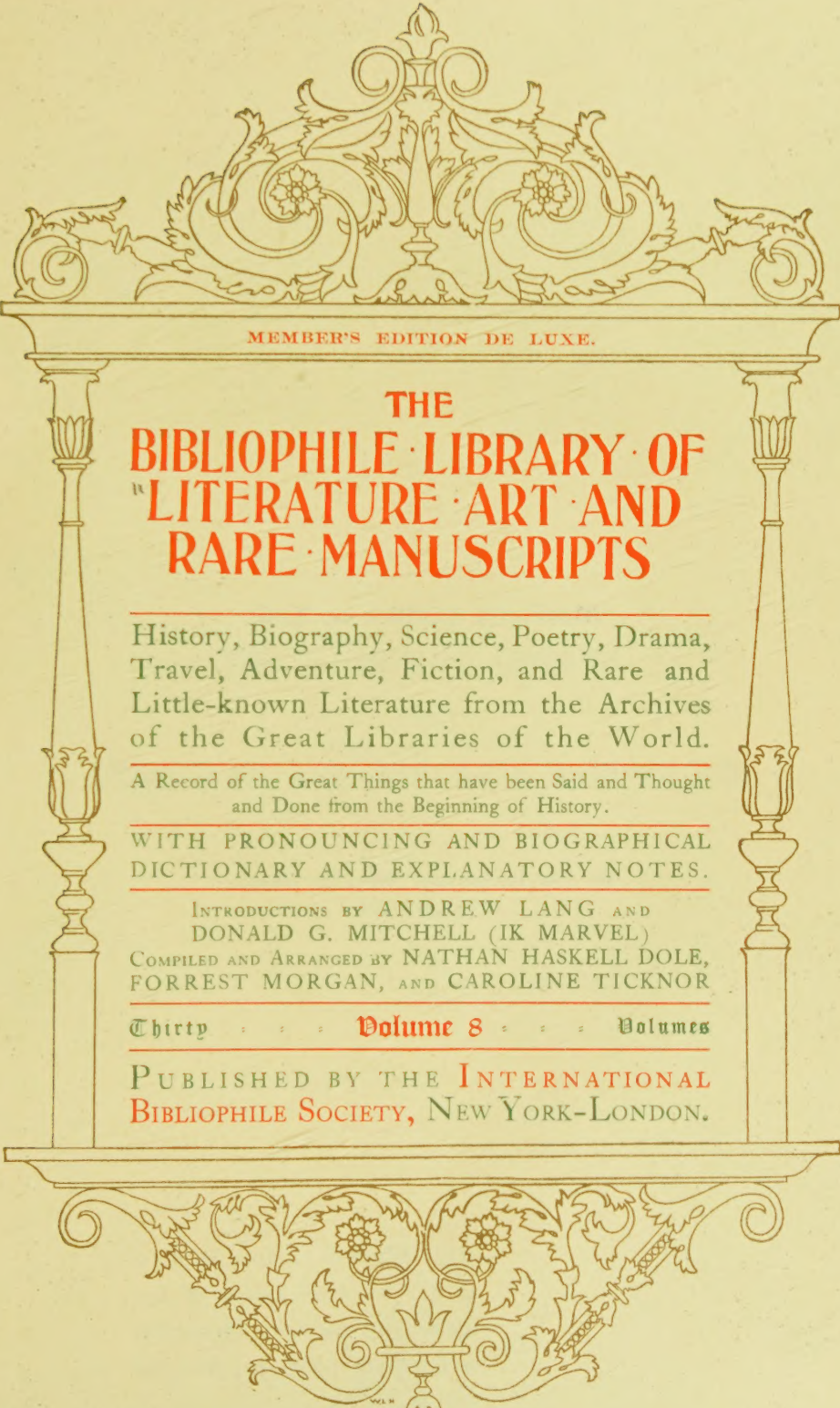
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WITH PRONOUNCING AND BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND
DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

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THE ARAUCANA.

By ALONZO DE ERCILLA.

(Translation and Summaries by William Hayley.)

[ALONZO ERCILLA Y ZUÑIGA, Spanish poet, was born at Bermeo, Bay of Biscay, about 1530; entered the service of Philip II.; joined the expedition against the native Araucanians of Chile, and while campaigning, wrote his famous epic "The Araucana" on scraps of paper and leather. After his return he was chamberlain to Emperor Rudolf II.; lived in Madrid, very poor, from 1580 on, and died in 1595. His work is of value in describing the brutal methods by which the Spaniards conquered Chile.]

THE poet devotes his first canto to the description of that part of the New World which forms the scene of his action, and is called Arauco, a district in the province of Chile. He paints the singular character and various customs of its warlike inhabitants with great clearness and spirit. In many points they bear a striking resemblance to the ancient Germans, as they are drawn by the strong pencil of Tacitus. The first canto closes with a brief account how his martial province was subdued by a Spanish officer named Valdivia; with an intimation that his negligence in his new dominion gave birth to those important exploits which the poet proposes to celebrate.

CANTO II.

Many there are who, in this mortal strife,
Have reached the slippery heights of splendid life:
For Fortune's ready hand its succor lent;
Smiling she raised them up the steep ascent,
To hurl them headlong from that lofty seat
To which she led their unsuspecting feet;

E'en at the moment when all fears disperse,
 And their proud fancy sees no sad reverse.
 Little they think, beguiled by fair success,
 That Joy is but the herald of Distress:
 The hasty wing of Time escapes their sight,
 And those dark evils that attend his flight:
 Vainly they dream, with gay presumption warm,
 Fortune for them will take a steadier form;
 She, unconcerned at what her victims feel,
 Turns with her wonted haste her fatal wheel.

The Indians first, by novelty dismayed,
 As Gods revered us, and as Gods obeyed;
 But when they found we were of woman born,
 Their homage turned to enmity and scorn:
 Their childish error when our weakness showed,
 They blushed at what their ignorance bestowed;
 Fiercely they burnt with anger and with shame,
 To see their masters but of mortal frame.
 Disdaining cold and cowardly delay,
 They seek atonement, on no distant day:
 Prompt and resolved, in quick debate they join,
 To form of deep revenge their dire design.
 Impatient that their bold decree should spread,
 And shake the world around with sudden dread,
 Th' assembling Chieftains led so large a train,
 Their ready host o'erspread th' extensive plain.
 No summons now the soldier's heart requires;
 The thirst of battle every breast inspires;
 No pay, no promise of reward, they ask,
 Keen to accomplish their spontaneous task;
 And, by the force of one avenging blow,
 Crush and annihilate their foreign foe.
 Of some brave Chiefs, who to this council came,
 Well mayst thou, Memory, preserve the name;
 Tho' rude and savage, yet of noble soul,
 Justly they claim their place on Glory's roll,
 Who, robbing Spain of many a gallant son,
 In so confined a space such victories won;
 Whose fame some living Spaniards yet may spread,
 Too well attested by our warlike dead.

The poet proceeds to mention the principal chieftains, and the number of their respective vassals.

Tucapel stands first, renowned for the most inveterate

enmity to the Christians, and leader of three thousand vassals ; Angol, a valiant youth, attended by four thousand ; Cayocupil, with three ; and Millarapue, an elder chief, with five thousand : Paycabi, with three thousand ; and Lemolemo, with six : Maregnano, Gualemo, and Lebopia, with three thousand each ; Elicura, distinguished by strength of body and detestation of servitude, with six thousand ; and the ancient Colocolo, with a superior number : Ongolmo, with four thousand ; and Puren, with six : the fierce and gigantic Lincoya with a still larger train. Peteguelen, lord of the valley of Arauco, prevented from personal attendance by the Christians, dispatches six thousand of his retainers to the assembly ; the most distinguished of his party are Thome and Andalican. The lord of the maritime province of Pilmayquen, the bold Caupolican, is also unable to appear at the opening of the council.

The valley where they met for their consultations is thus described by Ercilla, who probably had seen it :—

In an umbrageous vale the seniors meet,
Embosomed deep in woods, a cool retreat,
Where gentle Flora sheds her annual blooms,
And with her fragrant scents the air perfumes.
The sweet perfumes the Zephyrs waft away,
Deep whispering through the groves in wanton play ;
And to the limpid stream that purls below
The rising gales in solemn concert blow.
Here in a sylvan theater, they find
An ample space, where all their tribes combined
Could meet at large to banquet, or debate
In graver mood the business of the State.
Th' assembling clans within this bowery scene
Repose, where scarce a fiery shaft between
From Phœbus can descend, so close above
The hand of Summer weaves the solemn grove.

As they begin their business in the style of the ancient Germans, with a plentiful banquet, they soon grow exasperated with liquor, and a violent quarrel ensues concerning the command of the forces for the projected war, an honor which almost every chieftain is arrogant enough to challenge for himself. In the midst of this turbulent debate, the ancient Colocolo delivers the following harangue, which Voltaire prefers to the speech of Nestor, on a similar occasion, in the first *Iliad* :—

“Assembled Chiefs! ye guardians of the land!
Think not I mourn from thirst of lost command,
To find your rival spirits thus pursue
A post of honor which I deem my due.
These marks of age, you see, such thoughts disown
In me, departing for the world unknown;
But my warm love, which ye have long possest,
Now prompts that counsel which you'll find the best.
Why should we now for marks of glory jar?
Why wish to spread our martial name afar?
Crushed as we are by Fortune's cruel stroke,
And bent beneath an ignominious yoke,
Ill can our minds such noble pride maintain,
While the fierce Spaniard holds our galling chain.
Your generous fury here ye vainly show;
Ah! rather pour it on th' embattled foe!
What frenzy has your souls of sense bereaved?
Ye rush to self-perdition, unperceived.
'Gainst your own vitals would ye lift those hands,
Whose vigor ought to burst oppression's bands?

“If a desire of death this rage create,
O die not yet in this disgraceful state!
Turn your keen arms, and this indignant flame,
Against the breast of those who sink your fame,
Who made the world a witness of your shame.
Haste ye to cast these hated bonds away,
In this the vigor of your souls display;
Nor blindly lavish, from your country's veins,
Blood that may yet redeem her from her chains.

“E'en while I thus lament, I will still admire
The fervor of your souls; they give me fire:
But justly trembling at their fatal bent,
I dread some dire calamitous event;
Lest in your rage Dissension's frantic hand
Should cut the sinews of our native land.
If such its doom, my thread of being burst,
And let your old compeer expire the first!
Shall this shrunk frame, thus bowed by age's weight,
Live the weak witness of a nation's fate?
No: let some friendly sword, with kind relief,
Forbid its sinking in that scene of grief.
Happy whose eyes in timely darkness close,
Saved from that worst of sights, his country's woes!
Yet, while I can, I make your weal my care,
And for the public good my thoughts declare.

“Equal ye are in courage and in worth;
Heaven has assigned to all an equal birth:
In wealth, in power, and majesty of soul,
Each Chief seems worthy of the world’s control.
These gracious gifts, not gratefully beheld,
To this dire strife your daring minds impelled.

“But on your generous valor I depend,
That all our country’s woes will swiftly end.
A Leader still our present state demands,
To guide to vengeance our impatient bands;
Fit for this hardy task that Chief I deem,
Who longest may sustain a massive beam:
Your rank is equal, let your force be tried
And for the strongest let his strength decide.”

The chieftains acquiesce in this proposal. The beam is produced, and of a size so enormous that the poet declares himself afraid to specify its weight. The first chieftains who engage in the trial support it on their shoulders five and six hours each; Tucapel fourteen; and Lincoya more than double that number, — when the assembly, considering his strength as almost supernatural, is eager to bestow on him the title of general: but in the moment he is exulting in this new honor, Caupolican arrives without attendants.

Though from his birth one darkened eye he drew
(The viewless orb was of the granite’s hue),
Nature, who partly robbed him of his sight,
Repaid this failure by redoubled might.
This noble youth was of the highest state;
His actions honored, and his words of weight:
Prompt and resolved in every generous cause,
A friend to Justice and her sternest laws:
Fashioned for sudden feats, or toils of length,
His limbs possessed both suppleness and strength:
Dauntless his mind, determined and adroit
In every quick and hazardous exploit.

This accomplished chieftain is received with great joy by the assembly; and having surpassed Lincoya by many degrees in the trial, is invested with the supreme command. He dispatches a small party to attack a neighboring Spanish fort: they execute his orders, and make a vigorous assault. After a sharp conflict they are repulsed; but in the moment of their

retreat Caupolican arrives with his army to their support. The Spaniards in despair evacuate the fort, and make their escape in the night: the news is brought to Valdivia, the Spanish commander in the city of Concepcion; and with his resolution to punish the barbarians the canto concludes.

CANTO XXXII.

After a panegyric on clemency, and a noble censure of those enormous cruelties by which his countrymen sullied their military fame, the poet relates the dreadful carnage which ensued as the Indians approached the fort. The Spaniards, after destroying numbers by their artillery, send forth a party of horse, who cut the fugitives to pieces. They inhumanly murder thirteen of their most distinguished prisoners, by blowing them from the mouths of cannon: but none of the confederate chieftains whom the poet has particularly celebrated were included in this number; for those high-spirited barbarians had refused to attend Caupolican in this assault, as they considered it disgraceful to attack their enemies by surprise. The unfortunate Indian leader, seeing his forces thus unexpectedly massacred, escapes with ten faithful followers, and wanders through the country in the most calamitous condition. The Spaniards endeavor, by all the means they can devise, to discover his retreat: the faithful inhabitants of Arauco refuse to betray him.

Ercilla, in searching the country with a small party, finds a young wounded female. She informs him that, marching with her husband, she had the misfortune of seeing him perish in the late slaughter; that a friendly soldier, in pity for her extreme distress, had tried to end her miserable life in the midst of the confusion, but had failed in his generous design, by giving her an ineffectual wound; that she had been removed from the field of battle to that sequestered spot, where she languished in the hourly hope of death, which she now implores from the hand of Ercilla. Our poet consoles her, dresses her wound, and leaves one of his attendants to protect her.

CANTO XXXIII.

One of the prisoners whom the Spaniards had taken in their search after Caupolican is at last tempted by bribes to

betray his general. He conducts the Spaniards to a spot near the sequestered retreat of this unfortunate chief, and directs them how to discover it ; but he refuses to advance with them, overcome by his dread of the hero whom he is tempted to betray. The Spaniards surround the house in which the chief-tain had taken refuge with his ten faithful associates. Alarmed by a sentinel, he prepares for defense ; but being soon wounded in the arm, surrenders, endeavoring to conceal his high character, and to make the Spaniards believe him an ordinary soldier.

With their accustomed shouts, and greedy toil,
 Our furious troops now riot in their spoil ;
 Through the lone village their quick rapine spread,
 Nor leave unpillaged e'en a single shed :
 When from a tent, that placed on safer ground,
 The neighboring hill's uncultured summit crowned,
 A woman rushed, who, in her hasty flight,
 Ran through the roughest paths along the rocky height.
 A Negro of our train, who marked her way,
 Soon made the hapless fugitive his prey ;
 For thwarting crags her doubtful steps impede,
 And the fair form was ill prepared for speed ;
 For at her breast she bore her huddled son ;
 To fifteen months the infant's life had run :
 From our brave captive sprung the blooming boy,
 Of both his parents the chief pride and joy.
 The Negro carelessly his victim brought,
 Nor knew th' important prize his haste had caught.

Our soldiers now, to catch the cooling tide,
 Had sallied to the murmuring river's side :
 When the unhappy Wife beheld her Lord,
 His strong arms bound with a disgraceful cord,
 Stript of each ensign of his past command,
 And led the pris'ner of our shouting band ;
 Her anguish burst not into vain complaint,
 No female terrors her firm soul attain ;
 But, breathing fierce disdain, and anger wild,
 Thus she exclaimed, advancing with her child : —

“The stronger arm that in this shameful band
 Has tied thy weak effeminated hand,
 Had nobler pity to thy state exprest
 If it had bravely pierced that coward breast.
 Wert thou the Warrior whose heroic worth
 So swiftly flew around the spacious earth,

Whose name alone, unaided by thy arm,
Shook the remotest climes with fear's alarm ?
Wert thou the Victor whose triumphant strain
Promised with rapid sword to vanquish Spain ;
To make new realms Arauco's power revere,
And spread her empire o'er the Arctic sphere ?
Wretch that I am ! how was my heart deceived,
In all the noble pride with which it heaved,
When through the world my boasted title ran,
Tresia, the wife of great Caupolican !
Now, plunged in misery from the heights of fame,
My glories end in this detested shame,
To see thee captive in a lonely spot,
When death and honor might have been thy lot ?

“ What now avail thy scenes of happier strife,
So dearly bought by many a nobler life ;
The wondrous feats, that valor scarce believed,
By thee with hazard and with toil achieved ?
Where are the vaunted fruits of thy command,
The laurels gathered by this fettered hand ?
All sunk ! all turned to this abhorred disgrace,
To live the slave of this ignoble race !
Say, had thy soul no strength, thy hand no lance,
To triumph o'er the fickle power of chance ?
Dost thou not know that to the Warrior's name,
A gallant exit gives immortal fame ?

“ Behold the burden which my breast contains,
Since of thy love no other pledge remains !
Hadst thou in glory's arms resigned thy breath,
We both had followed thee in joyous death :
Take, take thy son ! he was a tie most dear,
Which spotless love once made my heart revere ;
Take him ! — by generous pain, and wounded pride,
The currents of this fruitful breast are dried :
Rear him thyself, for thy gigantic frame,
To woman turned, a woman's charge may claim :
A mother's title I no more desire,
Or shameful children from a shameful sire ! ”

As thus she spoke, with growing madness stung,
The tender nursling from her arms she flung,
With savage fury, hast'ning from our sight,
While anguish seemed to aid her rapid flight.
Vain were our efforts, our indignant cries,
No gentle prayers, nor angry threats, suffice
To make her breast, where cruel frenzy burned,
Receive the little innocent she spurned.

The Spaniards, after providing a nurse for this unfortunate child, return with their prisoner Caupolican to their fort, which they enter in triumph.



THE CRUSHING OF ITALIAN FREEDOM.¹

By J. A. SYMONDS.

(From "The Italian Renaissance.")

[JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, English man of letters, was born October 5, 1840; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872); "Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873-1876); "The Renaissance in Italy" (six volumes, 1875-1886); "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884); "Life of Michelangelo" (1892); several volumes of poetry; translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography; etc. He died April 18, 1893, at Rome.]

THE leveling down of the component elements of the Italian race beneath a common despotism, which began in the period I have chosen for this work, was necessary perhaps before Italy could take her place as a united nation gifted with constitutional self-government and independence. Except, therefore, for the sufferings and the humiliations inflicted on her people; except for their servitude beneath the most degrading forms of ecclesiastical and temporal tyranny; except for the annihilation of their beautiful Renaissance culture; except for the depression of arts, learning, science, and literature, together with the enfeeblement of political energy and domestic morality; except for the loathsome domination of hypocrites and persecutors and informers; except for the Jesuitical encouragement of every secret vice and every servile superstition which might emasculate the race and render it subservient to authority, — except for these appalling evils, we have no right perhaps to deplore the settlement of Italy by Charles V. in 1530, or the course of subsequent events. For it is tolerably certain that some such leveling down as then commenced was needed to bring the constituent States of Italy into accord; and it is indubitable, as I have had occasion to point out, that the political force which eventually introduced Italy into the European system of federated nations was determined in its character, if not created, then. None the less, the history of

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this period (1530-1600) in Italy is a prolonged, a solemn, an inexpressibly heartrending tragedy.

It is the tragic history of the eldest and most beautiful, the noblest and most venerable, the freest and most gifted of Europe's daughters, delivered over to the devilry that issued from the most incompetent and arrogantly stupid of the European sisterhood, and to the cruelty, inspired by panic, of an impious theocracy. When we use these terms to designate the Papacy of the Counter Reformation, it is not that we forget how many of those Popes were men of blameless private life and serious views for Catholic Christendom. When we use these terms to designate the Spanish race in the sixteenth century, it is not that we are ignorant of Spanish chivalry and colonizing enterprise, of Spanish romance, or of the fact that Spain produced great painters, great dramatists, and one great novelist in the brief period of her glory. We use them deliberately, however, in both cases, because the Papacy at this period committed itself to a policy of immoral, retrograde, and cowardly repression of the most generous of human impulses under the pressure of selfish terror; because the Spaniards abandoned themselves to a dark fiend of religious fanaticism; because they were merciless in their conquests and unintelligent in their administration of subjugated provinces; because they glutted their lusts of avarice and hatred on industrious folk of other creeds within their borders; because they cultivated barren pride and self-conceit in social life; because at the great epoch of Europe's reawakening they chose the wrong side and adhered to it with fatal obstinacy. This obstinacy was disastrous to their neighbors and ruinous to themselves. During the short period of three reigns (between 1598 and 1700), they sank from the first to the third grade in Europe, and saw the scepter passing in the New World from their hands to those of more normally constituted races. That the self-abandonment to sterilizing passions and ignoble persecutions which marked Spain out for decay in the second half of the sixteenth century, and rendered her the curse of her dependencies, can in part be ascribed to the enthusiasm aroused in previous generations by the heroic conflict with advancing Islam, is a thesis capable of demonstration. Yet none the less is it true that her action at that period was calamitous to herself and little short of destructive to Italy.

After the year 1530, seven Spanish devils entered Italy. These were the devil of the inquisition, with stake and torture

room, and war declared against the will and soul and heart and intellect of man; the devil of Jesuitry, with its sham learning, shameless lying, and casuistical economy of sins; the devil of vice-royal rule, with its life-draining monopolies and gross incapacity for government; the devil of an insolent soldiery, quartered on the people, clamorous for pay, outrageous in their lusts and violences; the devil of fantastical taxation, levying tolls upon the bare necessities of life, and drying up the founts of national wellbeing at their sources; the devil of petty princedom, wallowing in sloth and cruelty upon a pinchbeck throne; the devil of effeminate hidalgoism, ruinous in expenditure, mean and grasping, corrupt in private life, in public ostentatious, vain of titles, cringing to its masters, arrogant to its inferiors. In their train these brought with them seven other devils, their pernicious offspring: idleness, disease, brigandage, destitution, ignorance, superstition, hypocritically sanctioned vice. These fourteen devils were welcomed, entertained, and voluptuously lodged in all the fairest provinces of Italy. The Popes opened wide for them the gates of outraged and depopulated Rome. Dukes and marquises fell down and worshiped the golden image of the Spanish Belial-Moloch—that hideous idol whose face was blacked with soot from burning human flesh, and whose skirts were dabbled with the blood of thousands slain in wars of persecution. After a tranquil sojourn of some years in Italy, these devils had everywhere spread desolation and corruption. Broad regions, like the Patrimony of St. Peter and Calabria, were given over to marauding bandits; wide tracts of fertile country, like the Sienese Maremma, were abandoned to malaria; wolves prowled through empty villages round Milan; in every city the pestilence swept off its hundreds daily; manufactures, commerce, agriculture, the industries of town and rural district, ceased; the Courts swarmed with petty nobles, who vaunted paltry titles, and resigned their wives to cicisbei and their sons to sloth; art and learning languished; there was not a man who ventured to speak out his thought or write the truth; and over the Dead Sea of social putrefaction floated the sickening oil of Jesuitical hypocrisy.

THE CENCI.¹

By J. A. SYMONDS.

SHIFTING the scene to Rome, we light upon a group of notable misdeeds enacted in the last half of the sixteenth century, each of which is well calculated to illustrate the conditions of society and manners at that epoch. It may be well to begin with the Cenci tragedy. In Shelley's powerful drama, in Guerrazzi's tedious novel, and Scolari's digest, the legend of Beatrice Cenci has long appealed to modern sympathy. The real facts, extracted from legal documents and public registers, reduce its poetry of horror to comparatively squalid prose. Yet, shorn of romantic glamour, the bare history speaks significantly to a student of Italian customs. Monsignore Cristoforo Cenci, who died about the year 1562, was in holy orders, yet not a priest. One of the clerks of the Apostolic Camera, a Canon of S. Peter's, the titular incumbent of a Roman parish, and an occupant of minor offices about the Papal Court and Curia, he represented an epicene species, neither churchman nor layman, which the circumstances of ecclesiastical sovereignty rendered indispensable. Cristoforo belonged to a good family among that secondary Roman aristocracy which ranked beneath the princely feudatories and the Papal bastards. He accumulated large sums of money by maladministration of his official trusts, inherited the estates of two uncles, and bequeathed a colossal fortune to his son Francesco. This youth was the offspring of an illicit connection carried on between Monsignore Cenci and Beatrice Amias during the lifetime of that lady's husband. Upon the death of the husband the Monsignore obtained dispensation from his orders, married Beatrice, and legitimated his son, the inheritor of so much wealth. Francesco was born in 1549, and had therefore reached the age of thirteen when his father died. His mother, Beatrice, soon contracted a third matrimonial union; but during her guardianship of the boy she appeared before the courts, accused of having stolen clothing from his tutor's wardrobe.

Francesco Cenci disbursed a sum of 33,000 crowns to various public offices, in order to be allowed to enter unmolested into the enjoyment of his father's gains; 3800 crowns of this sum went to the Chapter of S. Peter's. He showed a certain

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BEATRICE CENCI

From a painting by Guido Reni

precocity; for at the age of fourteen he owned an illegitimate child, and was accused of violence to domestics. In 1563 his family married him to Ersilia, a daughter of the noble Santa Croce House, who brought him a fair dowry. Francesco lived for twenty-one years with this lady, by whom he had twelve children. Upon her death he remained a widower for nine years, and in 1593 he married Lucrezia Petroni, widow of a Roman called Velli. Francesco's conduct during his first marriage was not without blame. Twice, at least, he had to pay fines for acts of brutality to servants, and once he was prosecuted for an attempt to murder a cousin, also named Francesco Cenci. On another occasion we find him outlawed from the states of the Church. Yet these offenses were but peccadillos in a wealthy Roman baron; and Francesco used to boast that, with money in his purse, he had no dread of justice. After the death of his wife Ersilia, his behavior grew more irregular. Three times between 1591 and 1594, he was sued for violent attacks on servants; and in February of the latter year he remained six months in prison on multiplied charges of unnatural vice. There was nothing even here to single Francesco Cenci out from other nobles of his age. Scarcely a week passed in Rome without some affair of the sort, involving outrage, being brought before the judges. Cardinals, prelates, princes, professional men, and people of the lowest rank were alike implicated. The only difference between the culprits was that the rich bought themselves off, while the destitute were burned. Eleven poor Spaniards and Portuguese were sent to the stake in 1578 for an offense which Francesco Cenci compounded in 1594 by the payment of 100,000 crowns. After this warning and the loss of so much money, he grew more circumspect, married his second wife, Lucrezia, and settled down to rule his family. His sons caused him considerable anxiety. Giacomo, the eldest, married against his father's will, and supported himself by forging obligations and raising money. Francesco's displeasure showed itself in several lawsuits, one of which accused Giacomo of having plotted against his life. The second son, Cristoforo, was assassinated by Paolo Bruno, a Corsican, in the prosecution of a love affair with the wife of a Trasteverine fisherman. The third son, Rocco, spent his time in street adventures, and on one occasion laid his hands on all the plate and portable property that he could carry off from his father's house. This young ruffian, less than twenty years of age, found

a devoted friend in Monsignore Querro, a cousin of the family, well placed at court, who assisted him in the burglary of the Cenci palace. Rocco was killed by Amilcare Orsini, a bastard of the Count of Pitigliano, in a brawl at night. The young men met, Cenci attended by three armed servants, Orsini by two. A single pass of rapiers, in which Rocco was pierced through the right eye, ended the affair.

In addition to his vindictive persecution of his worthless eldest son, Francesco Cenci behaved with undue strictness to the younger, allowing them less money than befitted their station, and treating them with a severity which contrasted comically with his own loose habits. The legend which represents him as an exceptionally wicked man, cruel for cruelty's sake, and devoid of natural affection, receives some color from the facts. Yet these alone are not sufficient to justify its darker hues, while they amply prove that Francesco's children gave him grievous provocation. The discontents of this ill-governed family matured into rebellion, and in 1598 it was decided on removing the old Cenci by murder. His second wife, Lucrezia, his eldest son, Giacomo, his daughter Beatrice, and the youngest son, Bernardo, were implicated in the crime. It was successfully carried out at the Rocca di Petrella in the Abruzzi, on the night of September 9. Two hired bravi, Olimpio Calvetti and Marzio Catalani, entered the old man's bedroom, drove a nail into his head, and flung the corpse out from a gallery, whence it was alleged that he had fallen by accident. Six days after this assassination, Giacomo and his brothers took out letters both at Rome and in the realm of Naples for the administration of their father's property; nor does suspicion seem for some time to have fallen upon them. It awoke at Petrella in November, the feudatory of which fief, Marzio Colonna, informed the government of Naples that proceedings ought to be taken against the Cenci and their cutthroats. Accordingly, on December 10, a ban was published against Olimpio and Marzio. Olimpio met his death at an inn door in a little village called Cantalice. Three desperate fellows, at the instigation of Giacomo de' Cenci and Monsignore Querro, surprised him there. But Marzio fell into the hands of justice, and his evidence caused the immediate arrest of the Cenci. It appears that they were tortured, and that none of them denied the accusation; so that their advocates could only plead extenuating circumstances. To this fact may possibly be due the legend of

Beatrice. In order to mitigate the guilt of parricide, Prospero Farinacci, who conducted her defense, established a theory of enormous cruelty and unspeakable outrages committed on her person by her father. With the same object in view, he tried to make out that Bernardo was half-witted. There is quite sufficient extant evidence to show that Bernardo was a young man of average intelligence; and with regard to Beatrice, nothing now remains to corroborate Farinaccio's hypothesis of incest. She was not a girl of sixteen, as the legend runs, but a woman of twenty-two; and the codicils to her will render it nearly certain that she had given birth to an illegitimate son, for whose maintenance she made elaborate and secret provisions. That the picture ascribed to Guido Reni in the Barberini palace is not a portrait of Beatrice in prison, appears sufficiently proved. Guido did not come to Rome until 1608, nine years after her death; and catalogues of the Barberini gallery, compiled in 1604 and 1623, contain no mention either of a painting by Guido or of Beatrice's portrait. The Cenci were lodged successively in the prisons of Torre di Nona, Savelli, and S. Angelo. They occupied wholesome apartments, and were allowed the attendance of their own domestics. That their food was no scanty dungeon fare appears from the menus of dinners and suppers supplied to them, which include fish, flesh, fruit, salad, and snow to cool the water. In spite of powerful influence at court, Clement VIII. at last resolved to exercise strict justice on the Cenci. He was brought to this decision by a matricide perpetrated in cold blood at Subiaco, on September 5, 1599. Paolo di S. Croce, a relative of the Cenci, murdered his mother Costanza in her bed, with the view of obtaining property over which she had control. The sentence issued a few days after this event. Giacomo was condemned to be torn to pieces by red-hot pincers, and finished with a *coup de grâce* from the hangman's hammer. Lucrezia and Beatrice received the slighter sentence of decapitation; while Bernardo, in consideration of his youth, was let off with the penalty of being present at the execution of his kinsfolk, after which he was to be imprisoned for a year, and then sent to the galleys for life. Their property was confiscated to the Camera Apostolica. These punishments were carried out. But Bernardo, after working at Civita Vecchia until 1606, obtained release and lived in banishment till his death in 1627. Monsignore Querro, for his connivance in the whole affair, was banished to

the island of Malta, whence he returned at some date before the year 1633 to Rome, having expiated his guilt by long and painful exile. In this abstract of the Cenci tragedy, I have followed the documents published by Signor Bertolotti. They are at many points in startling contradiction to the legend, which is founded on manuscript accounts compiled at no distant period after the events. One of these was translated by Shelley; another, differing in some particulars, was translated by De Stendhal. Both agree in painting that lurid portrait of Francesco Cenci which Shelley has animated with the force of a great dramatist. Unluckily, no copy of the legal instructions upon which the trial was conducted is now extant. In the absence of this all-important source of information, it would be unsafe to adopt Bertolotti's argument, that the legend calumniates Francesco in order to exculpate Beatrice, without some reservation. There is room for the belief that facts adduced in evidence may have partly justified the prevalent opinion of Beatrice's infamous persecution by her father.



THE MEDICI.¹

By J. A. SYMONDS.

THE history of the Medicean family during the sixteenth century epitomizes the chief features of social morality upon which I have been dwelling in this chapter. It will be remembered that Alessandro de' Medici, the first Duke of Florence, poisoned his cousin, Ippolito, and was himself assassinated by his cousin Lorenzino. To the second of these crimes Cosimo, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, owed the throne of Florence, on which, however, he was not secure until he had removed Lorenzino from this world by the poniard of a bravo. Cosimo maintained his authority by a system of espionage, remorseless persecution, and assassination, which gave color even to the most improbable of legends. But it is not of him so much as of his children that I have to speak. Francesco, who reigned from 1564 till 1587, brought disgrace upon his line by marrying the infamous Bianca Capello, after authorizing the murder of her previous husband. Bianca, though incapable of bearing children, flattered her besotted paramour

¹ From "The Italian Renaissance." By permission of Smith, Elder & Co.
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before this marriage by pretending to have borne a son. In reality, she had secured the coöperation of three women on the point of childbirth; and when one of these was delivered of a boy, she presented this infant to Francesco, who christened him Antonio de' Medici. Of the three mothers who served in this nefarious action, Bianca contrived to assassinate two, but not before one of the victims to her dread of exposure made full confession at the point of death. The third escaped. Another woman, who had superintended the affair, was shot between Florence and Bologna in the valleys of the Apennines. Yet after the manifestation of Bianca's imposture, the Duke continued to recognize Antonio as belonging to the Medicean family; and his successor was obliged to compel this young man to assume the Cross of Malta, in order to exclude his posterity from the line of princes. The legend of Francesco's and Bianca's mysterious death is well known. The Duchess had engaged in fresh intrigues for palming off a spurious child upon her husband. These roused the suspicions of his brother, Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici, heir presumptive to the crown. An angry correspondence followed, ending in a reconciliation between the three princes. They met in the autumn of 1587 at the villa of Poggio a Cajano. Then the world was startled by the announcement that the Grand Duke had died of fever after a few days' illness, and that Bianca had almost immediately afterwards followed him to the grave. Ferdinand, on succeeding to the throne, refused her the interment suited to her rank, defaced her arms on public edifices, and for her name and titles in official documents substituted the words "*la pessima Bianca.*" What passed at Poggio a Cajano is not known. It was commonly believed in Italy that Bianca, meaning to poison the Cardinal at supper, had been frustrated in her designs by a blunder which made her husband the victim of this plot, and that she ended her own life in despair or fell a victim to the Cardinal's vengeance. This story is rejected both by Botta and Galluzzi; but Litta has given it a partial credence. Two of Cosimo's sons died previously, in the year 1562, under circumstances which gave rise to similar malignant rumors. Don Garzia and the Cardinal Giovanni were hunting together in the Pisan marshes, when the latter expired after a short illness, and the former in a few days met with a like fate. Report ran that Don Garzia had stabbed his brother, and that Cosimo, in a fit of rage, ran him through the

body with his own sword. In this case, although Litta attaches weight to the legend, the balance of evidence is strongly in favor of both brothers' having been carried off by a pernicious fever contracted simultaneously during their hunting expedition. Each instance serves, however, to show in what an atmosphere of guilt the Medicean princes were enveloped. No one believed that they could die except by fraternal or paternal hands. And the authentic crimes of the family certainly justified this popular belief. I have already alluded to the murders of Ippolito, Alessandro, and Lorenzino. I have told how the Court of Florence sanctioned the assassination of Bianca's daughter by her husband at Bologna. I must now proceed to relate the tragic tales of the princesses of the house.

Pietro de' Medici, a fifth of Cosimo's sons, had rendered himself notorious in Spain and Italy by forming a secret society for the most revolting debaucheries. Yet he married the noble lady Eleonora di Toledo, related by blood to Cosimo's first wife. Neglected and outraged by her husband, she proved unfaithful, and Pietro hewed her in pieces with his own hands at Caffaggiolo. Isabella de' Medici, daughter of Cosimo, was married to the Duke of Bracciano. Educated in the empoisoned atmosphere of Florence, she, like Eleonora di Toledo, yielded herself to fashionable profligacy, and was strangled by her husband at Ceretto. Both of these murders took place in 1576. Isabella's death, as I have elsewhere related, opened the way for the Duke of Bracciano's marriage with Vittoria Accoramboni, which had been prepared by the assassination of her first husband, and which led to her own murder at Padua. Another of Cosimo's daughters, Lucrezia de' Medici, became Duchess of Ferrara, fell under a suspicion of infidelity, and was possibly removed by poison in 1561. The last of his sons whom I have to mention, Don Giovanni, married a dissolute woman of low birth called Livia, and disgraced the name of Medici by the unprincely follies of his life. Eleonora de' Medici, third of his daughters, introduces a comic element into these funereal records. She was affianced to Vincenzo Gonzaga, heir of the duchy of Mantua. But suspicions arising out of the circumstances of his divorce from a former wife obliged him to prove his marital capacity before the completion of the contract. This he did at Venice, before a witness, upon the person of a virgin selected for the experiment. Maria de' Medici, the only child of Duke Francesco, became Queen of

France. The history of her amours with Concini forms an episode in French annals.

If now we eliminate the deaths of Don Garcia, Cardinal Giovanni, Duke Francesco, Bianca Capello, and Lucrezia de' Medici, as doubtful, there will still remain the murders of Cardinal Ippolito, Duke Alessandro, Lorenzino de' Medici, Pietro Bonaventuri (Bianca's husband), Pellegrina Bentivoglio (Bianca's daughter), Eleonora di Toledo, Francesco Cusi (Eleonora's lover), the Duchess of Bracciano, Troilo Orsini (lover of this Duchess), Felice Peretti (husband of Vittoria Accoramboni), and Vittoria Accoramboni — eleven murders, all occurring between 1535 and 1585, an exact half-century, in a single princely family and its immediate connections. The majority of these crimes, that is to say seven, had their origin in lawless passion.



THE LOVER'S APPEAL.

By SIR THOMAS WYATT.

[1503-1542.]

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity

Of him that loveth thee:
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!



THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From "The Tower of London.")

[WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, English novelist, was born in Manchester, February 4, 1805. Designed for a lawyer, he married a publisher's daughter, was himself a publisher for a short time, and after some magazine work made a hit with "Rookwood" (1834). Of some forty novels the best known besides the above are: "Crichton" (1837), "Jack Sheppard" (1839), "The Tower of London" (1840), "Old St. Paul's" (1841), "Guy Fawkes" (1841), "The Miser's Daughter" (1842), "Windsor Castle" (1843), "St. James's" (1844), and "Lancashire Witches" (1848). He died January 3, 1882.]

MONDAY, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. Angela kept watch over the lovely sleeper, and the effect produced by the contemplation of her features during this her last slumber was never afterwards effaced. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A celestial smile irradiated her countenance; her lips moved as if in prayer; and if good angels are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane. Thinking it cruelty to disturb her from such a blissful state, Angela let an hour pass beyond the appointed time. But observing a change come over her countenance—seeing her bosom heave, and tears gather beneath her eyelashes, she touched her, and Jane instantly arose.

"Is it four o'clock?" she inquired.

"It has just struck five, madam," replied Angela. "I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy, that I could not find in my heart to waken you."

"I *was* happy," replied Jane, "for I dreamed that all was over—without pain to me—and that my soul was borne to

Manuscript of Lady Jane Grey.

Letter to William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, as Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, Northampton, etc., announcing her accession as Queen, and requiring his allegiance and assistance against the pretended claim of the Lady Mary, "bastard daughter" of Henry VIII. Written in the Tower of London, 10 July, 1553, in a secretary's hand, with autograph signature at head.

JANE THE QUENE.

Right trusty and welbiloued, we grete you well.

Aduertiseng you that, where it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercye out of this lief our derest cousyn the King your late Sovereigne Lorde, by reason wherof and such ordonaunces as the sayd late King dyd establishe in his lief tyme for the securitie and welthe of this realme we ar entred into our rightfull possession of this kingdome, as by the last will of our sayd derest cousyn our late progenitor and other severall instrumentes to that effect, signed with his owne hande and sealed with the greate seale of this realme in his owne presence, whereunto the nobles of this realme for the most parte and all our Counsaill and Juges, with the Mayour and Aldermen of our cite of London and dyverse other grave personages of this our realme of England, have also subscribed their names, as by the same will and instrument it maye more evydently and planely appere, we therefore doo you tunderstande that, by thordonaunce and sufferaunce of the heavenly Lorde and by the assent and consent of our sayd nobles and counsaillours and others before specified, we doo this daye make our entree into our Tower of London as rightfull Quene of this realme and have accordingly set fourth our proclamacions to all our loving subiectes, gyveng them therby tundrestande their dieutes of allegaunce which they nowe owe vnto vs, as more amplye by the same ye shall briefly perceyve and vnderstande, nothing doubting right trusty and welbiloued but that ye will endeavour yourself in all things to thuttremost of your power, not only

ADDRESSED: To our right trustie and right welbeloved Cosin and Councillour the lorde Marques of Northampton, our Lieutenaunt of our Counties of Surreye, Northampton, Bedford and Berkshire.

regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered above the scaffold."

"It will be so, madam," replied Angela, fervently. "You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will rejoin your husband in everlasting happiness."

"I trust so," replied Jane, in an altered tone; "but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough."

"Your pardon, dearest madam," cried the other, fearfully.

"Nay, you have given me no offense," returned Jane, kindly. "What I meant was that I had not time to find my husband."

"Oh, you *will* find him, dearest madam," returned Angela, "doubt it not. Your prayers would wash out his offenses, even if his own could not."

"I trust so," replied Jane. "And I will now pray for him, and do you pray, too."

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven. She then arose, and assisted by Angela, attired herself with great care.

"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body now I am about to part with it," she observed, "than I would do if it was to serve me longer. So joyful is the occasion to me, that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel, to indicate my contentment of heart. I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds." And she put on a gown of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; tying round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services she sobbed audibly.

"Nay, cheer thee, child," observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow,—nay, when arrayed on my wedding day,—I felt not half so joyful as now."

"Ah! madam!" exclaimed Angela, in a paroxysm of grief, "my condition is more pitiable than yours. You go to certain happiness. But I lose you."

"Only for a while, dear Angela," returned Jane. "Comfort yourself with that thought. Let my fate be a warning to you. Be not dazzled by ambition. Had I not once yielded, I

had never thus perished. Discharge your duty strictly to your eternal and your temporal rulers, and rest assured we shall meet again,—never to part.”

“Your counsel shall be graven on my heart, madam,” returned Angela. “And oh! may my end be as happy as yours!”

“Heaven grant it!” ejaculated Jane, fervently. “And now,” she added, as her toilet was ended, “I am ready to die.”

“Will you not take some refreshment, madam?” asked Angela.

“No,” replied Jane. “I have done with the body!”

The morning was damp and dark. A thaw came on a little before daybreak, and a drizzling shower of rain fell. This was succeeded by a thick mist, and the whole of the fortress was for a while enveloped in vapor. It brought to Jane’s mind the day on which she was taken to trial. But a moral gloom likewise overspread the fortress. Every one within it, save her few enemies (and they were few indeed), lamented Jane’s approaching fate. Her youth, her innocence, her piety, touched the sternest breast, and moved the pity even of her persecutors. All felt that morning as if some dire calamity was at hand, and instead of looking forward to the execution as an exciting spectacle (for so such revolting exhibitions were then considered), they wished it over. Many a prayer was breathed for the speedy release of the sufferer—many a sigh heaved—many a groan uttered: and if ever soul was wafted to heaven by the fervent wishes of those on earth, Jane’s was so.

It was late before there were any signs of stir and bustle within the fortress. Even the soldiers gathered together reluctantly—and those who conversed spoke in whispers. Dudley, who it has been stated was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, had passed the greater part of the night in devotion. But towards morning, he became restless and uneasy, and unable to compose himself, resorted to the customary employment of captives in such cases, and with a nail which he had found carved his wife’s name in two places on the walls of his prison. These inscriptions still remain.

At nine o’clock the bell of the chapel began to toll, and an escort of halberdiers and arquebusiers drew up before the Beauchamp Tower, while Sir Thomas Brydges and Feckenham entered the chamber of the prisoner, who received them with an unmoved countenance.

"Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, "I would ask you for the last time, if any change has taken place in your religious sentiments—and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul?"

"Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me as you silenced the duke my father, by the ax!" replied Dudley, sternly. "No, sir, I will have naught to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the gospel, and trust to be saved by it."

"Then perish, body and soul," replied Feckenham, harshly. "Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

"Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

"You have parted with her forever,—heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham.

"That speech will haunt your deathbed, sir," retorted Dudley, sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready.

The first object that met Dudley's gaze, as he issued from his prison, was the scaffold on the green. He looked at it for a moment wistfully.

"It is for Lady Jane," observed the lieutenant.

"I know it," replied Dudley, in a voice of intense emotion. "I thank you for letting me die first."

"You must thank the queen, my lord," returned Brydges. "It was her order."

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative.

"Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley.

As he was about to set forward, a young man pushed through the lines of halberdiers, and threw himself at his feet. It was Cholmondeley. Dudley instantly raised and embraced him. "At least I see one whom I love," he cried.

"My lord, this interruption must not be," observed the lieutenant. "If you do not retire," he added, to Cholmondeley, "I shall place you in arrest."

"Farewell, my dear lord," cried the weeping esquire—"farewell!"

"Farewell forever!" returned Dudley, as Cholmondeley was forced back by the guard.

The escort then moved forward, and the lieutenant accom-

panied the prisoner to the gateway of the Middle Tower, where he delivered him to the sheriffs and their officers, who were waiting there for him with a Franciscan friar, and then returned to fulfill his more painful duty. A vast crowd was collected on Tower Hill, and the strongest commiseration was expressed for Dudley, as he was led to the scaffold, on which Mauger had already taken his station.

On quitting the Beauchamp Tower, Feckenham proceeded to Jane's prison. He found her on her knees, but she immediately arose.

"Is it time?" she asked.

"It is, madam, to repent," replied Feckenham, sternly. "A few minutes are all that now remain to you of life—nay, at this moment, perhaps, your husband is called before his Eternal Judge. There is yet time. Do not perish like him in your sins."

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" cried Jane, falling on her knees.

And notwithstanding the importunities of the confessor, she continued in fervent prayer, till the appearance of Sir Thomas Brydges. She instantly understood why he came, and rising, prepared for departure. Almost blinded by tears, Angela rendered her the last services she required. This done, the lieutenant, who was likewise greatly affected, begged some slight remembrance of her.

"I have nothing to give you but this book of prayers, sir," she answered—"but you shall have that, when I have done with it, and may it profit you."

"You will receive it only to cast it into the flames, my son," remarked Feckenham.

"On the contrary, I shall treasure it like a priceless gem," replied Brydges.

"You will find a prayer written in it in my own hand," said Jane. "And again I say, may it profit you."

Brydges then passed through the door, and Jane followed him. A band of halberdiers were without. At the sight of her, a deep and general sympathy was manifested; not an eye was dry; and tears trickled down cheeks unaccustomed to such moisture. The melancholy train proceeded at a slow pace. Jane fixed her eyes upon the prayer book, which she read aloud to drown the importunities of the confessor, who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the green.

By this time, the fog had cleared off, and the rain had ceased; but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled—for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion crows and ravens, attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time.

The sole person on the scaffold was Wolfytt. He was occupied in scattering straw near the block. Among the bystanders was Sorrocold leaning on his staff; and as Jane for a moment raised her eyes as she passed along, she perceived Roger Ascham. Her old preceptor had obeyed her, and she repaid him with a look of gratitude.

By the lieutenant's directions she was conducted for a short time into the Beauchamp Tower, and here Feckenham continued his persecutions, until a deep groan arose among those without, and an officer abruptly entered the room.

"Madam," said Sir John Brydges, after the newcomer had delivered his message, "we must set forth."

Jane made a motion of assent, and the party issued from the Beauchamp Tower, in front of which a band of halberdiers was drawn up. A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded by the lieutenant, who took his way towards the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenham and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer book.

Arrived within a short distance of the fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing towards her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Mauger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill—only tarrying a moment to change his ax—ascended the steps of the scaffold, and ordered Wolfytt to get down. Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned

to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and, in a clear distinct voice, spoke as follows : —

“I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only Son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers.”

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the bystanders imitated Jane's example, as, on the conclusion of her speech, she fell on her knees and recited the *Miserere*.

At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, “I ask you, madam, for the last time, will you repent?”

“I pray you, sir, to desist,” replied Jane, meekly. “I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so.”

She then arose, and giving the prayer book to Angela, said — “When all is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These,” she added, taking off her gloves and collar, “I give to you.”

“And to me,” cried Mauer, advancing and prostrating himself before her according to custom, “you give grace.”

“And also my head,” replied Jane. “I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend.”

“What ails you, madam?” remarked the lieutenant, observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

“Not much,” she replied, “but I thought I saw my husband pale and bleeding.”

“Where?” demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

“There, near the block,” replied Jane. “I see the figure still. But it must be mere phantasy.”

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply, and Jane turned to Angela, who now began, with trembling hands, to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her



“‘Where is it? where is it?’ Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it”

velvet robe, when Mauger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew, and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his ax.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head, while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried — "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocold and Wolfytt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time, Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The ax then fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.



FAUSTUS.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, English dramatist and predecessor of Shakespeare, was the son of a shoemaker of Canterbury, where he was born 1563 or 1564. Having completed his studies in Cambridge, he settled in London and attached himself as dramatist to the "Lord Admiral's Company." Of his subsequent career there is no definite information, but he is said to have led a dissipated life, and was killed by a serving man in a tavern brawl at Deptford (May, 1593). His principal dramatic works are: "Tamburlaine," "Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." There are indications that he assisted in writing some of the earlier Shakespearian plays, particularly "Henry VI." Included in his poetical works are the unfinished "Hero and Leander" (completed by George Chapman), and the popular ditty, "Come, live with me and be my love," frequently quoted and imitated by later writers.]

Scene: FAUSTUS discovered in his Study.

Faustus—Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned:
And canst thou not be saved?

What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
 Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
 Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
 Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
 Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
 "Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
 Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
 To God? He loves thee not;
 The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
 Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub:
 To him I'll build an altar and a church,
 And offer lukewarm blood of newborn babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

Good Angel —

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faustus —

Contrition, prayer, repentance — what of them?

Good Angel —

O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

Evil Angel —

Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

That make men foolish that do trust them most.

Good Angel —

Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

Evil Angel —

No, Faustus; think of honor and of wealth.

[*Exeunt Angels.*]

Faustus —

Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;

Cast no more doubts. — Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; —

Is't not midnight? — Come, Mephistophilis,

Veni, veni, Mephistophile.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

Mephistophilis —

That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faustus —

Already Faustus hath hazarded that or thee.

Mephistophilis —

But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faustus —

Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord?

Mephistophilis —

Enlarge his kingdom.

Faustus —

Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Mephistophilis —

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Faustus —

Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Mephistophilis —

As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask

Faustus —

Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Mephistophilis —

Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faustus [*stabbing his arm*] —

Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent o' perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Mephistophilis —

But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faustus —

Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Mephistophilis —

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[*Exit.*]

Faustus —

What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stayed!
 Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
 Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul*.

Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

Mephistophilis —

Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

Faustus —

So, now the blood begins to clear again;
 Now will I make an end immediately.

[*Writes.*

Mephistophilis —

O, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

[*Aside.*

Faustus —

Consummatum est, this bill is ended,
 And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
 But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo fuge: whither should I fly?
 If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
 My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ; —
 I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Mephistophilis —

I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Aside, and then exit.*

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner —

I think my master means to die shortly,
 For he hath given to me all his goods:
 And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
 He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
 Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
 Who are at supper with such bellycheer
 As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
 See, where they come! belike the feast is ended. [Exit.

Enter FAUSTUS with two or three Scholars, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

First Scholar — Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the

world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faustus —

Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus's custom is not to deny
The just request of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage]

Second Scholar —

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Scholar —

No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Scholar —

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faustus —

Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[Exeunt Scholars.]

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man —

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
To stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faustus —

Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Damned art thou, Faustus, damned ; despair and die !
 Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
 Says, " Faustus, come ; thine hour is almost come ;"
 And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.

Old Man—

Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate stabs !
 I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
 And, with a vial full of precious grace,
 Offers to pour the same into thy soul :
 Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faustus—

Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
 Thy words to comfort my distressed soul !
 Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

Old Man—

I go, sweet Faustus ; but with heavy cheer,
 Fearing the ruin of thy hapless soul.

[*Exit.*

Faustus—

Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now ?
 I do repent ; and yet I do despair :
 Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast :
 What shall I do to shun the snares of death ?

Mephistophilis—

Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
 For disobedience to my sovereign lord :
 Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faustus—

Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
 To pardon my unjust presumption,
 And with my blood again I will confirm
 My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Mephistophilis—

Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
 Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faustus—

Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
 That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
 With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Mephistophilis—

His faith is great ; I cannot touch his soul ;
 But what I may afflict his body with
 I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faustus—

One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Mephistophilis —

Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Reënter HELEN.

Faustus —

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium? —
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. — [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! —
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Old Man.

Old Man —

Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile

At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt — on one side Devils, on the other, Old Man.*]

Enter FAUSTUS, with Scholars.

Faustus — Ah, gentlemen!

First Scholar — What ails Faustus?

Faustus — Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Second Scholar — What means Faustus?

Third Scholar — Belike he is grown into some sickness by being oversolitary.

First Scholar — If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. — 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faustus — A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Second Scholar — Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faustus — But Faustus' offense can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell forever, hell, ah, hell, forever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever?

Third Scholar — Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faustus — On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All — Who, Faustus?

Faustus — Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All — God forbid!

Faustus — God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Scholar — Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faustus — Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Second Scholar — O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faustus — Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Scholar — God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Scholar — Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faustus — Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Second Scholar — Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faustus — Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All — Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars. — The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faustus —

Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damned perpetually!

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never come;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make

Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

O, I'll leap up to my God! — Who pulls me down? —

See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ! —

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer! —

Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:

Earth, gape! O no, it will not harbor me!

You stars that reigned at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud[s],
 That, when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain;
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
 O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
 Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
 For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.

Cursed be the parents that engendered me!

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer

That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be changed into little water drops,

And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!

I'll burn my books! — Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt Devils with FAUSTUS.*]

Enter Chorus.

Chorus —

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,

That some time grew within this learnèd man.
 Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
 Only to wonder at unlawful things,
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
 To practice more than heavenly power permits. [Exit.

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.



A MALTESE MILLIONAIRE.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(From "The Jew of Malta.")

BARABAS discovered in his Countinghouse, with Heaps of Gold before him.

Barabas —

So that of thus much that return was made:
 And of the third part of the Persian ships,
 There was the venture summed and satisfied.
 As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,
 That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
 Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
 Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.
 Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
 The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
 Whereof a man may easily in a day
 Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
 The needy groom that never fingered groat,
 Would make a miracle of thus much coin:
 But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
 And all his lifetime hath been tired,
 Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
 Would in his age be loath to labor so,
 And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
 Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
 That trade in metal of the purest mold;
 The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
 Without control can pick his riches up,
 And in his house heap pearls like pebblestones,
 Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
 Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, and amethysts,

Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
 And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
 As one of them indifferently rated,
 And of a carat of this quantity,
 May serve in peril of calamity
 To ransom great kings from captivity.
 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
 And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
 Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
 And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
 Infinite riches in a little room.
 But now how stands the wind?
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?¹
 Ha! to the east? yes: see, how stand the vanes?
 East and by south: why then I hope my ships
 I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
 Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:
 Mine argosies from Alexandria,
 Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
 Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
 To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
 But who comes here?

Enter a Merchant.

How now?

Merchant—

Barabas, thy ships are safe,
 Riding in Malta road: and all the merchants
 With other merchandise are safe arrived,
 And have sent me to know whether yourself
 Will come and custom them.²

Barabas—

The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught.

Merchant—

They are.

Barabas—

Why then go bid them come ashore,
 And bring with them their bills of entry:
 I hope our credit in the customhouse

¹ A stuffed kingfisher (the halcyon), suspended by a string, was supposed to show the direction of the wind. *Halcyon days* were *calm days*, the belief being that the weather was always calm when kingfishers were breeding.

² Pay the duties.

Will serve as well as I were present there.
 Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
 And twenty wagons to bring up the ware.
 But art thou master in a ship of mine,
 And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merchant—

The very custom barely comes to more
 Than many merchants of the town are worth,
 And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

Barabas—

Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:
 Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

Merchant—

I go.

Barabas—

So then, there's somewhat come.
 Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

Merchant—

Of the "Speranza," sir.

Barabas—

And saw'st thou not
 Mine argosy at Alexandria?
 Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
 But at the entry there into the sea,
 Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
 Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Merchant—

I neither saw them, nor inquired of them:
 But this we heard some of our seamen say,
 They wondered how you durst with so much wealth
 Trust such a crazèd vessel, and so far.

Barabas—

Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.
 But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
 And bid my factor bring his loading in. [*Exit Merchant.*]
 And yet I wonder at this argosy.

Enter a second Merchant.

Second Merchant—

Thine argosy from Alexandria,
 Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta road.
 Laden with riches, and exceeding store
 Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

Barabas—

How chance you came not with those other ships
 That sailed by Egypt?

Second Merchant—

Sir, we saw 'em not.

Barabas—

Belike they coasted round by Candy shore

About their oils, or other businesses.

But 'twas ill done of you to come so far

Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

Second Merchant—

Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,

That never left us till within a league,

That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

Barabas—

O!—they were going up to Sicily:—

Well, go,

And bid the merchants and my men dispatch

And come ashore, and see the fraught¹ discharged.

Second Merchant—

I go.

[*Exit.*

Barabas—

Thus trowls² our fortune in by land and sea,

And thus are we on every side enriched:

These are the blessings promised to the Jews,

And herein was old Abram's happiness:

What more may heaven do for earthly man

Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,

Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,

Making the seas their servants, and the winds

To drive their substance with successful blasts?

Who hateth me but for my happiness?

Or who is honored now but for his wealth?

Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,

Than pitied in a Christian poverty:

For I can see no fruits in all their faith,

But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,

Which methinks fits not their profession.

Haply some hapless man hath conscience,

And for his conscience lives in beggary.

They say we are a scattered nation:

I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up

More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.

There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,

Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,

Myself in Malta, some in Italy,

Many in France, and wealthy every one;

¹ Freight.

² Rolla.

Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
 I must confess we come not to be kings;
 That's not our fault: alas, our number's few,
 And crowns come either by succession,
 Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
 Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
 Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
 That thirst so much for principality.
 I have no charge, nor many children,
 But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
 As Agamemnon did his Iphigen:
 And all I have is hers.



BARABAS AND HIS DAUGHTER.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(From "The Jew of Malta.")

Before BARABAS' House, now a Nunnery.

Enter BARABAS with a light.

Barabas —

Thus, like the sad presaging raven that tolls
 The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
 And in the shadow of the silent night
 Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
 Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas
 With fatal curses towards these Christians.
 The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
 Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
 And of my former riches rests no more
 But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar,
 That has no further comfort for his maim.
 O thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
 The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
 Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
 Of Abigail this night; or let the day
 Turn to eternal darkness after this!
 No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
 Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
 Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL above.

Abigail —

Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.

Barabas —

Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Abigail —

Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden wake,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Barabas —

*Bueno para todos mi ganado no era:*¹
As good go on as sit so sadly thus.
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?

Abigail —

Who's that?

Barabas —

Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.

Abigail —

Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

Barabas —

Hast thou't?

Abigail —

Here [*throws down the bags*], hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.

Barabas —

O my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity!

¹ My gains were not of advantage to every one.



QUEEN ELIZABETH

Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy !
 Welcome the first beginner of my bliss !
 O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too !
 Then my desires were fully satisfied :
 But I will practice thy enlargement thence :
 O girl ! O gold ! O beauty ! O my bliss ! [*Hugs the bags.*

Abigail—

Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
 And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake ;
 To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

Barabas—

Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take
 A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

[*Exit* ABIGAIL *above.*

Now Phœbus ope the eyelids of the day,
 And for the raven wake the morning lark,
 That I may hover with her in the air ;
 Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young,
*Hermoso placer de los dineros.*¹

[*Exit.*



ELIZABETH AND AMY ROBSART.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

("From Kenilworth.")

[**SIR WALTER SCOTT** : The great Scotch novelist and poet ; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author ; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works ; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "Rob-

¹ Spanish ; "Beautiful delight of money."

Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman.""]

It chanced upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the Chase, was the Princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the Chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castle-yard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the Earl's arm affording his Sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the Earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting suit of Lincoln green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle horn, and a wood knife instead of a sword, became its master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite Earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the Duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and Queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the mean while neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents—"no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties,

that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her Sovereign. — No, Leicester, urge it no more — were I as others, free to seek my own happiness — then, indeed — but it cannot — cannot be. — Delay the chase — delay it for half an hour — and leave me, my lord.”

“How, leave you, madam !” said Leicester. — “Has my madness offended you ?”

“No, Leicester, not so !” answered the Queen, hastily ; “but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go — but go not far from hence — and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy.”

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself — “Were it possible — were it *but* possible ! — but no — no — Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone.”

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

The mind of England’s Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called Rocking Stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the

stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheeks as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many maskers and revelers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness — "How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto — art thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear? — We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said; "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel — what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth, impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant, which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request — I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate Countess, — "I beseech your gracious protection — against — against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney, — Sir Richard Varney, — the servant of Lord Leicester! — What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth to — to —"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it — that is if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. — Thou art," she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul, — "thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidecote Hall?"

"Forgive me — forgive me — most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brainsick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father — thy look confesses it — cheated Master Tressilian — thy blush avouches it — and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly with, "No, madam, no — as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave — of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman! — I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, — "tell me, woman — for by God's day, I WILL know — whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy. — Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice which she saw but could not avoid, — permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment. — "The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated, with kindling anger, — "Woman, thou art set on to this — thou dost belie him — he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me — come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the

Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the center of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half-dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed toward her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill. — “Where is my Lord of Leicester?” she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around. — “Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!”

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the favor of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead fea-

tures, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practiced on me — on me thy Sovereign — on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises — by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers — to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think — defied in the Castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man! — My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England; attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! — Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody. — I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient — God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me — thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless — no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest. "Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath — and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire — shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his Countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon! — or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly toward Leicester, when, checked at once by the

uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the Castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—“But spare,” she exclaimed, “my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!”

“And why, sweetheart?” said the Queen, moved by a new impulse; “what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?”

“Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him.”

“Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already,” answered the Queen. — “My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming.”

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, “Ladies, under favor, no.—You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her.”

“By Our Lady!” said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, “she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own ladybirds of daughters.”

So saying, he carried her off unresistingly and almost unconsciously, his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a Sovereign’s accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. “My Lord Hunsdon says well,” she observed; “he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe.”

"My Lord of Hunsdon," said the Dean of Saint Asaph, "I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, hath a broad license in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths which savor both of profaneness and of old papistrie."

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Dean," said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as he spoke; "and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than careful to choose their expressions. And, by my word—I hope there is no sin in that affirmation—I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor."

As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen's eye found the Earl in no mood to accept the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunsdon had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more—so at least it seemed to Elizabeth—with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said to Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles—thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, which elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance toward Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; which, unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be expressed in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the more scandal."

"She is then distraught?" said the Queen—"indeed we doubted not of it—her whole demeanor bears it out. I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke—which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack—she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe keeping?"

"My gracious Liege," said Varney, "the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

"Let it be for another time," said the Queen. "But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity; your lady railed on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you."

"It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, "to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest."

"We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and give faith to the saying."

"May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, "to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?"

Leicester partly started; but, making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, "You are something too hasty, Master Varney; we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you—such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple—you may make it up, without further scandal to our court, or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked toward Leicester, and said, with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents, as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive."

Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort, but the trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should at once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, "that he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because

she who commanded him to do so could commit no injury toward him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and intimated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The bugles sounded—the hounds bayed—the horses pranced—but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusements to which they were summoned with hearts very different from those which had leaped to the morning's *réveil*. There was doubt, and fear, and expectation on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every whisper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, "This storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean."

"*Varium et mutabile*," answered Raleigh, in a similar tone.

"Nay, I know naught of your Latin," said Blount; "but I thank God Tressilian took not the sea during that hurricane. He could scarce have missed shipwreck, knowing as he does so little how to trim his sails to a court gale."

"Thou wouldst have instructed him?" said Raleigh.

"Why, I have profited by my time as well as thou, Sir Walter," replied honest Blount. "I am knight as well as thou, and of the earlier creation."

"Now, God further thy wit," said Raleigh; "but for Tressilian, I would I knew what were the matter with him. He told me this morning he would not leave his chamber for the space of twelve hours or thereby, being bound by a promise. This lady's madness, when he shall learn it, will not, I fear, cure his infirmity. The moon is at the fullest, and men's brains are working like yeast. But hark! they sound to mount. Let us to horse, Blount; we young knights must deserve our spurs."



NOW, WHAT IS LOVE?

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born near Sidmouth, Devonshire, 1552; entered Oriel College, Oxford; left it to volunteer for the Huguenot cause in France, and fought at Jarnac and Moncontour; was later in various expeditions, and became noted as a dashing adventurer; was patronized by Leicester, and became a favorite of Elizabeth and high in office; 1584-1587 fitted out three expeditions to colonize America, and in 1587 colonized a large grant in Ireland; in 1592 was sent to the Tower for a love affair; in 1595 explored the northeastern coast of

South America, and in 1596 published "The Discovery of Guiana"; in 1596 helped win the great naval action at Cadiz; in 1597 stormed Fayal; 1600-1603 was governor of Jersey; after James' accession was imprisoned in the Tower for conspiracy (1603-1616); released to go on an exploring expedition, he violated his parole by making war on the Spanish settlements, and was beheaded October 29, 1618. While in the Tower he wrote one volume of a "History of the World" (1614), suppressed by James; "The Prerogative of Parliaments" (1615); "The Cabinet Council" (1658); and "A Discourse of War."]

Now, what is love, I pray thee, tell?
 It is that fountain and that well
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
 It is, perhaps, the sauncing bell
 That tolls all into heaven or hell;
 And this is love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is love, I prithee, say?
 It is a work on holiday,
 It is December matched with May,
 When lusty bloods in fresh array
 Hear ten months after of the play;
 And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?
 It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
 It is a toothache or like pain,
 It is a game where none hath gain;
 The lass saith no, yet would full fain;
 And this is love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
 It is a yes, it is a nay,
 A pretty kind of sporting fay,
 It is a thing will soon away,
 Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may
 And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?
 A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
 A prize that passeth to and fro,
 A thing for one, a thing for moe,
 And he that proves shall find it so;
 And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES,

**THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591, BETWIXT THE "REVENGE," ONE OF HER
MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN;
PENNED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.**

(From "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Trafficks, and Discoveries of the English Nation." Collected by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford.)

BECAUSE the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vainglorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories when, on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; it is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth, that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville and other her Majesty's Captains with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages in print great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When, shortly after, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together, even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes with his mighty ship; from Portland

Manuscript of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Letter to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Governor of the United Provinces, on his execution of commissions to send over pioneers, etc., and defending himself against a charge of being backward in hostility to Spain and in support of Leicester's action in the Netherlands. Written from the court, 29 March, 1586.

MY VARY GOOD LORDE,—You wrate vnto mee in your laste letters for pioners to be sent over: wher yppon I moved her Maiestye and found her very willing, in so much as order was given for a commission, but since the matter is stayd, I know not for what cause. Also, according as your lordshipe desired, I spoke for on Jukes for the office of the Backhowse and the matter well liked. In ought elce your lordshipe shall find me most assured to my power to perform all offices of loue honor and service towards you. But I haue been of late very pestilent reported in this place to be rather a drawer backe then a fartherer of the action wher yow govern. Your lordshipe doth well vnderstand my affection towards Spayne and how I haue consumed the best part of my fortune hating the tirranus prosperety of that estate, and it were now strang and mounsterous that I should becom an enemy to my countrey and conscience. But all that I haue desired att your lordships hands is that you will evermore deal directly with mee in all matters of suspect dublenes and so ever esteeme mee as yow will find my deserving good or bad. In the mean tyme I humble beseich you lett no poetical scrib worke your lordshipe by any device to doubt that I am a hollo or could sarvant to the action, or a mean well willer and follower of your own. And yeven so I humble take my leue, wishing you all honor and prosperity. From the Court, the xxix of March, 1586.

The Queen is in very good
tearmes with yow, and thank
be to God, well pacified, and
yow ar agayne her sweet
Robyn.

Your lordships to do
yow service

W. RALEGH.

Addressed: To the right honorable my singular good Lord the Earle of
Lester, governour of the Low Countries for her Maiesty.

My very good Lord, you write unto me in your last
letters for prayers to be sent over, whereupon I moved her
maiestie and found her very willing in so much as order
was given for a commission but since the matter is changed
I know not for what cause also according to your lordships
behest I spoke for an Inker for the office of Bart. Solicitor
and the matter well liked. in anyt else your lordships will
me most assured I my power to performe all offices of law
as honor and service towards you But I some thin of late
very quiet but reported in this place I be rather a drawer
backe then a furtherer of the action wher you govern you
lordships. yet well understand my affection to wards you
and so I some consumed the best part of my fortune saving
the remaining prosperity of that estate and it were now strong
and uncompting that I should be an enemy to my country
and reverence that all that I some desired with your lord-
ships sends is that you will evermore lend directly assistance
all matters of suspect dublenes and to ever esteeme me
as you shall find me deserving good or bad, in the meantime
I humble beseech you to be no partiall for I would you
should supply my desire to doubt that I am a solo or
not a follower of the action; or a man wellwiler
and follower of your own and yet so I shall
like my be wishing all love and prosperity. for this
want the xxix of march 1586

your lordships to do you
service.

The Queen is in very good health
wishes you and thank be to god well
glorified and you are enjoyed
for sweet & obgn.

Walter Raleigh

to Calais, where they lost Hugo de Moncado with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their religion hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty, of her princely disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, sent them all back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy: of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all their magazines of provisions, were put in print as an army and navy irresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink, or take, one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or ever burnt so much as one sheep-cote of this land. Whenas, on the contrary, Sir Francis Drake with only eight hundred soldiers not long before landed in their Indies and forced Sant-Iago, Santo Domingo, Carthagena, and the forts of Florida. And after that, Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal with a handful of soldiers to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles. Where the Earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many days' abode, they made retreat by land, in despite of all their garrisons, both of horse and foot.

In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose only by the necessary comparison of their and our actions: the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, that they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town — always spending more in fagots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time, and twenty

of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation, and between honorable actions and frivolous, vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark "Raleigh," and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships were all pestered, and rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable: for in the "Revenge" there were ninety diseased; in the "Bonaventure" not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the "Defiance," which was admiral; the "Revenge," vice admiral; the "Bonaventure," commanded by Captain Crosse; the "Lion," by George Fenner; the "Foresight," by M. Thomas Vavasour; and the "Crane," by Duffield. The "Foresight" and the "Crane" being but small ships: only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark "Raleigh," commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand that our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors; but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed—to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas, with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind: which Sir Richard Grenville, not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship; for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to

turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been the better, and might right well have answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great "San Philip" being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort that the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm—so huge and high was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the "Revenge" aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard. The said "Philip" carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the "Revenge" was entangled with this "Philip," four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great "San Philip" having received the lower tier of the "Revenge," discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we are assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers, but were repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the "George Noble" of London having received some shot through her from the Armada, fell under the lee of the "Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command her, being one of the victualers and of

small force. Sir Richard bade her save herself and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain or hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the hulks both sank : and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the "Revenge's" own company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the islands (examined by some of the lords and others), affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight : and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a dressing, he was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon was wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the "Revenge," as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places (she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her), so that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her ; and all so ill approved their entertainment, that they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased : and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success ; but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the "Revenge," to the last barrel, was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army ! By those hundred all was sustained — the volleys, boardings, and

enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons: — the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defense.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armadas (all by turns aboard him) and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and finding himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the "Revenge" not able to move one way or the other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards — seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal — and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six feet of water in hold, three shot under water (which were so weakly stopped that with the first working of the sea she must needs sink), and was besides so crushed

and bruised that she could never be removed out of the place.

While the matter was thus in dispute and Sir Richard was refusing to hearken to any of their reasons, the master of the "Revenge" (for the captain had won unto himself the greater party) was convoyed aboard the "General" of Don Alphonso Bagan, who, finding none overhasty to enter the "Revenge" again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the "Revenge" his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent to England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear; and in the mean season they were to be free from galleys or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned—that safety of life was promised—the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner. It was no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the "General" sent many boats aboard the "Revenge," and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the "General" and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched was sent unto by Alphonso Bagan to remove out of the "Revenge," the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughterhouse. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned: and, reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The "General" used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries

of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the "Lion" of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the Armada was Don Alphonso Bagan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Britandona; of the squadron of Seville, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies and two special commanders, Don Luis de St. John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The "Admiral" of the hulks and the "Ascension" of Seville were both sunk by the side of the "Revenge"; one other recovered the road of Saint Michael and sank also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the "General," and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land, we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

For the rest of her Majesty's ships that entered not so far into the fight as the "Revenge," the reasons and causes were these. . . . The island of Flores was on the one side, fifty-three sail of the Spanish, divided into squadrons, on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could contain. Almost the one half of our men sick and not able to serve; the ships grown foul, unrummaged, and scarcely able to bear any sail for want of ballast, having been six months at the sea before. If all the rest had entered, all had been lost, for the very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would have crushed them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonor and loss to the Queen had been far greater than the spoil or harm that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding, it is very true that the Lord Thomas would have entered between the squadrons, but the rest would not condescend: and the master of his own ship offered to leap into

the sea rather than to conduct that her Majesty's ship and the rest, to be a prey to the enemy where there was no hope nor possibility either of defense or victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a general—to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction without hope or any likelihood of prevailing, thereby to diminish the strength of her Majesty's navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the enemy. The "Foresight," of the Queen's, commanded by M. Thomas Vavasour, performed a very great fight and stayed two hours as near the "Revenge" as the weather would permit him, not forsaking the fight till he was likely to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of shot and entered as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities to keep the weather gauge of the enemy, until they were parted by night. A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indian ships, there arose so great a storm from the west and northwest that all the fleet was dispersed, as well as the Indian fleet which was then come unto them, as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which fourteen sail, together with the "Revenge," and in her two hundred Spaniards, were cast away upon the island of Saint Michael. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship, the "Revenge," not suffering her to perish alone for the great honor she had achieved in her lifetime. . . .

To conclude: it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of forsworn traitors, and of unjust practices and invasions. She hath ever been honored of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall, by the favor of God, resist, repel, and confound all attempts whatsoever against her sacred person or kingdom. In the mean time let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success, and we, her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.



ALFRED TENNYSON

From a painting by P. Krümer. By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

THE "REVENGE."¹

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of CEnone," 1892.]

I.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnacle, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

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IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little " Revenge " ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little " Revenge " ran on thro' the long sea lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and
laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountainlike " San Philip," that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

VII.

And while now the great " San Philip " hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle thunder broke from them all.

VIII.

But anon the great " San Philip," she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musketeers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more —

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,

And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;

But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting,

So they watched what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And half of the rest of us maimed for life

In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die — does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII.

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:—
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their
flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of
Spain,
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

PHILASTER.

By BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : Two famous Elizabethan dramatists who were so closely associated in their lives and labors that their names have become indissolubly united. They lived in the same house not far from the Globe Theater on the Bankside, sharing all things in common, and from 1606 until 1616 wrote in combination a large number of dramas, the most notable being "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Cupid's Revenge." Beaumont and Fletcher were very popular with their contemporaries, and Dryden informs us that in his time their plays were performed oftener than those of Shakespeare.

Francis Beaumont was born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, in 1584, the son of a judge of Common Pleas. At twelve he entered Oxford, and in 1600 was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, but does not seem to have pursued his legal studies. He made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern, and wrote commendatory verses to some of his dramas. He died at the early age of thirty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher was born at Rye, Sussex, December, 1579. He was for some time a student of Bennet College (now Corpus), Cambridge, where he acquired a reputation for classical erudition. From that time until his meeting with Beaumont in 1606 nothing definite is known of his life. He died of the plague in London, August, 1625, and was buried in the Church of St. Savior's. Besides the plays above mentioned, Fletcher wrote with Massinger, Rowley, and others, "The Knight of Malta," "Thierry and Theodoret," "The Spanish Curate," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "The Two Noble Kinsmen" (in which Shakespeare probably had a share). He was sole author of "The Faithful Shepherdess"; "The Humorous Lieutenant," and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."]

Enter PHILASTER.

Philaster —

Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwells, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bellario —

Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;

Nothing assaults me here. [*Aside*] See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! — Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!

Philaster —

Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bellarion —

Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Philaster —

Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bellarion —

Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Philaster —

Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and looked'st, and spok'st when first
I took thee up:
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:
This way, or that way?

Bellarion —

Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter on one side DION, *and on the other two* Woodmen.

Dion —

This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodmen!

First Woodman — My Lord Dion?

Dion — Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

Second Woodman — Was she not young and tall?

Dion — Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

Second Woodman — Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt Woodmen.*]

Dion — Plague of your questions then!

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cleremont — Nor will be, I think.

Dion — Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little, but the whole court must be in arms.

Cleremont — There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE, and Attendants.

King —

Where is she?

Cleremont —

Sir, I cannot tell.

King —

How's that?

Answer me so again!

Cleremont —

Sir, shall I lie?

King —

Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.

I say again, where is she? Mutter not! —

Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion —

Sir, I do not know.

King —

Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,

It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me;

Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your King:

I wish to see my daughter; show her me;

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

To show her me! What! am I not your King?

If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion —

Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King —

Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest! show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!

Dion —

Indeed I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.

King —

You have betrayed me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her to me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?

Dion —

No.

King —

No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

Dion —

No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King —

Is it so? Take heed!

Dion —

Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.

King —

Alas! what are we kings!
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished
Yet would not thus be punished: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!

Dion [aside] — He articles with the gods. Would somebody
would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, and MEGRA.

King —

What, is she found?

Pharamond —

No; we have ta'en her horse;

He galloped empty by. There is some treason.
 You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
 Why left you her?

Galatea —

She did command me.

King —

Command! you should not.

Galatea —

'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
 To disobey the daughter of my King.

King —

You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
 But I will have her.

Pharamond —

If I have her not,
 By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion [*aside*] —

What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

Pharamond —

I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
 A cook, and a tailor.

King [*aside*] —

I see
 The injuries I have done must be revenged.

Dion —

Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King —

Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
 Or (if she be killed), the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion [*aside*] — I know some would give five thousand pounds to
 find her.

Pharamond —

Come, let us seek.

King —

Each man a several way;
 Here I myself.

Dion —

Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cleremont —

Lady, you must go search too.

Megra —

I had rather be searched myself.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Another Part of the Forest.**Enter ARETHUSA.**Arethusa —*

Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
 Without the counsel of my troubled head:
 I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
 O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.
 Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. [*Sits down.*]

*Enter BELLARIO.**Bellario [aside] —*

Yonder's my lady. Heaven knows I want
 Nothing, because I do not wish to live;
 Yet I will try her charity. — Oh, hear,
 You that have plenty! from that flowing store
 Drop some on dry ground. — See, the lively red
 Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints. —
 Madam, look up! — She breathes not. — Open once more
 Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
 Your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs. — How is it,
 Madam? speak comfort.

Arethusa —

'Tis not gently done,
 To put me in a miserable life,
 And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
 I shall do best without thee; I am well.

*Enter PHILASTER.**Philaster —*

I am to blame to be so much in rage:
 I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
 This killing truth. I will be temperate
 In speaking, and as just in hearing. —
 Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
 Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
 But he must ease it here!

Bellario —

My lord, help, help!
 The princess!

Arethusa —

I am well: forbear.

Philaster [aside] —

Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
 And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes

Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
 Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
 And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
 Lasting to ages in the memory
 Of this damned act! — Hear me, you wicked ones!
 You have put hills of fire into this breast,
 Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
 Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
 Despair await you! What, before my face?
 Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
 Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
 And throw it on you!

Arethusa —

Dear Philaster, leave
 To be enraged, and hear me.

Philaster —

I have done,
 Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
 When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
 Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you know it.
 Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,

[*Offers his drawn sword.*]

And search how temperate a heart I have;
 Then you and this your boy may live and reign
 In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario?
 I prithee kill me; thou art poor, and mayst
 Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
 Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?
 If I were mad, I should desire to live.
 Sirs, feel my pulse, whether you have known
 A man in a more equal tune to die.

Bellario —

Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
 So does your tongue.

Philaster —

You will not kill me, then?

Arethusa —

Kill you!

Bellario —

Not for a world.

Philaster —

I blame not thee,
 Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
 Would have transformed themselves to do. Begone,
 Leave me without reply; this is the last

Of all our meetings. [*Exit* BELLARIO.] Kill me with
 this sword;
 Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
 Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
 Or suffer.

Arethusa —

If my fortune be so good to let me fall
 Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
 Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
 No jealousies in the other world; no ill there?

Philaster —

No.

Arethusa —

Show me, then, the way.

Philaster —

Then guide my feeble hand,
 You that have power to do it, for I must
 Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
 Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
 Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Arethusa —

I am prepared.



MARY'S ESCAPE FOILED.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Abbot." For biographical sketch, see page 2497.)

[After Carberry Height and the flight of her husband, Bothwell, Queen Mary was imprisoned in the tiny isle of Lochleven in Kinross. The Protestant lords sent envoys to force her to sign her recantation. Except for Roland Graeme, the hero of the novel, who partly plays the rôle of the real Sir James Melville, the scene is historical.]

WHEN Roland Graeme had finished his repast, having his dismissal from the Queen for the evening, and being little inclined for such society as the castle afforded, he stole into the garden, in which he had permission to spend his leisure time when it pleased him. In this place the ingenuity of the contriver and disposer of the walks had exerted itself to make the most of little space, and by screens, both of stone ornamented with rude sculpture and hedges of living green, had endeavored to give as much intricacy and variety as the confined limits of the garden would admit.



THE ABBOT BY THE SEA

From a painting by J. Schikuneder

Here the young man walked sadly, considering the events of the day, and comparing what had dropped from the Abbot with what he had himself noticed of the demeanor of George Douglas. "It must be so," was the painful but inevitable conclusion at which he arrived. "It must be by his aid that she is thus enabled, like a phantom, to transport herself from place to place, and to appear at pleasure on the mainland or on the islet. It must be so," he repeated once more; "with him she holds a close, secret, and intimate correspondence, altogether inconsistent with the eye of favor which she has sometimes cast upon me, and destructive to the hopes which she must have known these glances have necessarily inspired." And yet (for love will hope where reason despairs) the thought rushed on his mind that it was possible she only encouraged Douglas' passion so far as might serve her mistress' interest, and that she was of too frank, noble, and candid a nature to hold out to himself hopes which she meant not to fulfill. . . .

The sun had now for some time set, and the twilight of May was rapidly falling into a serene night. On the lake the expanded water rose and fell, with the slightest and softest influence of a southern breeze, which scarcely dimpled the surface over which it passed. In the distance was still seen the dim outline of the island of Saint Serf, once visited by many a sandaled pilgrim, as the blessed spot trodden by a man of God — now neglected or violated as the refuge of lazy priests, who had with justice been compelled to give place to the sheep and the heifers of a Protestant baron.

As Roland gazed on the dark speck amid the lighter blue of the waters which surrounded it, the mazes of polemical discussion again stretched themselves before the eye of his mind. Had these men justly suffered their exile as licentious drones, the robbers, at once, and disgrace of the busy hive? or had the hand of avarice and rapine expelled from the temple, not the ribalds who polluted, but the faithful priests who served the shrine in honor and fidelity? The arguments of Henderson, in this contemplative hour, rose with double force before him, and could scarcely be parried by the appeal which the Abbot Ambrosius had made from his understanding to his feelings — an appeal which he had felt more forcibly amid the bustle of stirring life than now, when his reflections were more undisturbed. It required an effort to divert his mind from this

embarrassing topic; and he found that he best succeeded by turning his eyes to the front of the tower, watching where a twinkling light still streamed from the casement of Catherine Seyton's apartment, obscured by times for a moment as the shadow of the fair inhabitant passed betwixt the taper and the window. At length the light was removed or extinguished, and that object of speculation was also withdrawn from the eyes of the meditative lover. Dare I confess the fact, without injuring his character forever as a hero of romance? These eyes gradually became heavy; speculative doubts on the subject of religious controversy, and anxious conjectures concerning the state of his mistress' affections, became confusedly blended together in his musings; the fatigues of a busy day prevailed over the harassing subjects of contemplation which occupied his mind, and he fell fast asleep.

Sound were his slumbers, until they were suddenly dispelled by the iron tongue of the castle bell, which sent its deep and sullen sounds wide over the bosom of the lake, and awakened the echoes of Bennarty, the hill which descends steeply on its southern bank. Roland started up, for this bell was always tolled at ten o'clock, as the signal for locking the castle gates and placing the keys under the charge of the seneschal. He therefore hastened to the wicket by which the garden communicated with the building, and had the mortification, just as he reached it, to hear the bolt leave its sheath with a discordant crash, and enter the stone groove of the door lintel.

"Hold, hold," cried the page, "and let me in ere you lock the wicket."

The voice of Dryfesdale replied from within, in his usual tone of embittered sullenness, "The hour is passed, fair master—you like not the inside of these walls—even make it a complete holiday, and spend the night as well as the day out of bounds."

"Open the door," exclaimed the indignant page, "or, by Saint Giles, I will make thy gold chain smoke for it!"

"Make no alarm here," retorted the impenetrable Dryfesdale, "but keep thy sinful oaths and silly threats for those that regard them—I do mine office, and carry the keys to the seneschal.—Adieu, my young master! the cool night air will advantage your hot blood."

The steward was right in what he said; for the cooling breeze was very necessary to appease the feverish fit of anger

which Roland experienced, nor did the remedy succeed for some time. At length, after some hasty turns made through the garden, exhausting his passion in vain vows of vengeance, Roland Graeme began to be sensible that his situation ought rather to be held as a matter of laughter than of serious resentment. To one bred a sportsman, a night spent in the open air had in it little of hardship, and the poor malice of the steward seemed more worthy of his contempt than his anger. "I would to God," he said, "that the grim old man may always have contented himself with such sportive revenge. He often looks as he were capable of doing us a darker turn." Returning, therefore, to the turf seat which he had formerly occupied, and which was partially sheltered by a trim fence of green holly, he drew his mantle around him, stretched himself at length on the verdant settle, and endeavored to resume that sleep which the castle bell had interrupted to so little purpose.

Sleep, like other earthly blessings, is niggard of its favors when most courted. The more Roland invoked her aid, the farther she fled from his eyelids. He had been completely awakened, first, by the sounds of the bell, and then by his own aroused vivacity of temper, and he found it difficult again to compose himself to slumber. At length, when his mind was wearied out with a maze of unpleasing meditation, he succeeded in coaxing himself into a broken slumber. This was again dispelled by the voices of two persons who were walking in the garden, the sound of whose conversation, after mingling for some time in the page's dreams, at length succeeded in awakening him thoroughly. He raised himself from his reclining posture in the utmost astonishment, which the circumstance of hearing two persons at that late hour conversing on the outside of the watchfully guarded Castle of Lochleven was so well calculated to excite. His first thought was of supernatural beings; his next, upon some attempt on the part of Queen Mary's friends and followers; his last was, that George of Douglas, possessed of the keys, and having the means of ingress and egress at pleasure, was availing himself of his office to hold a rendezvous with Catherine Seyton in the castle garden. He was confirmed in this opinion by the tone of the voice, which asked in a low whisper, "whether all was ready?"

Roland Graeme, availing himself of a breach in the holly screen, and of the assistance of the full moon, which was now

arisen, had a perfect opportunity, himself unobserved, to reconnoiter the persons and the motions of those by whom his rest had been thus unexpectedly disturbed; and his observations confirmed his jealous apprehensions. They stood together in close and earnest conversation within four yards of the place of his retreat, and he could easily recognize the tall form and deep voice of Douglas, and the no less remarkable dress and tone of the page at the hostelry of Saint Michael's.

"I have been at the door of the page's apartment," said Douglas, "but he is not there, or he will not answer. It is fast bolted on the inside, as is the custom, and we cannot pass through it — and what his silence may bode I know not."

"You have trusted him too far," said the other; "a feather-headed coxcomb, upon whose changeable mind and hot brain there is no making an abiding impression."

"It was not I who was willing to trust him," said Douglas; "but I was assured he would prove friendly when called upon — for ——" Here he spoke so low that Roland lost the tenor of his words, which was the more provoking, as he was fully aware that he was himself the subject of their conversation.

"Nay," replied the stranger, more aloud, "I have on my side put him off with fair words, which make fools fain — but now, if you distrust him at the push, deal with him with your dagger, and so make open passage."

"That were too rash," said Douglas; "and besides, as I told you, the door of his apartment is shut and bolted. I will essay again to waken him."

Graeme instantly comprehended that the ladies, having been somehow made aware of his being in the garden, had secured the door of the outer room in which he usually slept, as a sort of sentinel upon that only access to the Queen's apartments. But then, how came Catherine Seyton to be abroad, if the Queen and the other lady were still within their chambers, and the access to them locked and bolted? — "I will be instantly at the bottom of these mysteries," he said, "and then thank Mistress Catherine, if this be really she, for the kind use which she exhorted Douglas to make of his dagger — they seek me, as I comprehend, and they shall not seek me in vain."

Douglas had by this time reëntered the castle by the wicket, which was now open. The stranger stood alone in the garden walk, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes cast impatiently up to the moon, as if accusing her of betraying

him by the magnificence of her luster. In a moment Roland Graeme stood before him. — "A goodly night," he said, "Mistress Catherine, for a young lady to stray forth in disguise, and to meet with men in an orchard!"

"Hush!" said the stranger page, "hush, thou foolish patch, and tell us in a word if thou art friend or foe."

"How should I be friend to one who deceives me by fair words, and who would have Douglas deal with me with his poniard?" replied Roland.

"The fiend receive George of Douglas, and thee too, thou born madcap, and sworn marplot!" said the other; "we shall be discovered, and then death is the word."

"Catherine," said the page, "you have dealt falsely and cruelly with me, and the moment of explanation is now come — neither it nor you shall escape me."

"Madman!" said the stranger, "I am neither Kate nor Catherine — the moon shines bright enough surely to know the hart from the hind."

"That shift shall not serve you, fair mistress," said the page, laying hold on the lap of the stranger's cloak; "this time, at least, I will know with whom I deal."

"Unhand me," said she, endeavoring to extricate herself from his grasp; and in a tone where anger seemed to contend with a desire to laugh, "Use you so little discretion toward a daughter of Seyton?"

But as Roland, encouraged perhaps by her risibility to suppose his violence was not unpardonably offensive, kept hold on her mantle, she said, in a sterner tone of unmixed resentment, "Madman, let me go! — there is life and death in this moment — I would not willingly hurt thee, and yet beware!"

As she spoke, she made a sudden effort to escape, and in doing so, a pistol, which she carried in her hand or about her person, went off.

The warlike sound instantly awakened the well-warded castle. The warder blew his horn, and began to toll the castle bell, crying out at the same time, "Fie, treason! treason! cry all! cry all!"

The apparition of Catherine Seyton, which the page had let loose in the first moment of astonishment, vanished in darkness, but the plash of oars was heard, and in a second or two five or six arquebuses and a falconet were fired from the battlements of the castle successively, as if leveled at some object

on the water. Confounded with these incidents, no way for Catherine's protection (supposing her to be in the boat which he had heard put from the shore) occurred to Roland, save to have recourse to George of Douglas. He hastened for this purpose toward the apartment of the Queen, whence he heard loud voices and much trampling of feet. When he entered, he found himself added to a confused and astonished group, which, assembled in that apartment, stood gazing upon each other. At the upper end of the room stood the Queen, equipped as for a journey, and attended not only by the Lady Fleming, but by the omnipresent Catherine Seyton, dressed in the habit of her own sex, and bearing in her hand the casket in which Mary kept such jewels as she had been permitted to retain. At the other end of the hall was the Lady of Lochleven, hastily dressed, as one startled from slumber by the sudden alarm, and surrounded by domestics, some bearing torches, others holding naked swords, partisans, pistols, or such other weapons as they had caught up in the hurry of a night alarm. Betwixt these two parties stood George of Douglas, his arms folded on his breast, his eyes bent on the ground, like a criminal who knows not how to deny, yet continues unwilling to avow, the guilt in which he has been detected.

"Speak, George of Douglas," said the Lady of Lochleven; "speak, and clear the horrid suspicion which rests on thy name. Say 'A Douglas was never faithless to his trust, and I am a Douglas.' Say this, my dearest son, and it is all I ask thee to say to clear thy name, even under such a foul charge. Say it was but the wile of these unhappy women, and this false boy, which plotted an escape so fatal to Scotland—so destructive to thy father's house."

"Madam," said old Dryfesdale, the steward, "this much do I say for this silly page, that he could not be accessory to unlocking the doors, since I myself this night bolted him out of the castle. Whoever limned this night piece, the lad's share in it seems to have been small."

"Thou liest, Dryfesdale," said the Lady, "and wouldst throw the blame on thy master's house, to save the worthless life of a gypsy boy."

"His death were more desirable to me than his life," answered the steward, sullenly; "but the truth is the truth."

At these words Douglas raised his head, drew up his figure to its full height, and spoke boldly and sedately, as one whose

resolution was taken. "Let no life be endangered for me. I alone ——"

"Douglas," said the Queen, interrupting him, "art thou mad? Speak not, I charge you."

"Madam," he replied, bowing with the deepest respect, "gladly would I obey your commands, but they must have a victim, and let it be the true one. Yes, madam," he continued, addressing the Lady of Lochleven, "I alone am guilty in this matter. If the word of a Douglas has yet any weight with you, believe me that this boy is innocent; and on your conscience I charge you do him no wrong; nor let the Queen suffer hardship for embracing the opportunity of freedom which sincere loyalty — which a sentiment yet deeper — offered to her acceptance. Yes! I had planned the escape of the most beautiful, the most persecuted, of women; and far from regretting that I, for a while, deceived the malice of her enemies, I glory in it, and am most willing to yield up life itself in her cause."

"Now may God have compassion on my age," said the Lady of Lochleven, "and enable me to bear this load of affliction! O Princess, born in a luckless hour, when will you cease to be the instrument of seduction and of ruin to all who approach you? O ancient house of Lochleven, famed so long for birth and honor, evil was the hour which brought the deceiver under thy roof!"

"Say not so, madam," replied her grandson; "the old honors of the Douglas line will be outshone, when one of its descendants dies for the most injured of Queens — for the most lovely of women."

"Douglas," said the Queen, "must I at this moment — ay, even at this moment, when I may lose a faithful subject forever, chide thee for forgetting what is due to me as thy Queen?"

"Wretched boy," said the distracted Lady of Lochleven, "hast thou fallen even thus far into the snare of this Moabish woman? — hast thou bartered thy name, thy allegiance, thy knightly oath, thy duty to thy parents, thy country, and thy God, for a feigned tear, or a sickly smile, from lips which flattered the infirm Francis — lured to death the idiot Darnley — read luscious poetry with the minion Chastelar — mingled in the lays of love which were sung by the beggar Rizzio — and which were joined in rapture to those of the foul and licentious Bothwell!"

"Blaspheme not, madam!" said Douglas; "nor you, fair Queen, and virtuous as fair, chide at this moment the presumption of thy vassal! — Think not that the mere devotion of a subject could have moved me to the part I have been performing. Well you deserve that each of your lieges should die for you; but I have done more — have done that to which love alone could compel a Douglas — I have dissembled. — Farewell, then, Queen of all hearts, and Empress of that of Douglas! — When you are freed from this vile bondage — as freed you shall be, if justice remains in Heaven — and when you load with honors and titles the happy man who shall deliver you, cast one thought on him whose heart would have despised every reward for a kiss of your hand — cast one thought on his fidelity, and drop one tear on his grave." And throwing himself at her feet, he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"This before my face!" exclaimed the Lady of Lochleven — "wilt thou court thy adulterous paramour before the eyes of a parent? — tear them asunder, and put him under strict ward! Seize him, upon your lives!" she added, seeing that her attendants looked on each other with hesitation.

"They are doubtful," said Mary. "Save thyself, Douglas, I command thee!"

He started up from the floor, and only exclaiming, "My life or death are yours, and at your disposal!" drew his sword, and broke through those who stood betwixt him and the door. The enthusiasm of his onset was too sudden and too lively to have been opposed by anything short of the most decided opposition; and as he was both loved and feared by his father's vassals, none of them would offer him actual injury.

The Lady of Lochleven stood astonished at his sudden escape. — "Am I surrounded," she said, "by traitors? Upon him, villains! — pursue, stab, cut him down!"

"He cannot leave the island, madam," said Dryfesdale, interfering; "I have the key of the boat chain."

But two or three voices of those who pursued from curiosity, or command of their mistress, exclaimed from below that he had cast himself into the lake.

"Brave Douglas still!" exclaimed the Queen. — "Oh, true and noble heart, that prefers death to imprisonment!"

"Fire upon him!" said the Lady of Lochleven; "if there

be here a true servant of his father, let him shoot the runagate dead, and let the lake cover our shame ! ”

The report of a gun or two was heard, but they were probably shot rather to obey the Lady than with any purpose of hitting the mark ; and Randal immediately entering, said that Master George had been taken up by a boat from the castle, which lay at a little distance.

“ Man a barge, and pursue them ! ” said the Lady.

“ It were quite vain,” said Randal ; “ by this time they are halfway to shore, and a cloud has come over the moon.”

“ And has the traitor then escaped ? ” said the Lady, pressing her hands against her forehead with a gesture of despair ; “ the honor of our house is forever gone, and all will be deemed accomplices in this base treachery.”

“ Lady of Lochleven,” said Mary, advancing toward her, “ you have this night cut off my fairest hopes—you have turned my expected freedom into bondage, and dashed away the cup of joy in the very instant I was advancing it to my lips—and yet I feel for your sorrow the pity that you deny to mine.—Gladly would I comfort you if I might ; but as I may not, I would at least part from you in charity.”

“ Away, proud woman ! ” said the Lady ; “ who ever knew so well as thou to deal the deepest wounds under the pretense of kindness and courtesy ? — Who, since the great traitor, could ever so betray with a kiss ? ”

“ Lady Douglas of Lochleven,” said the Queen, “ in this moment thou canst not offend me — no, not even by thy coarse and unwomanly language, held to me in the presence of menials and armed retainers. I have this night owed so much to one member of the house of Lochleven, as to cancel whatever its mistress can do or say in the wildness of her passion.”

“ We are bounden to you, Princess,” said Lady Lochleven, putting a strong constraint on herself, and passing from her tone of violence to that of bitter irony ; “ our poor house hath been but seldom graced with royal smiles, and will hardly, with my choice, exchange their rough honesty for such court honor as Mary of Scotland has now to bestow.”

“ They,” replied Mary, “ who knew so well how to *take*, may think themselves excused from the obligation implied in receiving. And that I have now little to offer is the fault of the Douglasses and their allies.”

“ Fear nothing, madam,” replied the Lady of Lochleven, in

the same bitter tone ; "you retain an exchequer which neither your own prodigality can drain, nor your offended country deprive you of. While you have fair words and delusive smiles at command, you need no other bribes to lure youth to folly."

The Queen cast not an ungratified glance on a large mirror which, hanging on one side of the apartment, and illuminated by the torchlight, reflected her beautiful face and person. "Our hostess grows complaisant," she said, "my Fleming ; we had not thought that grief and captivity had left us so well stored with that sort of wealth which ladies prize most dearly."

"Your Grace will drive this severe woman frantic," said Fleming, in a low tone. "On my knees I implore you to remember she is already dreadfully offended, and that we are in her power."

"I will not spare her, Fleming," answered the Queen ; "it is against my nature. She returned my honest sympathy with insult and abuse, and I will gall her in return—if her words are too blunt for answer, let her use her poniard if she dare!"

"The Lady Lochleven," said the Lady Fleming, aloud, "would surely do well now to withdraw, and to leave her Grace to repose."

"Ay," replied the Lady, "or to leave her Grace, and her Grace's minions, to think what silly fly they may next wrap their meshes about. My eldest son is a widower—were he not more worthy the flattering hopes with which you have seduced his brother?—True, the yoke of marriage has been already thrice fitted on—but the church of Rome calls it a sacrament, and its votaries may deem it one in which they cannot too often participate."

"And the votaries of the church of Geneva," replied Mary, coloring with indignation, "as they deem marriage *no* sacrament, are said at times to dispense with the holy ceremony." Then, as if afraid of the consequences of this home allusion to the errors of Lady Lochleven's early life, the Queen added, "Come, my Fleming, we grace her too much by this altercation ; we will to our sleeping apartment. If she would disturb us again to-night, she must cause the door to be forced." So saying, she retired to her bedroom, followed by her two women.

Lady Lochleven, stunned as it were by this last sarcasm, and not the less deeply incensed that she had drawn it upon herself, remained like a statue on the spot which she had occupied when

she received an affront so flagrant. Dryfesdale and Randal endeavored to rouse her to recollection by questions.

"What is your honorable Ladyship's pleasure in the premises?"

"Shall we not double the sentinels, and place one upon the boats and another in the garden?" said Randal.

"Would you that dispatches were sent to Sir William at Edinburgh, to acquaint him with what has happened?" demanded Dryfesdale; "and ought not the place of Kinross to be alarmed, lest there be force upon the shores of the lake?"

"Do all as thou wilt," said the Lady, collecting herself, and about to depart. "Thou hast the name of a good soldier, Dryfesdale, take all precautions. — Sacred Heaven! that I should be thus openly insulted!"

"Would it be your pleasure," said Dryfesdale, hesitating, "that this person — this Lady — be more severely restrained?"

"No, vassal!" answered the Lady, indignantly, "my revenge stoops not to so low a gratification. But I will have more worthy vengeance, or the tomb of my ancestors shall cover my shame!"

"And you shall have it, madam," replied Dryfesdale. "Ere two suns go down you shall term yourself amply revenged."

The Lady made no answer — perhaps did not hear his words, as she presently left the apartment. By the command of Dryfesdale, the rest of the attendants were dismissed, some to do the duty of guard, others to their repose. The steward himself remained after they had all departed; and Roland Graeme, who was alone in the apartment, was surprised to see the old soldier advance toward him with an air of greater cordiality than he had ever before assumed to him, but which sat ill on his scowling features.

"Youth," he said, "I have done thee some wrong — it is thine own fault, for thy behavior hath seemed as light to me as the feather thou wearest in thy hat; and surely thy fantastic apparel, and idle humor of mirth and folly, have made me construe thee something harshly. But I saw this night from my casement (as I looked out to see how thou hadst disposed of thyself in the garden), I saw, I say, the true efforts which thou didst make to detain the companion of the perfidy of him who is no longer worthy to be called by his father's name, but must be cut off from his house like a rotten branch. I was just about to come to thy assistance when the pistol went off, and

the warden (a false knave, whom I suspect to be bribed for the nonce) saw himself forced to give the alarm, which, perchance, till then he had willfully withheld. To atone, therefore, for my injustice toward you, I would willingly render you a courtesy, if you would accept of it from my hands."

"May I first crave to know what it is?" replied the page.

"Simply to carry the news of this discovery to Holyrood, where thou mayest do thyself much grace, as well with the Earl of Morton and the Regent himself, as with Sir William Douglas, seeing thou hast seen the matter from end to end, and borne faithful part therein. The making thine own fortune will be thus lodged in thine own hand, when I trust thou wilt estrange thyself from foolish vanities, and learn to walk in this world as one who thinks upon the next."

"Sir Steward," said Roland Graeme, "I thank you for your courtesy, but I may not do your errand. I pass that I am the Queen's sworn servant, and may not be of counsel against her. But, setting this apart, methinks it were a bad road to Sir William of Lochleven's favor to be the first to tell him of his son's defection — neither would the Regent be over well pleased to hear the infidelity of his vassal, nor Morton to learn the falsehood of his kinsman."

"Um!" said the steward, making that inarticulate sound which expresses surprise mingled with displeasure. "Nay, then, even fly where ye list; for, giddy-pated as ye may be, you know how to bear you in the world."

"I will show you my esteem is less selfish than ye think for," said the page; "for I hold truth and mirth to be better than gravity and cunning — ay, and in the end to be a match for them. You never loved me less, Sir Steward, than you do at this moment. I know you will give me no real confidence, and I am resolved to accept no false protestations as current coin. Resume your old course — suspect me as much and watch me as closely as you will, I bid you defiance — you have met with your match."

"By Heaven, young man," said the steward, with a look of bitter malignity, "if thou darest to attempt any treachery toward the House of Lochleven, thy head shall blacken in the sun from the warder's turret!"

"He cannot commit treachery who refuses trust," said the page; "and for my head, it stands as securely on my shoulders as on any turret that ever mason built."

"Farewell, thou prating and speckled pie," said Dryfesdale, "thou art so vain of thine idle tongue and variegated coat! Beware trap and lime twig."

"And fare thee well, thou hoarse old raven," answered the page; "thy solemn flight, sable hue, and deep croak are no charms against birdbolt or hailshot, and that thou mayest find—it is open war betwixt us, each for the cause of our mistress, and God show the right!"

"Amen, and defend his own people!" said the steward. "I will let my mistress know what addition thou hast made to this mess of traitors. Good night, Monsieur Featherpate."

"Good night, Seignior Sowersby," replied the page; and, when the old man departed, he betook himself to rest.



THREE PHASES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.¹

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN,

[JOHN RICHARD GREEN, English historian, was born at Oxford in 1837; graduated at Jesus College; became a clergyman, and in 1868 librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. His earliest bent was toward studying the gems of English history, and after many short papers his "Short History of the English People" (1874) made him famous. In spite of an incurable disease and great weakness, and of ardent service in practical church work, he published "The Making of England" in 1882, and had nearly completed "The Conquest of England" (completed and published by his widow) when he died, March 7, 1883. He published some other works, and suggested the *English Historical Review*.]

THE PRIMITIVE TEUTONS.

FOR the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which we know to have borne the name of Angeln or England lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district, how-

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ever, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was called the Engle or English folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine; on the other, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of Englishmen. But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live, and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung.

Of the temper and life of the folk in this older England we know little. But from the glimpses that we catch of it when conquest had brought them to the shores of Britain their political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. In their villages lay ready formed the social and political life which is round us in the England of to-day. A belt of forest or waste parted each from its fellow-villages, and within this boundary or mark the "township," as the village was then called, from the "tun" or rough fence and trench that served as its simple fortification, formed a complete and independent body, though linked by ties which were strengthening every day to the townships about it and the tribe of which it formed a part. Its social center was the homestead where the ætheling or eorl, a descendant of the first English settlers in the waste, still handed down the blood and traditions of his fathers. Around this homestead or æthel, each in its little croft, stood the lowlier dwellings of freelings or ceorls, men sprung, it may be, from descendants of the earliest settler who had in various ways forfeited their claim to a share in the original homestead, or more probably from incomers into the village who had since settled round it and been admitted to a share in the land and freedom of the community. The eorl was distinguished from his fellow-villagers by his wealth

and his nobler blood; he was held by them in a hereditary reverence; and it was from him and his fellow-æthelings that host leaders, whether of the village or the tribe, were chosen in times of war. But this claim to precedence rested simply on the free recognition of his fellow-villagers. Within the township every freeman or ceorl was equal. It was the freeman who was the base of village society. He was the "free-necked man," whose long hair floated over a neck which had never bowed to a lord. He was the "weaponed man," who alone bore spear and sword, and who alone preserved that right of self-redress or private war which in such a state of society formed the main check upon lawless outrage.

Among the English, as among all the races of mankind, justice had originally sprung from each man's personal action. There had been a time when every freeman was his own avenger. But even in the earliest forms of English society of which we find traces this right of self-defense was being modified and restricted by a growing sense of public justice. The "blood-wite" or compensation in money for personal wrong was the first effort of the tribe as a whole to regulate private revenge. The freeman's life and the freeman's limb had each on this system its legal price. "Eye for eye," ran the rough code, and "life for life," or for each fair damages. We see a further step towards the modern recognition of a wrong as done not to the individual man but to the people at large in another custom of early date. The price of life or limb was paid, not by the wrongdoer to the man he wronged, but by the family or house of the wrongdoer to the family or house of the wronged. Order and law were thus made to rest in each little group of people upon the blood bond which knit its families together; every outrage was held to have been done by all who were linked in blood to the doer of it, every crime to have been done against all who were linked in blood to the sufferer from it. From this sense of the value of the family bond as a means of restraining the wrongdoer by forces which the tribe as a whole did not as yet possess sprang the first rude forms of English justice. Each kinsman was his kinsman's keeper, bound to protect him from wrong, to hinder him from wrongdoing, and to suffer with him and pay for him if wrong were done. So fully was this principle recognized that even if any man was charged before his fellow-tribesmen with crime his kinsfolk still remained in fact his sole judges,

for it was by their solemn oath of his innocence or his guilt that he had to stand or fall.

As the blood bond gave its first form to English justice, so it gave their first forms to English society and English warfare. Kinsmen fought side by side in the hour of battle, and the feelings of honor and discipline which held the host together were drawn from the common duty of every man in each little group of warriors to his house. And as they fought side by side on the field, so they dwelt side by side on the soil. Harling abode by Harling, and Billing by Billing; and each "wick" or "ham," or "stead" or "tun" took its name from the kinsmen who dwelt together in it. In this way the home or "ham" of the Billings was Billingham, and the "tun" or township of the Harlings was Harlington. But in such settlements the tie of blood was widened into the larger tie of land. Land with the German race seems at a very early time to have become everywhere the accompaniment of full freedom. The freeman was strictly the freeholder, and the exercise of his full rights as a free member of the community to which he belonged became inseparable from the possession of his "holding" in it. But property had not as yet reached that stage of absolutely personal possession which the social philosophy of a later time falsely regarded as its earliest state. The woodland and pasture land of an English village were still undivided, and every free villager had the right of turning into it his cattle or swine. The meadow land lay in like manner open and undivided from hay harvest to spring. It was only when grass began to grow afresh that the common meadow was fenced off into grass fields, one for each household in the village; and when hay harvest was over fence and division were at an end again. The plow land alone was permanently allotted in equal shares both of corn land and fallow land to the families of the freemen, though even the plow land was subject to fresh division as the number of claimants grew greater or less.

It was this sharing in the common land which marked off the freeman or ceorl from the unfree man or læt, the tiller of land which another owned. As the ceorl was the descendant of settlers who, whether from their earlier arrival or from kinship with the original settlers of the village, had been admitted to a share in its land and its corporate life, so the læt was a descendant of later comers to whom such a share was denied, or in some cases, perhaps, of earlier dwellers from whom the land

had been wrested by force of arms. In the modern sense of freedom the læt was free enough. He had house and home of his own, his life and limb was as secure as the ceorl's — save as against his lord. It is probable from what we see in later laws that as time went on he was recognized among the three tribes as a member of the nation, summoned to the folkmoot, allowed equal right at law, and called like the full free man to the hosting. But he was unfree as regards law and land. He had neither part nor lot in the common land of the village. The ground which he tilled he held of some free man of the tribe to whom he paid rent in labor or in kind. And this man was his lord. Whatever rights the unfree villager might gain in the general social life of his fellow-villagers, he had no rights as against his lord. He could leave neither land nor lord at his will. He was bound to render due service to his lord in tillage or in fight. So long, however, as these services were done the land was his own. His lord could not take it from him; and he was bound to give him aid and protection in exchange for his services.

Far different from the position of the læt was that of the slave, though there is no ground for believing that the slave class was other than a small one. It was a class which sprang mainly from debt or crime. Famine drove men to "bend their heads in the evil days for meat;" the debtor, unable to discharge his debt, flung on the ground his freeman's sword and spear, took up the laborer's mattock, and placed his head as a slave within a master's hands. The criminal whose kinsfolk would not make up his fine became a crime serf of the plaintiff or the king. Sometimes a father pressed by need sold children or wife into bondage. In any case the slave became part of the livestock of his master's estate, to be willed away at death with horse or ox, whose pedigree was kept as carefully as his own. His children were bondsmen like himself; even a freeman's children by a slave mother inherited the mother's taint. "Mine is the calf that is born of my cow," ran an English proverb. Slave cabins clustered round the homestead of every rich landowner; plowman, shepherd, goatherd, swineherd, oxherd and cowherd, dairymaid, barnman, sower, hayward and woodward, were often slaves. It was not, indeed, slavery such as we have known in modern times, for stripes and bonds were rare; if the slave was slain it was by an angry blow, not by the lash. But his master could slay him if he would; it was but a chattel the

less. The slave had no place in the justice court, no kinsmen to claim vengeance or guilt-fine for his wrong. If a stranger slew him his lord claimed the damages; if guilty of wrongdoing, "his skin paid for him" under his master's lash. If he fled he might be chased like a strayed beast, and when caught he might be flogged to death. If the wrongdoer were a woman slave she might be burned.

With the public life of the village, however, the slave had nothing, the læt in early days little, to do. In its moot, the common meeting of its villagers for justice and government, a slave had no place or voice, while the læt was originally represented by the lord whose land he tilled. The life, the sovereignty of the settlement resided solely in the body of the freeman whose holdings lay round the moot hill or the sacred tree where the community met from time to time to deal out its own justice or make its own laws. Here new settlers were admitted to the freedom of the township, and by-laws framed and headmen and tithingmen chosen for its governance. Here plow land and meadow land were shared in due lot among the villagers, and field and homestead passed from man to man by the delivery of a turf cut from its soil. Here strife of farmer with farmer was settled according to the "customs" of the township as its elder men stated them, and four men were hired to follow headmen or ealdormen to hundred court or war. It is with a reverence such as is stirred by the sight of the head waters of some mighty river that one looks back to these village moots of Friesland or Sleswick. It was here that England learned to be a "mother of Parliaments." It was in these tiny knots of farmers that the men from whom Englishmen were to spring learned the worth of public opinion, of public discussion, the worth of the agreement, the "common sense," the general conviction to which discussion leads, as of the laws which derive their force from being expressions of that general conviction. A humorist of our own day has laughed at parliaments as "talking shops," and the laugh has been echoed by some who have taken humor for argument. But talk is persuasion, and persuasion is force. The "talk" of the village moot, the strife and judgment of men giving freely their own rede and setting it as freely aside for what they learn to be the wiser rede of other men, is the groundwork of English history.

Small, therefore, as it might be, the township or village was thus the primary and perfect type of English life, domestic,

social, and political. All that England has been since lay there. But changes of which we know nothing had long before the time at which our history opens grouped these little commonwealths together in larger communities, whether we name them tribe, people, or folk. The ties of race and kindred were no doubt drawn tighter by the needs of war. The organization of each folk, as such, sprang in all likelihood mainly from war, from a common greed of conquest, a common need of defense. Its form at any rate was wholly military. The folkmoot was in fact the war host, the gathering of every freeman of the tribe in arms. The head of the folk, a head which existed only so long as war went on, was the leader whom the host chose to command it. Its witenagemote or meeting of wise men was the host's council of war, the gathering of those ealdormen who had brought the men of the villages to the field. The host was formed by levies from the various districts of the tribe; the larger of which probably owed their name of "hundreds" to the hundred warriors each originally sent to it. In historic times, however, the regularity of such a military organization, if it ever existed, had passed away, and the quotas varied with the varying customs of each district. But men, whether many or few, were still due from each district to the host, and a cry of war at once called town-reeve and hundred-reeve with their followers to the field. . . .

The energy of these peoples found vent in a restlessness which drove them to take part in the general attack of the German race on the Empire of Rome. For busy tillers and busy fishers as Englishmen were, they were at heart fighters, and their world was a world of war. Tribe warred with tribe, and village with village; even within the township itself feuds parted household from household, and passions of hatred and vengeance were handed on from father to son. Their mood was above all a mood of fighting men, venturesome, self-reliant, proud, with a dash of hardness and cruelty in it, but ennobled by the virtues which spring from war, by personal courage and loyalty to plighted word, by a high and stern sense of manhood and the worth of man. A grim joy in hard fighting was already a characteristic of the race. War was the Englishman's "shield play" and "sword game"; the gleeman's verse took fresh fire as he sang of the rush of the host and the crash of its shield line. Their arms and weapons, helmet and mail shirt, tall spear and javelin, sword and seax, the short, broad dagger

that hung at each warrior's girdle, gathered to them much of the legend and the art which gave color and poetry to the life of Englishmen. Each sword had its name like a living thing. And next to their love of war came their love of the sea. Everywhere throughout Beowulf's song, as everywhere throughout the life that it pictures, we catch the salt whiff of the sea. The Englishman was as proud of his sea craft as of his war craft; sword in teeth he plunged into the sea to meet walrus and sea lion; he told of his whale chase amid the icy waters of the north. Hardly less than his love for the sea was the love he bore to the ship that traversed it. In the fond playfulness of English verse the ship was "the wave floater," "the foam-necked," "like a bird" as it skimmed the wave crest, "like a swan" as its curved prow breasted the "swan road" of the sea.

Their passion for the sea marked out for them their part in the general movement of the German nations. While Goth and Lombard were slowly advancing over the mountain and plain, the boats of the Englishmen pushed faster over the sea. Bands of English rovers, outdriven by stress of fight, had long found a home there, and lived as they could by sack of vessel or coast. Chance has preserved for us in a Sleswick peat bog one of the war keels of these early pirates. The boat is flat-bottomed, seventy feet long and eight or nine feet wide, its sides of oak boards fastened with bark ropes and iron bolts. Fifty oars drove it over the waves with a freight of warriors whose arms, axes, swords, lances, and knives were found heaped together in its hold. Like the galleys of the Middle Ages, such boats could only creep cautiously along from harbor to harbor in rough weather; but in smooth water their swiftness fitted them admirably for the piracy by which the men of these tribes were already making themselves dreaded. Its flat bottom enabled them to beach the vessel on any fitting coast; and a step on shore at once transformed the boatmen into a war band. From the first the daring of the English race broke out in the secrecy and suddenness of the pirates' swoop, in the fierceness of their onset, in the careless glee with which they seized either sword or oar. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea wolves that prey on the pillage of the world!"

Of the three English tribes the Saxons lay nearest to the empire, and they were naturally the first to touch the Roman

world; before the close of the third century, indeed, their boats appeared in such force in the English Channell as to call for a special fleet to resist them. The piracy of our fathers had thus brought them to the shores of a land which, dear as it is now to Englishmen, had not as yet been trodden by English feet. This land was Britain. When the Saxon boats touched its coast the island was the westernmost province of the Roman Empire. In the fifty-fifth year before Christ a descent of Julius Caesar revealed it to the Roman world; and a century after Caesar's landing the Emperor Claudius undertook its conquest. The work was swiftly carried out. Before thirty years were over the bulk of the island had passed beneath the Roman sway and the Roman frontier had been carried to the Firths of Forth and of Clyde. The work of civilization followed fast on the work of the sword. To the last, indeed, the distance of the island from the seat of empire left her less Romanized than any other province of the west. The bulk of the population scattered over the country seem in spite of imperial edicts to have clung to their old law as to their old language, and to have retained some traditional allegiance to their native chief. But Roman civilization rested mainly on city life, and in Britain as elsewhere the city was thoroughly Roman. In towns such as Lincoln or York, governed by their own municipal officers, guarded by massive walls, and linked together by a network of magnificent roads which reached from one end of the island to the other, manners, language, political life, all were of Rome.

For three hundred years the Roman sword secured order and peace without Britain and within, and with peace and order came a wide and rapid prosperity. Commerce sprang up in ports, among which London held the first rank; agriculture flourished till Britain became one of the corn-exporting countries of the world; the mineral resources of the province were explored in the tin mines of Cornwall, the lead mines of Somerset or Northumberland, and the iron mines of the Forest of Dean. But evils which sapped the strength of the whole empire told at last on the province of Britain. Wealth and population alike declined under a crushing system of taxation, under restrictions which fettered industry, under a despotism which crushed out all local independence. And with decay within came danger from without. For centuries past the Roman frontier had held back the barbaric world beyond it — the Parthian of the Euphrates, the Numidian of the African

desert, the German of the Danube or the Rhine. In Britain a wall drawn from Newcastle to Carlisle bridled the British tribes, the Picts as they were called, who had been sheltered from Roman conquest by the fastnesses of the Highlands. It was this mass of savage barbarism which broke upon the empire as it sank into decay. In its western dominions the triumph of these assailants was complete. The Franks conquered and colonized Gaul. The West Goths conquered and colonized Spain. The Vandals founded a kingdom in Africa. The Burgundians encamped in the border land between Italy and the Rhone. The East Goths ruled at last in Italy itself.

It was to defend Italy against the Goths that Rome in the opening of the fifth century withdrew her legions from Britain, and from that moment the province was left to struggle unaided against the Picts. Nor were these its only enemies. While marauders from Ireland, whose inhabitants then bore the name of Scots, harried the west, the boats of Saxon pirates, as we have seen, were swarming off its eastern and southern coasts. For forty years Britain held bravely out against these assailants; but civil strife broke its powers of resistance, and its rulers fell back at last on the fatal policy by which the empire invited its doom while striving to avert it — the policy of matching barbarian against barbarian. By the usual promises of land and pay a band of warriors was drawn for this purpose from Jutland in 449, with two ealdormen, Hengest and Horsa, at their head. If by English history we mean the history of Englishmen in the land which from that time they made their own, it is with this landing of Hengest's war band that English history begins.

JOHN AND THE GREAT CHARTER.

“Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John.” The terrible verdict of his contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history. Externally John possessed all the quickness, the vivacity, the cleverness, the good humor, the social charm, which distinguished his house. His worst enemies owned that he toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration. He was fond of learned men like Gerald of Wales. He had a strange gift of attracting friends and of winning the love of women. But in his inner soul John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united into one mass of wickedness their insolence, their selfishness, their unbridled



SIGNING OF THE MAGNA CHARTA BY KING JOHN

lust, their cruelty and tyranny, their shamelessness, their superstition, their cynical indifference to honor or truth. In mere boyhood he tore, with brutal levity, the beards of the Irish chieftains who came to own him as their lord. His ingratitude and perfidy brought his father with sorrow to the grave. To his brother he was the worst of traitors. All Christendom believed him to be the murderer of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. He abandoned one wife and was faithless to another. His punishments were refinements of cruelty, the starvation of children, the crushing old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel where no woman was safe from the royal lust, and where his cynicism loved to publish the news of his victim's shame. He was as craven in his superstition as he was daring in his impiety. Though he scoffed at priests and turned his back on the mass, even amid the solemnities of his coronation, he never stirred on a journey without hanging relics round his neck. But with the wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. His plan for the relief of Château Gaillard, the rapid march by which he shattered Arthur's hopes at Mirabel, showed an inborn genius for war. In the rapidity and breadth of his political combinations he far surpassed the statesmen of his time. Throughout his reign we see him quick to discern the difficulties of his position, and inexhaustible in the resources with which he met them. The overthrow of his continental power only spurred him to the formation of a league which all but brought Philip to the ground; and the sudden revolt of England was parried by a shameless alliance with the papacy. The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that the king who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom, was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins.

From the moment of his return to England in 1204 John's whole energies were bent to the recovery of his dominions on the Continent. He impatiently collected money and men for the support of those adherents of the house of Anjou who were still struggling against the arms of France in Poitou and Guienne, and in the summer of 1205 he gathered an army at Portsmouth and prepared to cross the channel. But his project was suddenly thwarted by the resolute opposition of the

primate, Hubert Walter, and the Earl of Pembroke, William Marshal. So completely had both the baronage and the church been humbled by his father that the attitude of their representatives revealed to the king a new spirit of national freedom which was rising around him, and John at once braced himself to a struggle with it. The death of Hubert Walter in July, only a few days after his protest, removed his most formidable opponent, and the king resolved to neutralize the opposition of the church by placing a creature of his own at its head. John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at his bidding, and enthroned as primate. But in a previous though informal gathering the convent had already chosen its subprior, Reginald, as archbishop. The rival claimants hastened to appeal to Rome, and their appeal reached the papal court before Christmas. The result of the contest was a startling one both for themselves and for the king. After a year's careful examination Innocent the Third, who now occupied the papal throne, quashed at the close of 1206 both the contested elections. The decision was probably a just one, but Innocent was far from stopping there. The monks who appeared before him brought powers from the convent to choose a new primate should their earlier nomination be set aside; and John, secretly assured of their choice of Grey, had promised to confirm their election. But the bribes which the king lavished at Rome failed to win the pope over to his plan; and whether from mere love of power, for he was pushing the papal claims of supremacy over Christendom further than any of his predecessors, or as may fairly be supposed in despair of a free election within English bounds, Innocent commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton to the archiepiscopal see.

Personally a better choice could not have been made, for Stephen was a man who, by sheer weight of learning and holiness of life, had risen to the dignity of cardinal, and whose after career placed him in the front rank of English patriots. But in itself the step was an usurpation of the right both of the church and of the crown. The king at once met it with resistance. When Innocent consecrated the new primate in June, 1207, and threatened the realm with interdict if Langton were any longer excluded from his see, John replied by a counter threat that the interdict should be followed by the banishment of the clergy and the mutilation of every Italian

he could seize in the realm. How little he feared the priesthood he showed when the clergy refused his demand of a thirteenth of movables for the whole country, and Archbishop Geoffry of York resisted the tax before the council. John banished the archbishop and extorted the money. Innocent, however, was not a man to draw back from his purpose, and in March, 1208, the interdict he had threatened fell upon the land. All worship, save that of a few privileged orders, all administration of sacraments, save that of private baptism, ceased over the length and breadth of the country: the church bells were silent, the dead lay unburied on the ground. Many of the bishops fled from the country. The church in fact, so long the main support of the royal power against the baronage, was now driven into opposition. Its change of attitude was to be of vast moment in the struggle which was impending; but John recked little of the future; he replied to the interdict by confiscating the lands of the clergy who observed it, by subjecting them in spite of their privileges to the royal courts, and by leaving outrages on them unpunished. "Let him go," said John, when a Welshman was brought before him for the murder of a priest; "he has killed my enemy." In 1209 the pope proceeded to the further sentence of excommunication, and the king was formally cut off from the pale of the church. But the new sentence was met with the same defiance as the old. Five of the bishops fled over sea, and secret disaffection was spreading widely, but there was no public avoidance of the excommunicated king. An archdeacon of Norwich who withdrew from his service was crushed to death under a cope of lead, and the hint was sufficient to prevent either prelate or noble from following his example.

The attitude of John showed the power which the administrative reforms of his father had given to the crown. He stood alone, with nobles estranged from him and the church against him, but his strength seemed utterly unbroken. From the first moment of his rule John had defied the baronage. The promise to satisfy their demand for redress of wrongs in the past reign — a promise made at his election — remained unfulfilled; when the demand was repeated he answered it by seizing their castles and taking their children as hostages for their loyalty. The cost of his fruitless threats of war had been met by heavy and repeated taxation, by increased land tax and increased scutage. The quarrel with the church and fear of

their revolt only deepened his oppression of the nobles. He drove De Braose, one of the most powerful of the lords marchers, to die in exile, while his wife and grandchildren were believed to have been starved to death in the royal prisons. On the nobles who still clung panic-stricken to the court of the excommunicate king, John heaped outrages worse than death. Illegal exactions, the seizure of their castles, the preference shown to foreigners, were small provocations compared with his attacks on the honor of their wives and daughters. But the baronage still submitted. The financial exactions, indeed, became light as John filled his treasury with the goods of the church; the king's vigor was seen in the rapidity with which he crushed a rising of the nobles in Ireland and foiled an outbreak of the Welsh; while the triumphs of his father had taught the baronage its weakness in any single-handed struggle against the crown. Hated therefore as he was, the land remained still. Only one weapon was now left in Innocent's hands. Men held then that a king, once excommunicate, ceased to be a Christian or to have claims on the obedience of Christian subjects. As spiritual heads of Christendom, the popes had ere now asserted their right to remove such a ruler from his throne and to give it to a worthier than he; and it was this right which Innocent at last felt himself driven to exercise. After useless threats he issued in 1212 a bull of deposition against John, absolved his subjects from their allegiance, proclaimed a crusade against him as an enemy to Christianity and the church, and committed the execution of the sentence to the king of the French. John met the announcement of this step with the same scorn as before. His insolent disdain suffered the Roman legate, Cardinal Pandulf, to proclaim his deposition to his face at Northampton. When Philip collected an army for an attack on England, an enormous host gathered at the king's call on Barham Down; and the English fleet dispelled all danger of invasion by crossing the channel, by capturing a number of French ships, and by burning Dieppe.

But it was not in England only that the king showed his strength and activity. Vile as he was, John possessed in a high degree the political ability of his race, and in the diplomatic efforts with which he met the danger from France he showed himself his father's equal. The barons of Poitou were roused to attack Philip from the south. John bought the aid

of the Count of Flanders on his northern border. The German king, Otto, pledged himself to bring the knighthood of Germany to support an invasion of France. But at the moment of his success in diplomacy John suddenly gave way. It was, in fact, the revelation of a danger at home which shook him from his attitude of contemptuous defiance. The bull of deposition gave fresh energy to every enemy. The Scotch king was in correspondence with Innocent. The Welsh princes who had just been forced to submission broke out again in war. John hanged their hostages, and called his host to muster for a fresh inroad into Wales, but the army met only to become a fresh source of danger. Powerless to oppose the king openly, the baronage had plunged almost to a man into secret conspiracies. The hostility of Philip had dispelled their dread of isolated action; many, indeed, had even promised aid to the French king on his landing. John found himself in the midst of hidden enemies; and nothing could have saved him but the haste—whether of panic or quick decision—with which he disbanded his army and took refuge in Nottingham Castle. The arrest of some of the barons showed how true were his fears, for the heads of the French conspiracy, Robert Fitz-Walter and Eustace de Vesci, at once fled oversea to Philip. His daring self-confidence, the skill of his diplomacy, could no longer hide from John the utter loneliness of his position. At war with Rome, with France, with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, at war with the church, he saw himself disarmed by this sudden revelation of treason in the one force left at his disposal. With characteristic suddenness he gave way. He endeavored by remission of fines to win back his people. He negotiated eagerly with the pope, consented to receive the archbishop, and promised to repay the money he had extorted from the church. . . . On the 15th of May, 1213, he knelt before the legate Pandulf, surrendered his kingdom to the Roman see, took it back again as a tributary vassal, swore fealty and did liege homage to the pope.

In after times men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. "He has become the pope's man," the whole country was said to have murmured; "he has forfeited the very name of king; from a free man he has degraded himself into a serf." But this was the belief of a time still to come, when the rapid growth of national feeling which this step and its issues did

more than anything to foster made men look back on the scene between John and Pandulf as a national dishonor. We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which king and kingdom were involved. As a political measure its success was immediate and complete. The French army at once broke up in impotent rage; and when Philip turned on the enemy John had raised up for him in Flanders, 500 English ships under the Earl of Salisbury fell upon the fleet which accompanied the French army along the coast and utterly destroyed it. The league which John had so long matured at once disclosed itself. Otto, reënforcing his German army by the knighthood of Flanders and Boulogne as well as by a body of mercenaries in the pay of the English king, invaded France from the north. John called on his baronage to follow him oversea for an attack on Philip from the south.

Their plea that he remained excommunicate was set aside by the arrival of Langton and his formal absolution of the king on a renewal of his coronation oath and a pledge to put away all evil customs. But the barons still stood aloof. They would serve at home, they said, but they refused to cross the sea. Those of the north took a more decided attitude of opposition. From this point, indeed, the northern barons began to play their part in our constitutional history. Lacies, Vescies, Percies, Stutevilles, Bruces, houses such as those of De Ros or De Vaux, all had sprung to greatness on the ruins of the Mowbrays and the great houses of the conquest, and had done service to the crown in its strife with the older feudatories. But loyal as was their tradition, they were English to the core; they had neither lands nor interest oversea, and they now declared themselves bound by no tenure to follow the king in foreign wars. Furious at this check to his plans, John marched in arms northwards to bring these barons to submission. But he had now to reckon with a new antagonist in the justiciar, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter. Geoffrey had hitherto bent to the king's will; but the political sagacity which he drew from the school of Henry the Second, in which he had been trained, showed him the need of concession, and his wealth, his wide kinship, and his experience of affairs gave his interposition a decisive weight. He seized on the political opportunity which was offered by the gathering of a council at St. Albans at the opening of August with the

purpose of assessing the damages done to the church. Besides the bishops and barons, a reeve and his four men were summoned to this council from each royal demesne, no doubt simply as witnesses of the sums due to the plundered clergy. Their presence, however, was of great import. It is the first instance which our history presents of the summons of such representatives to a national council, and the instance took fresh weight from the great matters which came to be discussed. In the king's name the justiciar promised good government for the time to come, and forbade all royal officers to practice extortion as they prized life and limb. The king's peace was pledged to those who had opposed him in the past; and observance of the laws of Henry the First was enjoined upon all within the realm.

But it was not in Geoffrey Fitz-Peter that English freedom was to find its champion and the baronage their leader. From the moment of his landing in England Stephen Langton had taken up the constitutional position of the primate in upholding the old customs and rights of the realm against the personal despotism of the kings. As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobald had withstood Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John. He had already forced him to swear to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, in other words the traditional liberties of the realm. When the baronage refused to sail for Poitou, he compelled the king to deal with them not by arms but by process of law. But the work which he now undertook was far greater and weightier than this. The pledges of Henry the First had long been forgotten when the justiciar brought them to light, but Langton saw the vast importance of such a precedent. At the close of the month he produced Henry's charter in a fresh gathering of barons at St. Paul's, and it was at once welcomed as a base for the needed reforms. From London Langton hastened to the king, whom he reached at Northampton on his way to attack the nobles of the north, and wrested from him a promise to bring his strife with them to legal judgment before assailing them in arms. With his allies gathering abroad John had doubtless no wish to be entangled in a long quarrel at home, and the archbishop's mediation allowed him to withdraw with seeming dignity. After a demonstration, therefore, at Durham, John marched hastily south again, and reached London in October. His justiciar at once laid before him the claims of the councils of St. Alban's and St. Paul's;

but the death of Geoffry at this juncture freed him from the pressure which his minister was putting upon him. "Now, by God's feet," cried John, "I am for the first time king and lord of England," and he intrusted the vacant justiciarship to a Poitevin, Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, whose temper was in harmony with his own. But the death of Geoffry only called the archbishop to the front, and Langton at once demanded the king's assent to the charter of Henry the First. In seizing on this charter as a basis for national action Langton showed a political ability of the highest order. The enthusiasm with which its recital was welcomed showed the sagacity with which the archbishop had chosen his ground. From that moment the baronage was no longer drawn together in secret conspiracies by a sense of common wrong or a vague longing for common deliverance: they were openly united in a definite claim of national freedom and national law.

John could as yet only meet the claim by delay. His policy had still to wait for its fruits at Rome, his diplomacy to reap its harvest in Flanders, ere he could deal with England. From the hour of his submission to the papacy his one thought had been that of vengeance on the barons, who, as he held, had betrayed him; but vengeance was impossible till he should return a conqueror from the fields of France. It was a sense of this danger which nerved the baronage to their obstinate refusal to follow him oversea: but furious as he was at their resistance, the archbishop's interposition condemned John still to wait for the hour of his revenge. In the spring of 1214 he crossed with what forces he could gather to Poitou, rallied its nobles round him, passed the Loire in triumph, and won back again Angers, the home of his race. At the same time Otto and the Count of Flanders, their German and Flemish knight-hood strengthened by reinforcements from Boulogne as well as by a body of English troops under the Earl of Salisbury, threatened France from the north. For the moment Philip seemed lost: and yet on the fortunes of Philip hung the fortunes of English freedom. But in this crisis of her fate, France was true to herself and her king. From every borough of Northern France the townsmen marched to his rescue, and the village priests led their flocks to battle with the church banners flying at their head. The two armies met at the close of July near the bridge of Bouvines, between Lille and Tournay, and from the first the day went against the allies. The Flemish

knights were the first to fly; then the Germans in the center of the host were crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the French; last of all the English on the right of it were broken by a fierce onset of the Bishop of Beauvais, who charged, mace in hand, and struck the Earl of Salisbury to the ground. The news of this complete overthrow reached John in the midst of his triumphs in the south, and scattered his hopes to the winds. He was at once deserted by the Poitevin nobles; and a hasty retreat alone enabled him to return in October, baffled and humiliated, to his island kingdom.

His return forced on the crisis to which events had so long been drifting. The victory at Bouvines gave strength to his opponents. The open resistance of the northern barons nerved the rest of their order to action. The great houses, who had cast away their older feudal traditions for a more national policy, were drawn by the crisis into close union with the families which had sprung from the ministers and councilors of the two Henries. To the first group belonged such men as Saher de Quinci, the Earl of Winchester, Geoffrey of Mandeville, Earl of Essex, the Earl of Clare, Fulk, Fitz-Warin, William Mallet, the houses of Fitz-Alan and Gant. Among the second group were Henry Bohun and Roger Bigod, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, the younger William Marshal, and Robert de Vere. Robert Fitz-Walter, who took the command of their united force, represented both parties equally, for he was sprung from the Norman house of Brionne, while the justiciar of Henry the Second, Richard de Lucy, had been his grandfather. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, these nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the king's seal, and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the church by granting it freedom of election, while he embittered still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act, and early in January in the memorable year 1215 they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the king.

John was taken by surprise. He asked for a truce till

Easter tide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the church, and took vows as a Crusader, against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the king the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed: and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the king. He was far, indeed, from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him, men such as Geoffrey de Lucy, Geoffrey de Furnival, Thomas Basset, and William Briwere, statesmen trained in the administrative school of his father and who, dissent as they might from John's mere oppression, still looked on the power of the crown as the one barrier against feudal anarchy: and beside them stood some of the great nobles of royal blood, his father's bastard Earl William of Salisbury, his cousin Earl William of Warenne, and Henry Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of Henry the First. With him too remained Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and the wisest and noblest of the barons, William Marshal the elder, Earl of Pembroke. William Marshal had shared in the rising of the younger Henry against Henry the Second, and stood by him as he died; he had shared in the overthrow of William Longchamp and in the outlawry of John. He was now an old man, firm, as we shall see in his after course, to recall the government to the path of freedom and law, but shrinking from a strife which might bring back the anarchy of Stephen's day, and looking for reforms rather in the bringing constitutional pressure to bear upon the king than in forcing them from him by arms.

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley, in Northamptonshire, to lay their claims before the king. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such

liberties as will make me a slave ! ” The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father’s court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land ; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons’ claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter as “ Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church.” Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital ; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales ; the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the king, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the “ Army of God.” Pandulf, indeed, and Archbishop Langton still remained with John, but they counseled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled, his acceptance of the charter. None, in fact, counseled its rejection save his new justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches, and other foreigners, who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small ; there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that, in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter, he had summoned mercenaries to his aid and appealed to his new suzerain, the pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river side, the meadow of Runnymede. The king encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July in the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John’s purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day.

Copies of it were made and sent for preservation to the cathedrals and churches, and one copy may still be seen in the

British Museum, injured by age and fire, but with the royal seal still hanging from the brown, shriveled parchment. It is impossible to gaze without reverence on the earliest monument of English freedom which we can see with our own eyes and touch with our own hands, the great charter to which, from age to age, men have looked back as the groundwork of English liberty. But in itself the charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The charter of Henry the First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its king. In it England found itself for the first time since the conquest a nation bound together by common national interests, by a common national sympathy. In words which almost close the charter, the "community of the whole land" is recognized as the great body from which the restraining power of the baronage takes its validity. There is no distinction of blood or class, of Norman or not Norman, of noble or not noble. All are recognized as Englishmen; the rights of all are owned as English rights. Bishops and nobles claimed and secured at Runnymede the rights, not of baron and churchman only, but those of freeholder and merchant, of townsmen and villein. The provisions against wrong and extortion which the barons drew up as against the king for themselves, they drew up as against themselves for their tenants. Based, too, as it professed to be, on Henry's charter, it was far from being a mere copy of what had gone before. The vague expressions of the old charter were now exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. The bonds of unwritten custom which the older grant did little more than recognize had proved too weak to hold the Angevins; and the baronage set them aside for the restraints of written and defined law. It is in this way that the Great Charter marks the transition from the age of traditional rights, preserved in the nation's memory and officially declared by the primate, to the age of written legislation, of parliaments and statutes, which was to come.

Its opening, indeed, is in general terms. The church had shown its power of self-defense in the struggle over the interdict, and the clause which recognized its rights alone retained

the older and general form. But all vagueness ceases when the charter passes on to deal with the rights of Englishmen at large, their right to justice, to security of person and property, to good government. "No freeman," ran a memorable article that lies at the base of our whole judicial system, "shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin: we will not go against any man nor send against him, save by legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land." "To no man will we sell," runs another, "or deny, or delay, right or justice." The great reforms of the past reigns were now formally recognized; judges of assize were to hold their circuits four times in the year, and the King's Court was no longer to follow the king in his wanderings over the realm, but to sit in a fixed place. But the denial of justice under John was a small danger compared with the lawless exactions both of himself and his predecessor. Richard had increased the amount of the scutage which Henry the Second had introduced, and applied it to raise funds for his ransom. He had restored the Danegeld, or land tax, so often abolished, under the new name of "carucage"; had seized the wool of the Cistercians and the plate of the churches, and rated movables as well as land. John had again raised the rate of scutage, and imposed aids, fines, and ransoms at his pleasure without counsel of the baronage. The Great Charter met this abuse by a provision on which our constitutional system rests. "No scutage or aid [other than the three customary feudal aids] shall be imposed in our realm save by the common council of the realm;" and to this Great Council it was provided that prelates and the greater barons should be summoned by special writ, and all tenants in chief through the sheriffs and bailiffs at least forty days before. The provision defined what had probably been the common usage of the realm; but the definition turned it into a national right, a right so momentous that on it rests our whole parliamentary life. Even the baronage seem to have been startled when they realized the extent of their claim; and the provision was dropped from the later issue of the charter at the outset of the next reign. But the clause brought home to the nation at large their possession of a right which became dearer as years went by. More and more clearly the nation discovered that in these simple words lay the secret of political power. It was the right of self-taxation that England fought for under Earl Simon as she fought for it under Hamp-

den. It was the establishment of this right which established English freedom.

The rights which the barons claimed for themselves they claimed for the nation at large. The boon of free and unbought justice was a boon for all, but a special provision protected the poor. The forfeiture of the freeman on conviction of felony was never to include his tenement, or that of the merchant his wares, or that of the countryman, as Henry the Second had long since ordered, his wain. The means of actual livelihood were to be left even to the worst. The seizure of provisions, the exaction of forced labor, by royal officers was forbidden; and the abuses of the forest system were checked by a clause which disafforested all forests made in John's reign. The undertenants were protected against all lawless exactions of their lords in precisely the same terms as these were protected against the lawless exactions of the crown. The towns were secured in the enjoyment of their municipal privileges, their freedom from arbitrary taxation, their rights of justice, of common deliberation, of regulation of trade. "Let the city of London have all its old liberties and its free customs, as well by land as by water. Besides this, we will and grant that all other cities, and boroughs, and towns, and ports, have all their liberties and free customs." The influence of the trading class is seen in two other enactments, by which freedom of journeying and trade was secured to foreign merchants, and an uniformity of weights and measures was ordered to be enforced throughout the realm.

THE THEATER AND PEOPLE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

It was not to the tentative efforts of scholars and nobles that the English stage was indebted for the amazing outburst of genius which dates from the year 1576, when "the Earl of Leicester's servants" erected the first public theater in Blackfriars. It was the people itself that created its stage. The theater, indeed, was commonly only the courtyard of an inn, or a mere booth, such as is still seen in a country fair. The bulk of the audience sat beneath the open sky in the "pit" or yard; a few covered seats in the galleries which ran round it formed the boxes of the wealthier spectators, while patrons and nobles found seats upon the actual boards. All the appliances were of the roughest sort; a few flowers served to indicate a garden, crowds and armies were represented by a dozen scene-



SHAKESPEARE AT THE COURT OF ELIZABETH

From a painting by Ed. Ender

shifters with swords and bucklers, heroes rode in and out on hobbyhorses, and a scroll on a post told whether the scene was at Athens or London. There were no female actors, and the grossness which startles us in words which fell from women's lips took a different color when every woman's part was acted by a boy. But difficulties such as these were more than compensated by the popular character of the drama itself. Rude as the theater might be, all the world was there. The stage was crowded with nobles and courtiers. Apprentices and citizens thronged the benches in the yard below. The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the lifelike medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterized the English stage. The new drama represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The people itself brought its nobleness and its vileness to the boards. No stage was ever so human, no poetic life so intense. Wild, reckless, defiant of all past tradition, of all conventional laws, the English dramatists owned no teacher, no source of poetic inspiration, but the people itself.

Few events in our literary history are so startling as this sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theater was erected only in the middle of the queen's reign. Before the close of it eighteen theaters existed in London alone. Fifty dramatic poets, many of the first order, appeared in the fifty years which precede the closing of the theaters by the Puritans; and great as is the number of their works which have perished, we still possess a hundred dramas, all written within this period, and of which at least a half are excellent. A glance at their authors shows us that the intellectual quickening of the age had now reached the mass of the people. Almost all of the new playwrights were fairly educated, and many were university men. But instead of courtly singers of the Sidney and Spenser sort we see the advent of the "poor scholar." The earlier dramatists, such as Nash, Peele, Kyd, Greene, or Marlowe, were for the most part poor, and reckless in their poverty; wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day, "atheists" in general repute, "holding Moses for a juggler," haunting the brothel and the alehouse,

and dying starved or in tavern brawls. But with their appearance began the Elizabethan drama. The few plays which have reached us of an earlier date are either cold imitations of the classical and Italian comedy, or rude farces like "Ralph Roister Doister," or tragedies such as "Gorbuduc," where, poetic as occasional passages may be, there is little promise of dramatic development. But in the year which preceded the coming of the Armada, the whole aspect of the stage suddenly changes, and the new dramatists range themselves around two men of very different genius, Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe.

Of Greene, as the creator of our lighter English prose, we have already spoken. But his work as a poet was of yet greater importance, for his perception of character and the relations of social life, the playfulness of his fancy, and the liveliness of his style, exerted an influence on his contemporaries which was equaled by that of none but Marlowe and Peele. In spite of the rudeness of his plots and the unequal character of his work, Greene must be regarded as the creator of our modern comedy. No figure better paints the group of young playwrights. He left Cambridge to travel through Italy and Spain, and to bring back the debauchery of the one and the skepticism of the other. In the words of remorse he wrote before his death, he paints himself as a drunkard and a roisterer, winning money only by ceaseless pamphlets and plays to waste it on wine and women, and drinking the cup of life to the dregs. Hell and the after world were the butts of his ceaseless mockery. If he had not feared the judges of the queen's courts more than he feared God, he said, in bitter jest, he should often have turned cutpurse. He married, and loved his wife, but she was soon deserted; and the wretched profligate found himself again plunged into excesses which he loathed, though he could not live without them. But wild as was the life of Greene, his pen was pure. He is steadily on virtue's side in the love pamphlets and novelettes he poured out in endless succession, and whose plots were dramatized by the school which gathered round him.

The life of Marlowe was as riotous, his skepticism even more daring, than the life and skepticism of Greene. His early death alone saved him, in all probability, from a prosecution for atheism. He was charged with calling Moses a juggler, and with boasting that, if he undertook to write a new religion, it should be a better religion than the Christianity he saw around him. But he stood far ahead of his fellows as a creator

of English tragedy. Born in 1564, at the opening of Elizabeth's reign, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, but educated at Cambridge, Marlowe burst on the world in the year which preceded the triumph over the Armada with a play which at once wrought a revolution in the English stage. Bombastic and extravagant as it was—and extravagance reached its height in a scene where captive kings, the "pampered jades of Asia," drew their conqueror's ear across the stage—"Tamburlaine" not only indicated the revolt of the new drama against the timid inanities of euphuism, but gave an earnest of that imaginative daring, the secret of which Marlowe was to bequeath to the playwrights who followed him. He perished at thirty in a shameful brawl, but in his brief career he had struck the grander notes of the coming drama. His *Jew of Malta* was the herald of *Shylock*. He opened in "*Edward the Second*" the series of historical plays which gave us "*Cæsar*" and "*Richard the Third*." His "*Faustus*" is riotous, grotesque, and full of a mad thirst for pleasure, but it was the first dramatic attempt to touch the problem of the relations of man to the unseen world. Extravagant, unequal, stooping even to the ridiculous in his cumbrous and vulgar buffoonery, there is a force in Marlowe, a conscious grandeur of tone, a range of passion, which sets him above all his contemporaries save one. In the higher qualities of imagination, as in the majesty and sweetness of his "mighty line," he is inferior to Shakespeare alone.

A few daring jests, a brawl, and a fatal stab make up the life of Marlowe; but even details such as these are wanting to the life of William Shakespeare. Of hardly any great poet, indeed, do we know so little. For the story of his youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid," hardly a single anecdote, remain to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence of the inquirers of the Georgian time was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing, perhaps, to the harmony and unity of his temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its

trace on the memory of his contemporaries; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.



THE DEATH OF KING LEAR.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[Crazed by many miseries, Lear dies over the body of his daughter Cordelia, who has been strangled in prison.]

Enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Captain, and others following.

Lear —

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever!
 I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
 She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent —

Is this the promised end?

Edgar —

Or image of that horror?

Albany —

Fall, and cease!

Lear —

This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
 It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
 That ever I have felt.

Kent —

O my good master!

Lear —

Prithee, away.

Edgar —

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear —

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
 I might have saved her! now she's gone forever!
 Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. —
I killed the slave that was a hanging thee.

Captain —

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear —

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

Kent —

If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear —

This's a dull sight. — Are you not Kent?

Kent —

The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear —

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent —

No, my good lord; I am the very man, —

Lear —

I'll see that straight.

Kent —

That from your first of difference and decay
Have followed your sad steps. —

Lear —

You are welcome hither.

Kent —

Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear —

Ay, so I think.

Albany —

He knows not what he says: and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edgar —

Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Captain —

Edmund is dead, my lord.

Albany —

That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power. — [To EDGAR and KENT]

You, to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

Lear —

And my poor Fool is hanged! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her lips, —
Look there, — look there! [Dies.]

Edgar —

He faints. — My lord, my lord!

Kent —

Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edgar —

Look up, my lord.

Kent —

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edgar —

He is gone, indeed.

Kent —

The wonder is that he hath endured so long:
He but usurped his life.

Albany —

Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. — [To KENT and EDGAR] Friends of my
soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent —

I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.

Albany —

The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead march.]



GRAVE SCENE FROM "HAMLET"

HAMLET IN THE CHURCHYARD.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[Hamlet, for whose love Ophelia has gone mad and drowned herself, meets her brother Laertes at her burial.]

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, etc.

1 *Clown* — Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown* — I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown* — How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2 *Clown* — Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown* — It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown* — Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown* — Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown* — But is this law?

1 *Clown* — Ay, marry, is't; Crowner's Quest law.

2 *Clown* — Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1 *Clown* — Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. — Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown* — Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown* — A' was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown* — Why, he had none.

1 *Clown* — What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says *Adam digged*: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2 *Clown* — Go to.

1 *Clown* — What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown* — The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown* — I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown* — *Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?*

1 *Clown* — Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown* — Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown* — To't.

2 *Clown* — Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, afar off.

1 *Clown* — Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say a *grave maker*: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit Second Clown.]

[He digs and sings.]

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, oh! the time, for, ah! my behoove,

Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.

Hamlet — Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave making?

Horatio — Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet — 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clown* *[sings]* —

But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

Hamlet — That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Horatio — It might, my lord.

Hamlet — Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good morrow, sweet lord!* How dost thou, sweet lord? This might be my lord Such-a-

one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; — might it not?

Horatio — Ay, my lord.

Hamlet — Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clown* [*sings*] —

*A pickax, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Hamlet — There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Horatio — Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet — Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

Horatio — Ay, my lord, and of calfskins too.

Hamlet — They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clown* — Mine, sir. [*Sings.*]

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Hamlet — I think it be thine, indeed: for thou liest in't.

1 *Clown* — You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet — Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clown* — 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet — What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clown* — For no man, sir.

Hamlet — What woman, then?

1 *Clown* — For none, neither.

Hamlet — Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clown* — One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet — How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1 *Clown* — Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet — How long is that since?

1 *Clown* — Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet — Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clown* — Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover his wits there; or, if a' do not, it's no great matter there.

Hamlet — Why?

1 *Clown* — 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet — How came he mad?

1 *Clown* — Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet — How *strangely*?

1 *Clown* — Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet — Upon what ground?

1 *Clown* — Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet — How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clown* — I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die, a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet — Why he more than another?

1 *Clown* — Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a' will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Hamlet — Whose was it?

1 *Clown* — A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Hamlet — Nay, I know not.

1 *Clown* — A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet — This?

1 *Clown* — E'en that.

Hamlet — Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now

how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a rour? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. — Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio — What's that, my lord?

Hamlet — Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio — E'en so.

Hamlet — And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*]

Horatio — E'en so, my lord.

Hamlet — To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio — 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet — No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, etc., in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, etc.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

Laertes —

What ceremony else?

Hamlet —

That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laertes —

What ceremony else?

1 Priest —

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laertes —

Must there no more be done?

1 Priest —

No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace parted souls.

Laertes —

Lay her i' the earth:

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Hamlet —

What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen —

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

Laertes —

O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! — Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Hamlet [*advancing*] — What is he whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laertes —

The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Hamlet —

Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand.

King —

Pluck them asunder.

Queen —

Hamlet, Hamlet!

All —

Gentlemen, —

Horatio —

Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Hamlet —

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen —

O my son, what theme?

Hamlet —

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. — What wilt thou do for her?

King —

O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen —

For love of God, forbear him.

Hamlet —

'Swords, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing its pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen —

This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Hamlet —

Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever. — But it is no matter;
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King—

I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[Exit HORATIO.]

[To LAERTES]—

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. —

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.]



POETRY AS A MISTRESS.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

[ABRAHAM COWLEY, one of the most admired poets of his time, was born in London, in 1618. He was expelled from Cambridge University during the Civil War on account of his royalist sympathies, and then studied for a time at St. John's, Oxford. When Queen Henrietta Maria left the country he followed her to France, and managed her correspondence in cipher with the king. After the Restoration he was neglected for many years by Charles II., but at length obtained the lease of the queen's lands at Chertsey, in Surrey. He died in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey beside the remains of Chaucer and Spenser. The epic "Davideis," "Pindaric Odes," and "The Mistress" are his chief poetical works. Cowley enjoyed extraordinary favor in his day, being considered by some equal to Shakespeare or Spenser, but is now almost forgotten.]

I WAS even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me; they were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance which filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of

devotion); but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily fight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and the French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rode safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect:—

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretenses have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. . . . But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an Emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum*: nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married: though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.



ANGELO AND DOROTHEA.

By THOMAS DEKKER.

(From "The Virgin Martyr.")

[THOMAS DEKKER: An English dramatist and pamphleteer, who lived during the latter part of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. There is very little information regarding his personal history, but he seems to have been several times imprisoned for debt. He wrote alone the comedies: "Old Fortunatus"; "Satiromastix," a satirical attack on Ben Jonson; "The Shoemaker's Holiday"; and in collaboration with Massinger, Middleton, Ford, Rowley, etc., produced among other plays: "Westward Ho!" "The Virgin Martyr," "Witch of Edmonton," "The Roaring Girl." His best-known pamphlets are: "The Bachelor's Banquet," "Lanthorne and Candlelight," and "Gull's Hornbook."]

Dorothea —

My book and taper.

Angelo —

Here, most holy mistress.

Dorothea —

Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.

Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,

And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

Angelo —

No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some choir in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence :
For then you break his heart.

Dorothea —

Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand ;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Angelo —

Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dorothea —

I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father ; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents ;
Be not ashamed.

Angelo —

I am not : I did never
Know who my mother was ; but, by yon palace
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven ; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my life,

You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dorothea—

A blessed day!



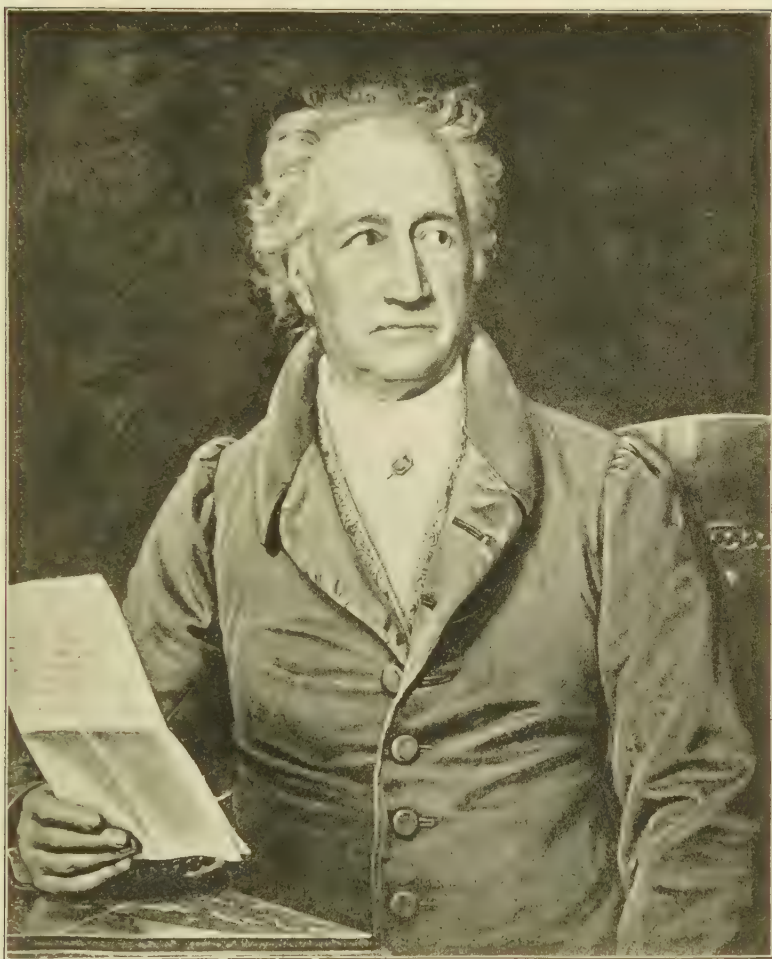
GOETHE ON SHAKESPEARE.

(From the "Autobiography.")

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1769; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also "The Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and a most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794-1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography "Fancy and Truth," 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

THUS, on the very borders of France, we had at once got rid and clear of everything French about us. The French way of life we found too defined and genteel, their poetry cold, their criticism annihilating, their philosophy abstruse, and yet insufficient, so that we were on the point of resigning ourselves to rude nature, at least by way of experiment, if another influence had not for a long time prepared us for higher and freer views of the world, and intellectual enjoyments, as true as they were poetical, and swayed us, first moderately and secretly, but afterwards with more and more openness and force.

I need scarcely say that Shakespeare is intended; and having once said this, no more need be added. Shakespeare has been acknowledged by the Germans, more by them than by other nations, perhaps even more than by his own. We have richly bestowed on him all that justice, fairness, and forbear-



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

From a painting by Slider

ance which we refuse to ourselves. Eminent men have occupied themselves in showing his talents in the most favorable light; and I have always readily subscribed to what has been said to his honor, in his favor, or even by way of excuse for him. The influence of this extraordinary mind upon me has been already shown; an attempt has been made with respect to his works, which has received approbation; and therefore this general statement may suffice for the present, until I am in a position to communicate to such friends as like to hear me, a gleanings of reflections on his great deserts, such as I was tempted to insert in this very place.

At present I will only show more clearly the manner in which I became acquainted with him. It happened pretty soon at Leipzig, through Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare." Whatever may be said against such collections, which give authors in a fragmentary form, they nevertheless produce many good effects. We are not always so collected and so ready that we can take in a whole work according to its merits. Do we not, in a book, mark passages which have an immediate reference to ourselves? Young people especially, who are wanting in a thorough cultivation, are laudably excited by brilliant passages; and thus I myself remember, as one of the most beautiful epochs of my life, that which is characterized by the above-mentioned work. Those noble peculiarities, those great sayings, those happy descriptions, those humorous traits—all struck me singly and powerfully.

Wieland's translation now made its appearance. It was devoured, communicated, and recommended to friends and acquaintances. We Germans had the advantage that many important works of foreign nations were first brought over to us in an easy and cheerful fashion. Shakespeare, translated in prose, first by Wieland, afterwards by Eschenburg, was able, as a kind of reading universally intelligible, and suitable to any reader, to diffuse itself speedily, and to produce a great effect. I revere the rhythm as well as the rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry; but that which is really, deeply, and fundamentally effective—that which is really permanent and furthering, is that which remains of the poet when he is translated into prose. Then remains the pure, perfect substance, of which, when absent, a dazzling exterior often contrives to make a false show, and which, when present, such an exterior contrives to conceal. I therefore consider prose translations

more advantageous than poetical, for the beginning of youthful culture ; for it may be remarked that boys, to whom everything must serve as a jest, delight themselves with the sound of words and the fall of syllables, and by a sort of parodistical wantonness, destroy the deep contents of the noblest work. Hence I would have it considered whether a prose translation of Homer should not be next undertaken, though this, indeed, must be worthy of the degree at which German literature stands at present. I leave this, and what has been already said, to the consideration of our worthy pedagogues, to whom an extensive experience on this matter is most at command. I will only, in favor of my proposition, mention Luther's translation of the Bible ; for the circumstance that this excellent man handed down a work, composed in the most different styles, and gave us its poetical, historical, commanding didactic tone in our mother tongue, as if all were cast in one mold, has done more to advance religion than if he had attempted to imitate, in detail, the peculiarities of the original. In vain has been the subsequent endeavor to make Job, the Psalms, and the other lyrical books, capable of affording enjoyment in their poetical form. For the multitude, upon whom the effect is to be produced, a plain translation always remains the best. Those critical translations which vie with the original, really only seem to amuse the learned among themselves.

And thus in our Strasburg society did Shakespeare, translated and in the original, by fragments and as a whole, by passages and by extracts, influence us in such a manner, that as there are Bible-firm (*Bibelfest*) men, so did we gradually make ourselves firm in Shakespeare, imitated in our conversations those virtues and defects of his time with which he had made us so well acquainted, took the greatest delight in his "quibbles," and by translating them, nay, with original recklessness, sought to emulate him. To this, the fact that I had seized upon him above all, with great enthusiasm, did not a little contribute. A happy confession that something higher waved over me was infectious for my friends, who all resigned themselves to this mode of thought. We did not deny the possibility of knowing such merits more closely, of comprehending them, of judging them with penetration, but this we reserved for later epochs. At present we only wished to sympathize gladly, and to imitate with spirit, and while we had so much enjoyment, we did not wish to inquire and haggle

about the man who afforded it, but unconditionally to revere him.

If any one would learn immediately what was thought, talked about, and discussed in this lively society, let him read Herder's essay on Shakespeare, in the part of his works upon the German manner and art ("Ueber Deutsche Art und Kunst"), and also Lenz's remarks on the theater ("Anmerkungen übers Theater"), to which a translation of "Love's Labor's Lost" was added. Herder penetrates into the deepest interior of Shakespeare's nature, and exhibits it nobly; Lenz conducts himself more like an Iconoclast against the traditions of the theater, and will have everything everywhere treated in Shakespeare's manner. Since I have had occasion to mention this clever and eccentric man here, it is the place to say something about him by way of experiment. I did not become acquainted with him till towards the end of my residence at Strasburg. We saw each other seldom, his company was not mine, but we sought an opportunity of meeting, and willingly communicated with each other, because, as contemporary youths, we harbored similar views. He had a small but neat figure, a charming little head, to the elegant form of which his delicate but somewhat flat features perfectly corresponded; blue eyes, blond hair, in short, a person such as I have from time to time met among northern youths; a soft and as it were cautious step, a pleasant but not quite flowing speech, and a conduct which, fluctuating between reserve and shyness, well became a young man. Small poems, especially his own, he read very well aloud. For his turn of mind I only knew the English word "whimsical," which, as the dictionary shows, comprises very many singularities under one notion. No one, perhaps, was more capable than he to feel and imitate the extravagances and excrescences of Shakespeare's genius. To this the translation above mentioned bears witness. He treated his author with great freedom, was not in the least close and faithful, but he knew how to put on the armor, or rather the motley jacket, of his predecessor so very well, to adapt himself with such humor to his gestures, that he was certain to obtain applause from those who were interested in such matters.

The absurdities of the clowns especially constituted our whole happiness, and we praised Lenz as a favored man, when he succeeded in rendering as follows the epitaph on the deer shot by the princess:—

Die schöne Princessin schoss und traf
 Eines jungen Hirschleins Leben;
 Es fiel dahin in schweren Schlaf
 Und wird ein Brätlein geben.
 Der Jagdhund boll! Ein L zu Hirsch
 So wird es denn ein Hirschel;
 Doch setzt ein römisch L zu Hirsch
 So macht es funfzig Hirschel.
 Ich mache hundert Hirsche draus
 Schrieb Hirschell mit zwei LLen.¹

The tendency towards the absurd, which displays itself free and unfettered in youth, but afterwards recedes more into the background, without being on this account utterly lost, was in full bloom among us, and we sought even by original jests to celebrate our great master. We were very proud when we could lay before the company something of the kind, which was in any degree approved, as, for instance, the following on a riding master, who had been hurt on a wild horse:—

A rider in this house you'll find,
 A master too is he,
 The two into a nosegay bind,
 'Twill riding master be.
 If master of the ride, I wis,
 Full well he bears the name,
 But if the ride the master is,
 On him and his be shame.

About such things serious discussions were held as to whether they were worthy of the clown or not, whether they flowed from the genuine pure fool's spring, and whether sense and understanding had at all mingled in an unfitting and inad-

¹ The lines in Shakespeare, which the above are intended to imitate, are the following:—

The praiseful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket;
 Some say a sore; but not a sore till now made sore with shooting.
 The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket
 Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
 If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores, O sore L!
 Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

¹ Lenz's words, which cannot be rendered intelligibly into English, furnish an instance of Goethe's meaning, when he commends Lenz as happily catching the spirit of the original, without the slightest pretense to accuracy. — *Trans.*



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

missible manner. Altogether our singular views were diffused with the greater ardor, and more persons were in a position to sympathize with them, as Lessing, in whom great confidence was placed, had, properly speaking, given the first signal in his "Dramaturgie."



CALIBAN AND THE SAILORS.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

[From "The Tempest." The meeting of Caliban, the savage denizen of Prospero's magic isle, with the shipwrecked sailors.]

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. Noise of thunder heard.

Caliban —

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness: — Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly; I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trinculo — Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient

and fishlike smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is coming again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

*Stephano — I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore; —*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
She loved not the savor of tar or of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*]

Caliban — Do not torment me: O!

Stephano — What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Caliban — The spirit torments me: O!

Stephano — This is some monster of the isle with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Caliban — Do not torment me, prithee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Stephano — He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Caliban —
Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Stephano — Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, eat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trinculo — I should know that voice: It should be — But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me! —

Stephano — Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trinculo — Stephano! —

Stephano — Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trinculo — Stephano! — if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Stephano — If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trinculo — I took him to be killed with a thunder stroke: — But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Stephano — Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Caliban —
These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Stephano — How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither?

swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Caliban —

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Stephano — Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trinculo — Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Stephano — Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trinculo — O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Stephano — The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon calf? how does thine ague?

Caliban —

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Stephano — Out o' the moon, I do assure thee; I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Caliban —

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress showed me thee, thy dog and bush.

Stephano — Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trinculo — By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afeard of him? — a very weak monster: — The man i' the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: — Well drawn, monster in good sooth.

Caliban —

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island:
And kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trinculo — By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Caliban —

I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Stephano — Come on, then; down and swear.

Trinculo — I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Stephano — Come, kiss.

Trinculo — — but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Caliban —

I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trinculo — A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Caliban —

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Stephano — I prithee now lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban — Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. [*Sings drunkenly.*]

Trinculo — A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Caliban —

*No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban
Has a new master — Get a new man.*

Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom! freedom, heyday,
freedom!

Stephano — O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]



THE TRIAL.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

[From "The Merchant of Venice." Shylock the Jew, claiming in payment a pound of Antonio's flesh, is defeated by Portia, disguised as an advocate.]

Scene: Venice. — A Court of Justice.

Present: DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, and others.

Duke —

What, is Antonio here?

Antonio —

Ready, so please your grace.

Duke —

I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio — I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke —
Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salanio —
He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke —
Make room, and let him stand before our face. —
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock —
I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:

But, say, it is my humor: Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;—
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose
 Cannot contain their urine: For affection,
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:
 As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
 Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend, himself being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bassanio —

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock —

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio —

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock —

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio —

Every offense is not a hate at first.

Shylock —

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antonio —

I pray you, think you question with the Jew;
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use questions with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
 His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio —

For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shylock —

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke —

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

Shylock —

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them : — Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands. You will answer
The slaves are ours : — So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke —

Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Beliarlo, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salarino —

My lord, here stays without

A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke —

Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.

Bassanio —

Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio —

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :

You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke —

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa —

From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter.]

Bassanio —

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock —

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano —

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock —

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano —

O, be thou damned, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shylock —

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Duke —

This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court: —
Where is he?

Nerissa —

He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke —

With all my heart: — Some three or four of you,

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Duke—

You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:

And here I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Portia—

I did, my lord.

Duke—

You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Portia—

I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke—

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia—

Is your name Shylock?

Shylock—

Shylock is my name.

Portia—

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

[To ANTONIO.]

Antonio—

Ay, so he says.

Portia—

Do you confess the bond?

Antonio—

I do.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA

Portia — Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock —

On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Portia —

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above his sceptered sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke this much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock —

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia —

Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bassanio —

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority:
 To do a great right, do a little wrong:
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia —

It must not be: there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established:
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shylock —

A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel! —
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Portia —

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock —

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Portia —

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shylock —

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Portia —

Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart: — Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock —

When it is paid according to the tenor. —
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Antonio —

Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia —

Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock —

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia —

For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock —

'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia —

Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shylock—Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Portia—
It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh.

Shylock — I have them ready.

Portia —
Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock—
Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia—
It is not so expressed : But what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock —
I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia—
Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Antonio —
But little; I am armed, and well prepared. —
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bassanio —
Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia —

Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano —

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa —

'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock —

These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*]
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia —

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock —

Most rightful judge!

Portia —

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock —

Most learned judge! — A sentence; come, prepare.

Portia —

Tarry a little; — there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano —

O upright judge! — Mark, Jew; — O learned judge!

Shylock —

Is that the law?

Portia —

Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.

Gratiano —

O learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!

Shylock —

I take this offer then; — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio —

Here is the money.

Portia —

Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste; —

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano —

O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Portia —

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much

As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair, —

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano —

A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Portia —

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shylock —

Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio —

I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Portia —

He hath refused it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gratiano —

A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel —

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock —

Shall I not have barely my principal?

Portia —

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shylock —

Why then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

Portia —

Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant: and thou hast incurred
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.



INTO THE BREACH.

SPEECH OF HENRY V. TO HIS ARMY.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

Scene: France.—Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER
 and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

King—

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry *God for Harry, England, and Saint George!*
[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]



FALSTAFF AND THE PRINCE.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

*Scene : London.—An apartment of the Prince's.**Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.**Falstaff*—Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince—Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, . . . I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falstaff—Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he “that wandering knight so fair.” And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none——

Prince — What, none ?

Falstaff — No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince — Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

Falstaff — Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty : let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon ; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

Prince — Thou sayest well, and it holds well too ; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing, " Lay by," and spent with crying, " Bring in " ; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Falstaff — By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

Prince — As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance ?

Falstaff — How now, how now, mad wag ? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities ? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin ?

Prince — Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern ?

Falstaff — Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince — Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part ?

Falstaff — No. I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince — Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch ; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Falstaff — Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king ! and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law ? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince — No, thou shalt.

Falstaff — Shall I ? O rare ! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge !

Prince — Thou judgest false already ; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hang-man.

Falstaff — Well, Hal, well ; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince — For obtaining of suits ?

Falstaff — Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear.

Prince — Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Falstaff — Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince — What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch ?

Falstaff — Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascalliest, — sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought ! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I marked him not : and yet he talked very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talked wisely, and in the street, too.

Prince — Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Falstaff — Oh, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal ; God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain ! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince — Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ?

Falstaff — Where thou wilt, lad ; I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince — I see a good amendment of life in thee, — from praying to purse taking.

Falstaff — Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO :

FRANCIS following with wine.

Poins — Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been ?

Falstaff — A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

Prince — Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, — pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff — You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward! — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince — How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

Falstaff — A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince — Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Falstaff — Are you not a coward? answer me to that, — and Poins, there?

Poins — Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

Falstaff — I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

Prince — O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Falstaff — All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince — What's the matter?

Falstaff — What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

Prince—Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falstaff—Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince—What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff—I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand saw,—*ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince—Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill—We four set upon some dozen——

Falstaff—Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gadshill—And bound them.

Peto—No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff—You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadshill—As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Falstaff—And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince—What, fought you with them all?

Falstaff—All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins—Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff—Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

Prince—What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff—Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins—Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff—These four came all afront, and mainy thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince—Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff — In buckram ?

Poins — Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff — Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince — Prithee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Falstaff — Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

Prince — Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff — Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of ——

Prince — So, two more already.

Falstaff — Their points being broken ——

Poins — Down fell their hose.

Falstaff — Began to give me ground ; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince — O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Falstaff — But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince — These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow catch ——

Falstaff — What ! art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

Prince — Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason ; what sayest thou to this ?

Poins — Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff — What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince — I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed presser, this horseback breaker, this huge hill of flesh ——

Falstaff — Away, you starveling, you elf skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stockfish. — Oh for breath to utter what is like thee ! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow case, you vile standing tuck ——

Prince — Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again ; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins — Mark, Jack.

Prince — We two saw you four set on four ; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house : and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poins — Come, let's hear, Jack : what trick hast thou now ?

Falstaff — By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life. — I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors ; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellowship come to you ! What ! shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

Prince — Content ; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Falstaff — Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

FALSTAFF, *assuming the part of Henry IV., rebukes the* PRINCE
OF WALES.

Prince — Here comes lean Jack, here comes barebone. — How now, my sweet creature of bombast ! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee ?

Falstaff — My own knee ! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring ; a plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad : here was Sir John Bracy from your father ; you must to the

court in the morning. . . . Thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

Prince — Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falstaff — Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Prince — Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Falstaff — Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein.

Prince — Well, here is my leg.

Falstaff — And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess — This is excellent sport, i' faith!

Falstaff — Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess — O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Falstaff — For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; for tears do stop the flood gates of her eyes.

Hostess — O rare, he does it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see!

Falstaff — Peace, good pint pot; peace, good tickle brain. — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? — a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? — a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince — What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Falstaff — A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince — Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Falstaff — Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince — Well, here I am set.

Falstaff — And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

Prince — Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff — My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince — The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff — 'Sblood, my lord, they are false; — nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince — Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff — I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince — That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falstaff — My lord, the man I know.

Prince — I know thou dost.

Falstaff — But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince — I do, I will.



TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

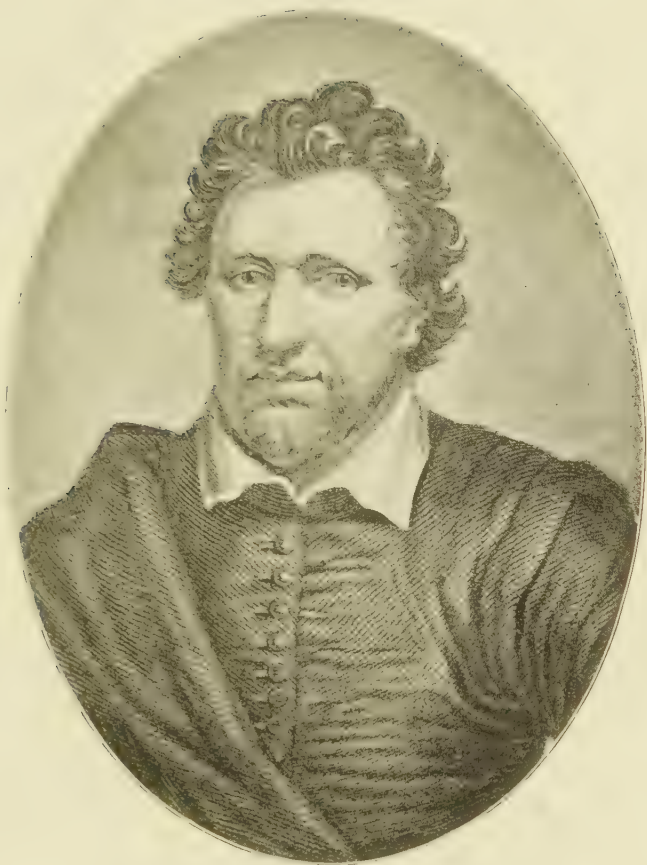
By BEN JONSON.

[**BENJAMIN JONSON**, usually known as Ben Jonson, was born at Westminster about 1573, and received his early education at the Westminster School, then under the charge of William Camden. Becoming disgusted with the trade of bricklayer, to which his stepfather had trained him, he left home and served as a soldier in Flanders. After a somewhat obscure period he began to work for the stage; and in 1597 is mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary" as a player and playwright to "The Admiral's Men." "Every Man in his Humor" was successfully produced at the Globe in 1598, Shakespeare himself being in the cast, and Jonson ranked from this time with the foremost dramatists of the period. His first success was followed by "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster," "Sejanus," "Volpone, or the Fox," "Epicœne, or the Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Catiline," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass." In addition to regular dramas Jonson wrote masques and entertainments for the courts of James I. and Charles I., and received liberal pensions from both monarchs. During his last years he was afflicted with palsy, followed by dropsy, and died in reduced circumstances, August 6, 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, where a tablet bears the inscription,

"O rare Ben Jonson."]

To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;



BEN JONSON

While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I will not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil; tune the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born,
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear.
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That did so take Eliza and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!



ESSAYS OF LORD BACON.

[FRANCIS BACON: An English philosophical writer and essayist, and man of affairs; born in London, January 22, 1561; died in 1626. He was educated at Cambridge, spent several years in Paris, was admitted to the bar in 1582, and entered Parliament in 1584. He became a knight under James I., solicitor general, attorney general, keeper of the great seal, and finally lord high chancellor of England. In addition he was created Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. In 1621 he was ruined as to material affairs by a conviction of bribery, the fairest discussion of which is in Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer." Bacon's chief writings are: "The Advancement of Learning"

(1605) ; "Novum Organum," intended to form the second part of a never completed work, "Instauratio Magna," or the Great Restoration ; the famous "Essays" (1597, 1612, 1625) ; "On the Wisdom of the Ancients" (in Latin).]

ENVY.

THERE be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy : they both have vehement wishes ; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye ; and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects ; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation, or irradiation of the eye ; nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph ; for that sets an edge upon envy : and besides, at such times, the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others ; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil ; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other ; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious ; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate ; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others : neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy ; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the street, and does not keep home : "There is no person a busybody but what he is ill-natured too."

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise ; for the distance is altered : and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and the old men and bastards, are envious; for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroic nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That a eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters," affecting the honor of a miracle: As it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane, that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work: it being impossible, but many, in some of those things, should surpass them; which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolk and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh often into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same luster; for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising; for

it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth not so much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and “per saltum.”

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a “*quanta patimur*” [how much we suffer]; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and preëminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner: being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding so much is true that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogance and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and asso-

ciates, and the like ; and, for that turn, there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy : there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none ; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they get too great ; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word “invidia,” goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment ; of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection ; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor ; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions ; for that doth argue but a weakness and a fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more, as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small ; or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual ; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then ; and therefore it was well said, “Envy keeps no holidays :” for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved ; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called “The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night ;” as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtilely, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

ATHEISM.

I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion: that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus, for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God: but certainly he is traduced, for his words are noble and divine: "It is not profane to deny *the existence* of the Deities of the vulgar: but to apply to the Divinities the received notions of the vulgar is

profane." Plato could have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God: as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists; but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism: another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith: "It is not for us now to say, 'Like priest like people,' for the people are not even so bad as the priest:" a third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, "a superior nature"; which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations; never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith: "We may admire ourselves, conscript fathers, as much as we please: still

neither by numbers *did we vanquish* the Spaniards, nor by bodily strength the Gauls, nor by cunning the Carthaginians, nor through the arts the Greeks, nor, in fine, by the inborn and native good sense of this *our* nation, and this *our* race and soil, the Italians and Latins themselves; but through our devotion and our religious feeling, and this, the sole *true* wisdom, the having perceived that all things are regulated and governed by the providence of the immortal Gods, have we subdued all races and nations."

RICHES.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, "*impedimenta*"; for as the baggage is to an army. so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory: of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them: but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith, "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man;" but this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact: for, certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them; but distinguished, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, "In his anxiety to increase his fortune, it was evident that not the gratification of avarice was sought, but the means of doing good." Harken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: "He who hastens to riches will not be without guilt." The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning that riches gotten by good means and just

labor pace slowly ; but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man : but it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil : for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression, and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul : parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent ; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches ; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's ; but it is slow ; and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time, a great grazer, a great sheep master, a great timberman, a great collier, a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry ; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, " That himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches ; " for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly : by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing ; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity : broke by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught ; as for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst ; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, " in the sweat of another's brow " ; and besides, doth plow upon Sundays : but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws ; for that the scribes and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune, in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries : therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judg-

ment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit : he that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches : and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty : it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich ; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so, store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, “ Wills and childless persons were caught by him as though with a hunting net ”), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them : and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise ; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public ; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment : likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt ; and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly : therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure : and defer not charities till death ; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man’s than of his own.

STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring : for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business ; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one : but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in stories, is sloth : to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to

make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom; without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: "Studies become habits;" nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good, for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "Splitters of eumin seeds." If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

LORD BACON.

BY JAMES SPEDDING.

(From "Evenings with a Reviewer.")

[JAMES SPEDDING, English biographer and historical student, was born in Cumberland, June, 1808; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was for a while in the Colonial Office, and in 1842 accompanied Lord Ashburton to America as secretary; but left public life and devoted his existence to vindicating Lord Bacon's memory. His best work is "Evenings with a Reviewer" (published posthumously, 1881), a thorough examination of the points raised by Macaulay's essay on Bacon; he published also the great "Works, Life, and Letters of Bacon" (1857-1874), "Publishers and Authors" (1867), "Life and Times of Bacon" (1878), "Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon" (1879), "Studies in English History" (with James Gairdner, 1881). He died March 9, 1881.]

It is in respect to that other part of his name and memory which he bequeathed to "Men's Charitable Speeches and Foreign Nations, and the Next Ages," that he would have been most painfully disappointed if to his other misfortunes had been added the misfortune of seeing far into the future. Up to the day when the charge of corruption was brought against him, I fancy that he had thought himself, in his dealings with other men, not only unimpeachable, but exemplary: a faithful and diligent servant; a considerate and indulgent master; a serviceable friend; a sound patriot, always meditating projects for the improvement and advancement of his country; an enthusiast of humanity, passionately ambitious to enlarge the powers, heal the diseases, and purify the conditions of the human race; in debate fair and courteous; in council free, careful, candid; anxious that all things should be carried with due consideration for the just interests of all parties and without just offense to any; seeking for himself scarcely anything except work and the wages of work which he was able to do and which he did well; receiving for himself nothing but what was freely offered, and giving more freely than he received; an honorable opponent, an indulgent censor, a faithful reporter, a laborious worker, an honest and unselfish adviser, an impartial and scrupulous judge, and filled (as himself could best witness) with tender consideration for all sentient creatures; — such being the ideal to which he had aspired, and, as he imagined, not wholly without success, meanness (in its modern

sense) was probably the very last word with which he expected his name to be associated. And to have foreseen that the next ages, while they regarded him as the meanest, would nevertheless honor him as the wisest and brightest of mankind, would have been to him the very reverse of consolation. To have been forgotten altogether would have been nothing; to be honored in that way was perpetually infamous; and (what was still worse) it could not but degrade the character of the very virtues for which the honor was to be awarded. The wisdom and brightness which could live for half a century in friendly relations with meanness in the superlative degree, must have been themselves mean. And though the currency of a quotable line by a popular poet cannot be taken as evidence of the serious judgment of posterity, the case is changed when it comes to be adopted, expounded, amplified, and justified by popular historians and biographers. Pope was merely preaching morality in sparkling couplets; he wanted a name to point his moral with; and if he could have thought of another that would have helped him to a better rhyme, he would no doubt have preferred it. But when Lord Macaulay, as the result of an elaborate historical and biographical inquiry, described Bacon as a man who, being intrusted with the highest gifts of Heaven, habitually abused them for the poorest purposes of earth—hired them out for guineas, places and titles in the service of injustice, covetousness, and oppression,—adding that he (Lord Macaulay) had nevertheless no doubt that his name would be named with reverence to the latest ages and to the remotest ends of the civilized world, we must accept the responsibility of the opinion if we allow it to pass without a protest. If the later ages believe his description of the man to be correct, I hope for my own part that they will not name the name of that man with reverence; it would be a gross abuse either of the word or of the thing. But it is still possible that they will adopt a different interpretation of the character.

The other actions on which Lord Macaulay's interpretation is founded have been fully and I believe correctly related; and (the evidence being now within anybody's reach) they must be left to produce their impression.

To me, so far from seeming to justify his theory of the character, they do not seem to be reconcilable with it; if Bacon had been such a man as he takes him for, he would have acted differently at almost every crisis which offered him a choice. Nor

do I believe that they would have suggested such a theory to anybody, were it not for the discredit which the transactions revealed by his impeachment threw back upon all passages of his life. It must nevertheless be admitted that those transactions alone, — if Lord Macaulay's interpretation of them be accepted in its full extent, — would deprive his name of all title to anything that could be called "reverence," — his services in the field of philosophy and literature notwithstanding. And as all turns upon the question whether his offense implied the perversion of justice for the sake of reward, it is necessary to discuss the grounds of that interpretation more particularly.

Bacon admitted that he had more than once received a present from a suitor whose cause was not concluded: that the act could not be defended; that it amounted to corruption; and deserved punishment. But he denied that he had ever received such present upon any bargain or contract, or had ever had any "bribe or reward in his eye or thought when he pronounced any sentence or order." The Parliamentary sentence he allowed to be both just and fit; but he affirmed at the same time that he had been the justest judge that had sat in Chancery for half a century.

Lord Macaulay, on the contrary, represents him as practicing corruption on a large scale; as "having agents looking out in different quarters for prey"; as employing in his service "jackals" and "decoys"; as making "private bargains" with suitors as to the amounts of their presents: and in fact as selling judgments by the hundred.

The difference is not only large but vital; the question is, which are we to believe?

On the principle of giving the accused party the benefit of the doubt, it would be enough perhaps to say that before we believe such a charge we ought to be able to show some ground for it. Bacon, as we have seen, privately denied it: and if he did not deny it publicly, that may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact it was never publicly made. No accusation to that effect is implied in any of the articles which he was required to answer. They state merely that the presents had been taken, but say nothing of any contract, condition, or unjust judgment. That no evidence can be produced from which we should be obliged to conclude that some of these presents **must have been given and received with the understanding that**

the cause should go in favor of the giver, it is indeed impossible to say. But until it is produced, I do not see why we should believe it.

But I am myself prepared to go a little further. I think I see reasons why we should not believe it. The absence of all evidence that Bacon's decrees were unjust, coupled with the consideration that evidence could hardly have been wanting if they were, makes it in my opinion extremely improbable that they were bought. It would be absurd to suppose that the only suitors who attempted to gain their causes by bribery were those whose causes were good. If many decrees were bought, some must have been unjust. Now by every unjust decree, if one man "got what he had paid for," another lost what he was entitled to. Every man so aggrieved had some means of redress, and after Bacon's conviction he must have had every encouragement and advantage in pursuing it; for the practice of corruption being admitted, the presumption would be against the judgment. How many, then, of Bacon's decrees were appealed against? and of these how many were reversed? If none or few, how can we believe that he had sold them by hundreds? If many, where are they? Reversals of decrees in chancery must be recorded somewhere; and yet (except a somewhat loose assertion in a manuscript of Lord Chief Justice Hale's published by Hargrave) I find no mention of any such reversals anywhere. Lord Hale, it is true, in tracing the origin of the jurisdiction of the Lords in reversing equity decrees, mentions the censure of Bacon "for many decrees made upon most gross bribery and corruption," — words sufficiently justified by the terms of the sentence and submission, and grounded probably upon nothing more, — "and this," he adds, "gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained, that they were easily set aside, and made way in the Parliament of 3 Car. for the like attempts against decrees made by other Chancellors." Now that the decrees made by Bacon upon the cases in which presents were admitted to have been received, were thereby discredited, we may safely conclude: the presumption, as I said, would of course be against them; and if by "easily set aside" be meant only that, their authority being lost, the right of appeal against them was easily admitted (and such may very well be the meaning, for this was the point Hale was considering), — I can easily believe that also. But if he means they were easily reversed on appeal, — that is, that

many of them were reversed—I still ask where the evidence is. Hale is so great an authority that—though manuscripts not published or left for publication by the writer are to be received with caution, as probably containing some loose suggestions which he intended to verify at more leisure—any assertion of his is well worth inquiry. But he was a boy when these things happened. He was writing, it would seem, after the Restoration. His information, so far as it rests upon his personal knowledge and judgment, must have been derived from documents which were then, and should be still, accessible. Where are we to look for these documents? From the passage I have quoted, I should have been led to look in the records of the proceedings of the House of Lords; for he is obviously speaking of reversals of decrees of chancery “by an inherent original jurisdiction” in that house; which jurisdiction, he tells us, had its rise upon three occasions: the first being this case of Bacon; whose decrees being made upon bribery and corruption were “easily set aside,” and made way for the “like attempts” seven or eight years after; and this would certainly lead one to suppose that Bacon’s decrees were set aside by the House of Lords in virtue of this supposed original jurisdiction, and to look in the Lords’ Journal for traces of them.

But the next page seems to make this inquiry superfluous; for there he tells us that he “could never yet see any precedent”—he does not say *any other*, but *any* precedent—“of such proceeding in the Lords’ house of greater antiquity than 3 Car. I.” And how could that be if it was by *them* that “many of Bacon’s decrees had been easily set aside?”

Moreover, that Hale had no records of such proceedings upon Bacon’s decrees is made still clearer by the passage which immediately follows.

“I shall now,” he proceeds, “show what was the first attempt of setting up this jurisdiction in the Lords’ house, and what success it had.

“Before the parliament of 18 Jac., when the Lord Chancellor Bacon was censured for corruption, the course for reversal of decrees was, either by petition to the King, and thereupon a commission issued to examine the decree and proceedings, whereof there are some precedents; or else to set it aside by act of parliament; and such was the proceeding of 26 Maii 21 Jac. for reversing a decree for the felt makers and some others about that time.”

This proceeding (I should observe) appears in the Commons' Journal; but I cannot gather from the notes by whom the decree in question was made. However, it was not one of those upon which Bacon was charged with corruption.

"But even in these later Parliaments in King James' time, the reversal of decrees by the inherent power of the House of Lords was *either not known*, or so new that it was scarce adventured upon by the Lords."

And he then goes on to relate the proceedings upon an appeal against a decree made not by Bacon, but by Bishop Williams, who succeeded him.

If, therefore, any of Bacon's decrees were reversed, it was not (so far as Hale could discover) by the House of Lords; but must have been either by act of parliament, or by the King's commission. Yet in the table of contents to the Statutes at Large a list is given of the titles of private acts; and I have searched in vain there for traces of any such reversals. From the Commons' Journal I find indeed that about the time of his fall several bills for the reversals of decrees of Chancery were brought in; but I cannot find that any of them reached a third reading. I find also that about three years later another bill of the same kind — and one which very nearly touches the point in question — was brought in; namely, "an act to avoid a decree procured indirectly and by corruption between the Lord and Lady Wharton, etc., and Edward Willoughby, Esquire." It was read a first time on the thirteenth of March, 1623-4; and this was one of the cases in which a present had been received by Bacon *pendente lite*. If this bill had passed, therefore, it would have been one case in point. But I cannot trace it beyond the second reading, and no such title is to be found among the private acts. I conclude, therefore, that it did not pass; and if so, the fact tells the other way.

Another fact which I cannot well reconcile with the supposition that many of Bacon's decrees were reversed in this way is supplied by a note of his own, set down about the end of the year 1622. It occurs in that sheet of memoranda for a conversation with Buckingham's mother, which will be found elsewhere in this volume, and runs thus: "You may observe that last Parliament," meaning the session which commenced on the fourteenth of November and ended on the eighteenth of December, 1621 — "though an high-coming Parliament, yet not a petition, not a clamor, not a motion, not a mention of me."

Upon this point, therefore, the records of Parliament tell distinctly and almost decisively in Bacon's favor. They show that the circumstances of his conviction did encourage suitors to attempt to get his decrees set aside; that several such attempts were made, but that they all failed; — thereby strongly confirming the popular tradition reported by Aubrey, — "His favorites took bribes; but his Lordship always gave judgment *secundum æquum et bonum*. His decrees in Chancery stand firm. There are fewer of his decrees reversed than any other chancellor."

If on the other hand they were reversed by a commission appointed for the purpose, we must surely have had some news of it. Yet I cannot suppose that either Hale himself or his editor, who prefaces the tract with an elaborate investigation of the whole subject, had heard of any such proceeding. They could not but have mentioned it if they had.

Upon the whole, therefore, I think I may conclude either that the decrees mentioned by Lord Hale were considered as *ipso facto* set aside by the admission of corruption (which could hardly be, and even if it were, could not be taken to prove more than is admitted in the confession), or that he used the words loosely, meaning only that they were easily allowed to be called in question (which might be true, and yet upon question they might all be found just), or, lastly, that he was speaking without book. And either way I may still ask, where is the evidence of justice perverted? Till some evidence is produced to that effect, I may still believe Bacon's own judgment upon his own case to be true. He expressed it on two occasions; privately indeed, but clearly and unequivocally. The first was in his letter to Buckingham, written from the Tower on the thirty-first of May, 1621; in which, after entreating him to procure his discharge and not let him die in that disgraceful place, he proceeds: —

"And when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe, no (I will say it), nor unfortunate counsel; and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trust and honest and thrice-loving friend to your Lordship; and howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation's sake fit, the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time."

This was written in the season of his deepest distress. The other occasion I cannot date. But I take the words to express his deliberate judgment imparted to the confidential friend of his latter days;—imparted privately, and (it would almost seem) under some injunction to keep it private; for Dr. Rawley, whose affectionate reverence preserved the record, took the precaution to write it in a cipher, and never published or alluded to it in print. It is found in a commonplace book, begun apparently soon after Bacon's death, and containing memoranda of various kinds, most of them, especially in the earlier part, relating to him and his works. The first few pages are filled almost entirely with apothegms; two or three of which were written in a simple cipher, the Greek character being used for the consonants, and the first five numerals for the vowels; the rest in Rawley's usual hand. Opposite to many of them is written "stet," with a number affixed; which means no doubt that they were to be included in the collection of Bacon's apothegms which were afterwards printed in the second edition of the "Resuscitatio." At the top of the first page stands this sentence, written in the cipher and not marked or numbered, a sentence which I suppose Rawley had been forbidden to publish, but could not allow to perish:—

"I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years."

Now if instead of Lord Macaulay's view of the case the later ages should accept Bacon's own (and although he was a party so deeply interested, I really believe it to be much the more impartial of the two,—self-love in a mind which finds its highest pleasure in knowing and believing the truth being far less fatal to fairness of judgment than the love of rhetorical effect in a mind rhetorically disposed)—they will escape the other difficulties, and without refusing to believe anything to his disadvantage of which there is any pretense of proof, they may nevertheless "name his name with reverence," as that of a man to be respected for his moral, as well as respected for his intellectual qualities. For if his acts of corruption did not involve injustice or oppression to either party, whether in the form of extortion or deception or false judgment, they were acts compatible—not indeed with the highest moral condition, for a more sensitive morality joined with so clear a judgment would have started at and shrunk from them,—but certainly

with a high condition of all the other moral virtues. A man may be guilty of them and yet be just and brave and temperate and truthful and patient and diligent and generous and liberal and unselfish; he might have "bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering"; he might be forbearing and forgiving, without "bitterness or wrath or anger or clamor or evil speaking or malice"; he might be a man who "fulfilled the law" by loving his neighbor as himself. I could feel respect for the moral condition of such a man though I thought in some things he had been negligent, thoughtless, or faulty, just as I can feel respect for the intellect of a man who is wise in most things though he may have made mistakes in some. And it is surely possible to conceive gifts both given and taken—even between suitor and judge while the cause is proceeding—without any thought of perverting justice either in the giver or the taker. In every suit both sides are entitled to favorable consideration—that is, to the attention of a mind open to see all that makes in their favor—and favorable consideration is all that the giver need be suspected of endeavoring to bespeak, or the receiver of engaging to bestow. The suitor almost always believes his cause to be just, though he is not always so sure, and in those days he had not always reason to be sure, that its merits would be duly considered if the favorable attention of the judge were not specially attracted toward them; and though the judge was rightly forbidden to lay himself under obligation to either party, it must be remembered that in all other offices of dignity and in all the gentlemanly professions, gifts of exactly the same kind—fees not fixed by law or defined as to amount by custom or recoverable as debts, but left to the discretion of the suitor, client, or patient—were in those days the ordinary remuneration for official or professional services of all kinds. It was not thought gentlemanly to bargain about terms or demand payment. The great man merely received freely what was assumed to be freely given. Lord Treasurer Burghley saw no impropriety in accepting a purse with a hundred guineas in it from a Bishop who felt thankful to him for furtherance in obtaining his bishopric. I do not suppose that his son Robert thought it wrong to receive "the £40 which Mr. Downing promised him for his friendship" in the Beccles cause; that is for moving his father "for his good and lawful favor in the Corporation's behalf," and so bringing the cause to a good end.

And when the Lord Treasurer Suffold was questioned in the Star Chamber for having (among other things) taken money for favor in transactions with the Treasury, the charge was not for taking the money simply, but for taking it in such a manner as to make the payment of the money a condition of dispatching the business. The law officers of the crown derived, I fancy, a considerable part of their income from New Year's gifts and other gratuities presented to them both by individuals and corporations whom their office gave them opportunity of obliging; nor would the acceptance of those gratuities have been imputed as a fault so long as they were not employed as inducements to some unlawful act — some neglect or violation of duty. The practice was a bad one, and in the "New Atlantis" it was forbidden. But it was the practice in England up to the time of James the First at least, and the traces of it are still legible in the present state of the law with regard to fees; for I believe it is still true that the law will not help either the barrister or the physician to recover an unpaid fee, — the professions being too liberal to make charges, send in bills, or give receipts or do anything but take the money. In Bacon's time therefore almost all the men who rose to be judges had probably been accustomed in the course of their professional career to this kind of regular tribute; and an attorney general transferred to the woolsack, seeing nothing unusual in it, might the more easily overlook the impropriety. Indeed, in any man of the time except Bacon himself, such oversight would hardly have surprised me: it was not much more than neglecting to disturb a convenient arrangement to which he had always been accustomed. But I should have expected Bacon to have considered it, and to have seen beforehand all the objections to the practice which he saw so clearly as soon as he was called upon to justify it.



BACON'S APOTHEGMS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH used to say of her instructions to great officers, that they were like to garments, strait at the first putting on, but did by and by wear easy enough.

A great officer at court, when my lord of Essex was first in trouble, and that he, and those that dealt for him, would talk

much of my lord's friends, and of his enemies, answered to one of them: "I will tell you, I know but one friend and one enemy my lord hath; and that one friend is the queen, and that one enemy is himself."

Queen Elizabeth was dilatory enough in suits, of her own nature; and the lord treasurer Burleigh being a wise man, and willing therein to feed her humor, would say to her, "Madam, you do well to let suitors stay; for I shall tell you, 'He gives twice who gives quickly:' if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was keeper of the great seal of England, when Queen Elizabeth, in her progress, came to his house at Gorhambury, and said to him, "My lord, what a little house have you gotten!" answered her, "Madam, my house is well; but it is you that have made me too great for my house."

The lord keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon was asked his opinion by Queen Elizabeth, of one of these monopoly licenses. And he answered, "Madam, will you have me speak the truth? *Licentia omnes deteriores sumus*" — We are all the worse for licenses.

My lord of Essex, at the succor of Rouen, made twenty-four knights, which at that time was a great number. Divers of those gentlemen were of weak and small means; which, when Queen Elizabeth heard, she said, "My lord might have done well to have built his almshouse, before he made his knights."

There was a minister deprived for nonconformity, who said to some of his friends, that if they deprived him, it should cost a hundred men's lives. The party understood it, as if being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition, and complained of him; whereupon being convented and opposed upon that speech, he said his meaning was that if he lost his benefice, he would practice physic, and then he thought he should kill a hundred men in time.

When Rabelais, the great jester of France, lay on his death-bed, and they gave him the extreme unction, a familiar friend of his came to him afterward and asked him how he did. Rabelais answered, "Even going my journey, they have greased my boots already." *

Master Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book of him, who told him, "I am loath to lend my books out of my chamber; but if it pleases thy tutor to come and read it here, he shall as long as he will." It was winter, and some days after the same fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; but Mr. Mason said, "I am loath to lend my bellows out of my chamber; but if thy tutor would come and use it here, he shall as long as he will."

In Flanders, by accident, a Flemish tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence, and when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis*; whereupon the judge said to him that if he did urge that sentence, it must be that he should go up to the top of the house, and then fall down upon the tiler.

There was a young man in Rome, that was very like Augustus Cæsar; Augustus took knowledge of him, and sent for the man, and asked him, "Was your mother never at Rome?" He answered, "No, sir. but my father was."

There was a captain sent to an exploit by his general with forces that were not likely to achieve the enterprise; the captain said to him, "Sir, appoint but half so many." "Why?" saith the general. The captain answered, "Because it is better that few die than more."

There was a harbinger who had lodged a gentleman in a very ill room, who expostulated with him somewhat rudely; but the harbinger carelessly said, "You will reap pleasure from it when you are out of it."

A company of scholars going together to catch conies, carried one scholar with them, which had not much more wit than he was born with; and to him they gave in charge, that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them. But he no sooner espied a company of rabbits before the rest, but he cried aloud, "*Ecce multi cuniculi*," which in English signifies, behold many conies; which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, "Who the devil would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?"

A tinker passing Cheapside with his usual tone, "Have you any work for a tinker?" an apprentice standing at a door opposite to a pillory there set up, called the tinker, with an intent to put a jest upon him, and told him that he should do very well if he would stop those two holes in the pillory; to which the tinker answered that if he would put his head and ears awhile in that pillory, he would bestow both brass and nails upon him to hold him in, and give him his labor into the bargain.

Whitehead, a grave divine, was much esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, but not preferred, because he was against the government of bishops: he was of a blunt stoical nature; he came one day to the queen, and the queen happened to say to him, "I like thee the better, Whitehead, because thou livest unmarried!" He answered, "In troth, madam, I like you the worse for the same cause."

Doctor Laud said that some hypocrites, and seeming mortified men, that held down their heads like bulrushes, were like the little images that they place in the very bowing of the vaults of churches, that look as if they held up the church, but are but puppets.

There was a lady of the west country, that gave great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabouts, and among others, Sir Walter Raleigh was one. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes, she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was fast by the lady's, so as he heard her; a little before dinner, the lady came down in great state into the great chamber, which was full of gentlemen; and as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set eye upon her, "Madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had your breakfast."

There were fishermen drawing the river at Chelsea; Mr. Bacon came thither by chance in the afternoon, and offered to buy their draught; they were willing. He asked them what they would take? They asked thirty shillings. Mr. Bacon offered them ten. They refused it. "Why, then," saith Mr. Bacon, "I will be only a looker-on." They drew, and caught nothing. Saith Mr. Bacon, "Are not you mad fellows now,

that might have had an angel in your purse, to have made merry withal, and to have warmed you thoroughly, and now you must go home with nothing?" "Aye, but," said the fishermen, "we had hope then to make a better gain of it." Saith Mr. Bacon, "Well, my masters, then I'll tell you, hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper."

Zelim was the first of the Ottomans that did shave his beard, whereas his predecessors wore it long. One of his bashaws asked him why he altered the custom of his predecessors. He answered: "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

In chancery, at one time when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; and the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other part said, "And we lie on this side:" the lord chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

Sir Thomas More had only daughters, at the first, and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last she had a boy, which, being come to man's estate, proved but simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife, "Thou prayedst so long for a boy that he will be a boy as long as he lives."

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long; which was thought would make him more commiserated with the people. The barber came to him, and asked him whether he would be pleased to be trimmed? "In good faith, honest fellow," saith Sir Thomas, "the king and I have a suit for my head: and till the title be cleared, I will do no cost upon it."

There was a painter became a physician, whereupon one said to him: "You have done well; for before, the faults of your work were seen, but now they are unseen."

There was a gentleman that came to the tilt all in orange-tawny, and ran very ill. The next day he came again all in green, and ran worse. There was one of the lookers-on asked another, "What is the reason that this gentleman changeth his colors?" The other answered, "Sure, because it may be reported that the gentleman in the green ran worse than the gentleman in the orange-tawny."

Sir Thomas More had sent him by a suitor in chancery two silver flagons. When they were presented by the gentleman's servant, he said to one of his men, "Have him to the cellar, and let him have of my best wine:" and turning to the servant, said, "Tell thy master, if he like it, let him not spare it."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, when a certain nimble-witted counselor at the bar, who was forward to speak, did interrupt him often, said unto him, "There's a great difference betwixt you and me: a pain to me to speak, and a pain to you to hold your peace."

There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner; whereupon the pope wrote a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son. The king sent an embassy to him, and sent withal the armor wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing, "*Vide num hæc sit vestis filii tui*" — Know now whether this be thy son's coat.

Sir Amyas Pawlet, when he saw too much haste made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."

A master of the request to Queen Elizabeth had divers times moved for an audience, and been put off. At last he came to the queen in a progress, and had on a new pair of boots. The queen, who loved not the smell of new leather, said to him, "Fie, sloven, thy new boots stink." "Madam," said he, "it is not my new boots that stink, but it is the stale bills that I have kept so long."

Queen Isabella of Spain used to say, whosoever hath a good presence and a good fashion, carries continual letters of recommendation.

It was said of Augustus, and afterward the like was said of Septimius Severus, both which did infinite mischief in their beginnings, and infinite good toward their ends, that they should either have never been born or never died.

There was one that died greatly in debt: when it was reported in some company, where divers of his creditors casually were, that he was dead, one began to say, "Well, if he be gone, then he hath carried five hundred ducats of mine with him into the other world," and another said, "And two hun-

dred of mine;" and the third spake of great sums of his. Whereupon one that was among them said, "I perceive now that though a man cannot carry any of his own with him into the next world, yet he may carry away that which is another man's."

Bresquet, jester to Francis the First of France, did keep a calendar of fools, wherewith he did use to make the king sport; telling him ever the reason why he put any one into his calendar. When Charles the Fifth, emperor, upon confidence of the noble nature of Francis, passed through France, for the appeasing of the rebellion of Gaunt, Bresquet put him into his calendar. The king asked him the cause. He answered, "Because you have suffered at the hands of Charles the greatest bitterness that ever prince did from another, nevertheless he would trust his person into your hands." "Why, Bresquet," said the king, "what wilt thou say, if thou seest him pass back in as great safety as if he marched through the midst of Spain?" Saith Bresquet, "Why then I will put him out, and put in you."

When my lord president of the council came first to be lord treasurer, he complained to my lord chancellor of the troublesomeness of the place, for that the exchequer was so empty. The lord chancellor answered, "My lord, be of good cheer; for now you shall see the bottom of your business at the first."

Rabelais tells a tale of one that was very fortunate in compounding differences. His son undertook the said course, but could never compound any. Whereupon he came to his father and asked him, what art he had to reconcile differences? He answered, he had no other but this: to watch when the two parties were much wearied and their hearts were too great to seek reconciliation at one another's hand; then to be a means between them, and upon no other terms. After which the son went home, and prospered in the same undertakings.

Alonso Cartilio was informed by his steward of the greatness of his expense, being such as he could not hold out therewith. The bishop asked him, wherein it chiefly arose? His steward told him, in the multitude of his servants. The bishop bade him to make him a note of those that were necessary, and those that might be spared. Which he did. And the bishop, taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his

Manuscript of Charles V., Emperor.

Letter, in French, to Queen Mary of England, expressing the desire to see his son, King Philip, her husband, in order to consult with him on the state of affairs, with regret for the necessity of depriving her of his company and hope for his speedy return. Written in 1555. Philip left England for Brussels at the end of August, 1555, and returned for a few months in March, 1557, having in the interval succeeded to the throne of Spain by the abdication of Charles on 15 Jan., 1556.

MADAME MA BONNE FILLE,—Il y a bien long tamps que lestat des affayres eut requis que moy et le Roy mon filz nous eussyons peu veoyr pour communiquer sur yceulx et acheuer de prendre resolutyion sur tout ce qui reste suspendu. Jusques lors et pour non leslonguer de vous, j'ay difere de presser sa venue tant quil at este possible, mays comme le tout est en termes que lon ne peut, sans tomber en notables inconeunyens aparans plus longuement differer, je luy ay escrit pour haster sa venue; la quelle je vous prie tres affectueusement vouloyr auoyr agreable et croyre que, sil ce pouoyt differer dauantage pour non vous hoster sa compaignye, je ne presseroye, puis que je voys le contentement que vous aues dicelle. Mays jespere que vous vous y acomoderes, puis que ce sera, sil plait a Dieu, pour pue de tamps, estant delibere de fayre tout ce que ce pourra pour brieuement resoudre toutes choses, affin que tout plus brieuement resondre toutes choses, affin que tant plus brieuement il vous retourne veoyr, desiran votre contentement plus que le mien propre, comme celluy que vous trouueres a jamays.

Votre bon pere, frere, cousin et alye.

CHARLES.

ADDRESSED: A madame ma bonne fille, seur et cousyne, [la] Reyne dengleterre.

My friend Mr. Brown of the City of
London has just received from
the City of London a copy of
the report of the Committee on
the subject of the proposed
amendment of the law relating
to the trial of juries in cases
of treason and felony. The
report is a very interesting
and important one, and I
trust will be of great service
to the public. I have the
pleasure to send you a copy
of the report, and I hope it
will be of use to you. I am,
Dear Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
T. W. W. W.

steward, "Well, let these remain, because I have need of them ; and these others also, because they have need of me."

Galba succeeded Nero, and his age being despised, there was much license and confusion in Rome during his empire ; whereupon a senator said in full senate, it were better to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful.

Chilon said that kings' friends and favorites were like casting counters ; that sometimes stood for one, sometimes for ten, sometimes for a hundred.

Clodius was acquitted by a corrupt jury, that had palpably taken shares of money before they gave their verdict ; they prayed of the senate a guard, that they might do their consciences, for that Clodius was a very seditious young nobleman. Whereupon all the world gave him for condemned. But acquitted he was. Catulus, the next day seeing some of them that had acquitted him together, said to them : "What made you ask of us a guard ? Were you afraid your money should have been taken from you ?"

At the same judgment, Cicero gave in evidence upon oath : and when the jury, which consisted of fifty-seven, had passed against his evidence, one day in the senate Cicero and Clodius being in altercation, Clodius upbraided him, and said, "The jury gave you no credit." Cicero answered, "Five and twenty gave me credit ; but there were two and thirty that gave you no credit, for they had their money beforehand."

Cato the elder was wont to say that the Romans were like sheep : a man could better drive a flock of them than one of them.

There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar of the hurts he had received in his face. Julius Cæsar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him, "You were best take heed next time you run away, how you look back."

Vespasian asked of Apollonius what was the cause of Nero's ruin ? Who answered, "Nero could tune the harp well, but in government he did always wind up the strings too high, or let them down too low."

There was a law made by the Romans against the bribery and extortion of the governors of provinces. Cicero saith, in a speech of his to the people, that he thought the provinces

would petition to the state of Rome to have that law repealed. "For," saith he, "before the governors did bribe and extort as much as was sufficient for themselves ; but now they bribe and extort as much as may be enough, not only for themselves, but for the judges and jurors, and magistrates."

Pompey being commissioner for sending grain to Rome in time of dearth, when he came to the sea, found it very tempestuous and dangerous, insomuch as those about him advised him by no means to embark ; but Pompey said, "It is of necessity that I go, not that I live."

Demades the orator, in his age, was talkative, and would eat hard. Antipater would say of him that he was like a sacrifice, that nothing was left of it but the tongue and the paunch.

Augustus Cæsar would say that he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more worlds to conquer, as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer.

Cato the elder, being aged, buried his wife, and married a young woman. His son came to him and said, "Sir, what have I offended, that you have brought a stepmother into your house?" The old man answered, "Nay, quite contrary, son; thou pleasest me so well, as I should be glad to have much more such."

Crassus the orator had a fish which the Romans call Muræna, that he made very tame and fond of him ; the fish died, and Crassus wept for it. One day, falling in contention with Domitius in the senate, Domitius said, "Foolish Crassus, you wept for your Muræna." Crassus replied, "That's more than you did for your two wives."

There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by afterward said to him, "Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the emperor ; I could have answered better myself." "Why," said the philosopher, "would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?"

There was one that found a great mass of money digged underground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case, signified it to the emperor, that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus : "Use it." He wrote back again that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor wrote a new rescript, thus : "Abuse it."

Plato reprehended severely a young man for entering into a dissolute house. The young man said to him, "Why do you reprehend so sharply for so small a matter?" Plato replied, "But custom is no small matter."

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans, under the conduct of Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them again, "Yes, but if we have such another victory, we are undone."

Plato was wont to say of his master Socrates that he was like the apothecaries' gallipots, that had on the outsides apes, owls, and satyrs, but within, precious drugs.

Alexander sent to Phocion a great present of money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why doth the king send to me, and to none else?" The messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, pray let him suffer me to be so still."

Hanno the Carthaginian was sent commissioner by the state, after the second Carthaginian war, to supplicate for peace, and in the end obtained it; yet one of the sharper senators said, "You have often broken with us the peace whereunto you have sworn; I pray, by what god will you swear?" Hanno answered, "By the same gods that punished the former perjury so severely."

One of the seven was wont to say that laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

There was a cowardly Spanish soldier, that in a defeat that the Moors gave, ran away with the foremost. Afterward, when the army generally fled, this soldier was missing. Whereupon it was said by some that he was slain. "No, sure," saith one, "he is alive; for the Moors eat no hare's flesh."

One was saying that his great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father died at sea. Said another, that had heard him, "And I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why?" saith he, "where did your great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father die?" He answered, "Where, but in their beds?" He answered, "And I were as you, I would never come in bed."

There was a dispute whether great heads or little heads had the better wit. And one said, "It must needs be the little;

for that it is a maxim, 'Every greater contains in itself the less.' "

Mr. Popham (afterward Lord Chief Justice Popham), when he was Speaker, and the House of Commons had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

Themistocles, in his lower fortune, was in love with a young gentleman who scorned him; but when he grew to his greatness, which was soon after, he sought him: Themistocles said, "We are both grown wise, but too late."

Solon, being asked whether he had given the Athenians the best laws, answered, "The best of those that they would have received."

Trajan would say of the vain jealousy of princes that seek to make away those that aspire to their succession, that there was never king that did put to death his successor.

Alexander used to say of his two friends, Craterus and Hephæstion, that Hephæstion loved Alexander, and Craterus loved the king.

One of the fathers saith that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.

Jason the Thessalian was wont to say that some things must be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly.

Demetrius, king of Macedon, would at times retire himself from business, and give himself wholly to pleasures. On one of those his retirings, giving out that he was sick, his father, Antigonus, came on the sudden to visit him, and met a fair dainty youth coming out of his chamber. When Antigonus came in, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever left me right now." Antigonus replied, "I think it was he that I met at the door."

When it was said to Anaxagoras, "The Athenians have condemned you to die," he replied, "And nature them."

Antigonus used often to go disguised, and to listen at the tents of his soldiers; and at a time heard some that spoke very

ill of him. Whereupon he opened the tent a little and said to them, "If you would speak ill of me, you should go a little farther off."

The ambassadors of Asia Minor came to Antonius, after he had imposed upon them a double tax, and said plainly to him, that if he would have two tributes in one year, he must give them two seedtimes and two harvests.

An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, "The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad." Demosthenes replied, "And they will kill you if they be in good sense."

Epictetus used to say that one of the vulgar, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other.

Cato the elder, what time many of the Romans had statues erected in their honor, was asked by one, in a kind of wonder, why he had none? He answered, he had much rather men should ask and wonder why he had no statue than why he had a statue.

A certain friend of Sir Thomas More, taking great pains about a book, which he intended to publish (being well conceited of his own wit, which no man else thought worthy of commendation), brought it to Sir Thomas More to peruse it, and pass his judgment upon it, which he did; and finding nothing therein worthy the press, he said to him, with a grave countenance, that if it were in verse, it would be more worthy. Upon which words, he went immediately and turned it into verse, and then brought it to Sir Thomas again; who, looking thereon, said soberly, "Yes, marry, now it is somewhat: for now it is rhyme; whereas before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Phocion the Athenian (a man of great severity, and noways flexible to the will of the people), one day, when he spake to the people, in one part of his speech was applauded; whereupon he turned to one of his friends and asked, "What have I said amiss?"

Diogenes was one day in the market place, with a candle in his hand, and being asked what he sought, he said, he sought a man.

Queen Elizabeth was entertained by my Lord Burleigh at Theobalds; and at her going away, my lord obtained of the queen, to make seven knights. They were gentlemen of the country, of my lord's friends and neighbors. They were placed in a rank, as the queen should pass by the hall, and to win antiquity of knighthood, in order as my lord favored, though, indeed, the more principal gentlemen were placed lowest. The queen was told of it, and said nothing; but when she went along, she passed them all by, as far as the screen, as if she had forgot it; and when she came to the screen, she seemed to take herself with the manner, and said, "I had almost forgot what I promised." With that she turned back, and knighted the lowest first, and so upward. Whereupon Mr. Stanhope, of the privy chamber, a while after told her, "Your Majesty was too fine for my Lord Burleigh." She answered, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture: the first shall be the last, and the last first."

The Turks made an expedition into Persia; and because of the strait jaws of the mountains of Armenia, the bashaw consulted which way they should get in. One that heard the debate said, "Here's much ado how you shall get in; but I hear nobody take care how you should get out."

Pace the fool was not suffered to come at Queen Elizabeth, because of his bitter humor. Yet at one time, some persuaded the queen that he should come to her; undertaking for him, that he should keep within compass; so he was brought to her, and the queen said, "Come on, Pace, now we shall hear of our faults." Saith Pace, "I do not use to talk of that that all the town talks of."

After the defeat of Cyrus the younger, Falinus was sent by the king to the Grecians (who had for their part rather victory than otherwise), to command them to yield their arms; which, when it was denied, Falinus said to Clearchus, "Well, then, the king lets you know that if you remove from the place where you are now encamped, it is war; if you stay, it is truce. What shall I say you will do?" Clearchus answered, "It pleaseth us, as it pleaseth the king." "How is that?" saith Falinus. Saith Clearchus, "If we remove, war; if we stay, truce:" and so would not disclose his purpose.

Nero was wont to say of his master Seneca, that his style was like mortar without lime.

Sir Fulke Grevil had much and private access to Queen Elizabeth, which he used honorably, and did many men good : yet he would say merrily of himself that he was like Robin Goodfellow ; for when the maids spilt the milk pans, or kept any racket, they would lay it upon Robin ; so what tales the ladies about the queen told her, or other bad offices that they did, they would put it upon him.

Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

Democritus said that truth did lie in the profound pits, and when it was got, it needed much refining.

Diogenes said of a young man that danced daintily, and was much commended, " 'Tis better, the worse."

Queen Elizabeth, seeing Sir Edward — in her garden, looked out at her window and asked him in Italian, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Sir Edward (who had not had the effect of some of the queen's grants so soon as he had hoped and desired) paused a little, and then made answer, "Madame, he thinks of a woman's promise." The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you. Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

When any great officer, ecclesiastical or civil, was to be made, the queen would inquire after the piety, integrity, and learning of the man. And when she was satisfied in these qualifications, she would consider of his personage. And upon such an occasion she pleased once to say to me, "Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority when the man is despised?"

In eighty-eight, when the queen went from Temple Bar along Fleet Street, the lawyers were ranked on one side, and the companies of the city on the other ; said Master Bacon to a lawyer that stood next to him, "Do but observe the courtiers ; if they bow first to the citizens, they are in debt ; if first to us, they are in law."

One was examined upon certain scandalous words spoken against the king. He confessed them and said, "It is true I spake them, and if the wine had not failed, I had said much more."

Charles the Bald allowed one whose name was Scottus to sit at the table with him for his pleasure. Scottus sat on the other side of the table. One time the king, being merry with him, said to him, "What is there between Scot and sot?" Scottus answered, "The table only."

There was a marriage made between a widow of great wealth and a gentleman of great house that had no estate or means. Jack Roberts said that marriage was like a black pudding: the one brought blood, and the other brought suet and oatmeal.

King James was wont to be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go from London to their country houses. And sometimes he would say thus to them: "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships at sea, which show like nothing; but in your country villages you are like ships in a river, which look like great things."

Count Gondomar sent a compliment to my Lord St. Alban, wishing him a good Easter. My lord thanked the messenger, and said he could not at present requite the count better than in returning him the like; that he wished his lordship a good Passover.

My Lord Chancellor Elsmere, when he had read a petition which he disliked, would say, "What, you would have my hand to this now?" And the party answering "Yes," he would say further, "Well, so you shall; nay, you shall have both my hands to it." And so would, with both his hands, tear it in pieces.

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of an angry man who suppressed his passion, that he thought worse than he spoke; and of an angry man that would chide, that he spoke worse than he thought.

When Mr. Attorney Coke, in the Exchequer, gave high words to Sir Francis Bacon, and stood much upon the higher place, Sir Francis said to him, "Mr. Attorney, the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I shall think of it; and the more, the less."

Sir Francis Bacon (who was always for moderate counsels), when one was speaking of such a reformation of the Church of England as would in effect make it no church, said thus to him: "Sir, the subject we talk of is the eye of England, and if there

be a speck or two in the eye, we endeavor to take them off; but he were a strange oculist who would pull out the eye."

The same Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say that those who left useful studies for useless scholastic speculations were like the Olympic gamesters, who abstained from necessary labors, that they might be fit for such as were not so.

The Lord St. Alban, who was not overhasty to raise theories, but proceeded slowly by experiments, was wont to say to some philosophers who would not go his pace, "Gentlemen, nature is a labyrinth, in which the very haste you move with will make you lose your way."

The same lord, when a gentleman seemed not much to approve of his liberality to his retinue, said to him: "Sir, I am all of a piece: if the head be lifted up, the inferior parts of the body must, too."

The Lord Bacon was wont to commend the advice of the plain old man at Buxton, that sold besoms: a proud, lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust; to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly, they'll ne'er ask thee again. I shall be dunning thee every day."

Jack Weeks said of a great man (just then dead), who pretended to some religion, but was none of the best livers, "Well, I hope he is in heaven. Every man thinks as he wishes; but if he be in heaven, 'twere pity it were known."



A SUPPLICATION.

By ABRAHAM COWLEY.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale
 In sounds that may prevail;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
 Though so exalted she
 And I so lowly be
 Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
 And, though the moving hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear
 A kind of numerous trembling make.
 Now all thy forces try;
 Now all thy charms apply;
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove;
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.



THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.¹

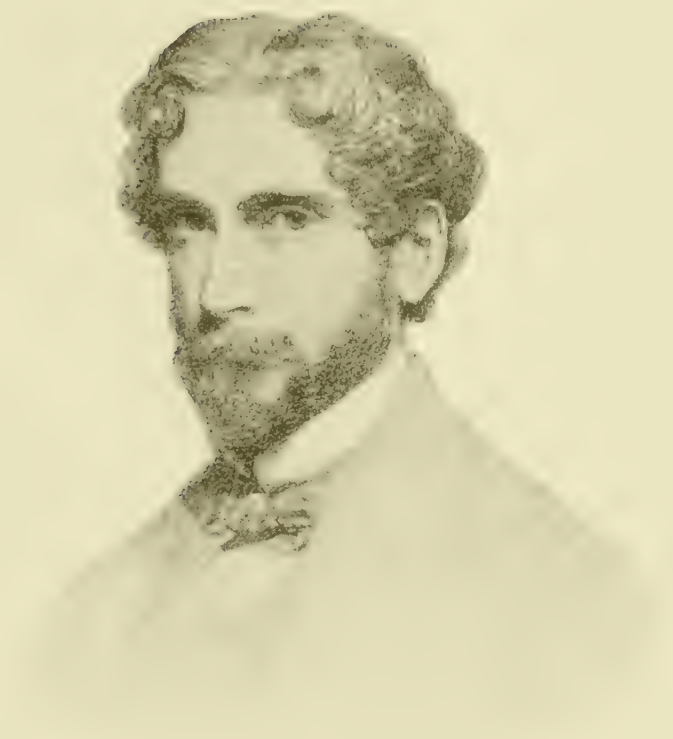
By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

[JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, American historian, was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 16, 1814; graduated at Harvard in 1831, and attended Göttingen and Berlin. He was admitted to the bar in 1836, but practiced little; wrote the novels "Morton's Hope" (1839) and "Merry Mount" (1849); was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg in 1840; 1851-1856 he spent in Europe gathering material for the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which was translated into Dutch, German, and French; from 1858 to 1867 was in Europe again; in 1860 published vols. 1 and 2 of the "History of the United Netherlands," 3 and 4 being issued in 1868; 1861-1867 was United States minister to Austria, resigning in the latter year; 1869-1870 was minister to England; published "John of Barneveld" in 1874. He died May 28, 1877.]

THE preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness,

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JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea Beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defenses. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King, the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half foot above water, should be taken possession of, at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished, by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed

upon the dike were all dispatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it, without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dike, the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding. This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zealander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dike, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, "'Tis too bitter." The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the marks of the soldier's teeth upon it, a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dike having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but, after their passage had been effected in good order, the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The Prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that, when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Green-way," another long dike, three quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dike had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, leveled it in many places, and brought his flotilla, in triumph, over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly

floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly towards a bridge strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand occupied both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.

A week had elapsed since the great dike had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dike, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inward towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably

defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Bent-huyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa, the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the headquarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad

Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitered the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds,

found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out — women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your dis-

posal ; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat eaters and dog eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together, in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to

attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacher-

ous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boathook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. — "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in con-

junction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leiderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruc-

tion. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammén, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

CHARLES THE FIFTH.¹

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

BUT if his sins against the Netherlands had been only those of financial and political oppression, it would be at least conceivable, although certainly not commendable, that the inhabitants should have regretted his departure. But there are far darker crimes for which he stands arraigned at the bar of history, and it is indeed strange that the man who had committed them should have been permitted to speak his farewell amid blended plaudits and tears. His hand planted the inquisition in the Netherlands. Before his day it is idle to say that the diabolical institution ever had a place there. The isolated cases in which inquisitors had exercised functions proved the absence and not the presence of the system, and will be discussed in a later chapter. Charles introduced and organized a papal inquisition, side by side with those terrible "placards" of his invention, which constituted a masked inquisition even more cruel than that of Spain. The execution of the system was never permitted to languish. The number of Netherlanders who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to his edicts, and for the offenses of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as one hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have never been put at a lower mark than fifty thousand. The Venetian envoy Navigero placed the number of victims in the provinces of Holland and Friesland alone at thirty thousand, and this in 1546, ten years before the abdication, and five before the promulgation of the hideous edict of 1550!

The edicts and the inquisition were the gift of Charles to the Netherlands, in return for their wasted treasure and their constant obedience. For this, his name deserves to be handed

¹ By permission of Harper & Brothers.

down to eternal infamy, not only throughout the Netherlands, but in every land where a single heart beats for political or religious freedom. To eradicate these institutions after they had been watered and watched by the care of his successor, was the work of an eighty years' war, in the course of which millions of lives were sacrificed. Yet the abdicating Emperor had summoned his faithful estates around him, and stood up before them in his imperial robes for the last time, to tell them of the affectionate regard which he had always borne them, and to mingle his tears with theirs.

Could a single phantom have risen from one of the many thousand graves where human beings had been thrust alive by his decree, perhaps there might have been an answer to the question propounded by the Emperor amid all that piteous weeping. Perhaps it might have told the man who asked his hearers to be forgiven if he had ever unwittingly offended them, that there was a world where it was deemed an offense to torture, strangle, burn, and drown one's innocent fellow-creatures. The usual but trifling excuse for such enormities cannot be pleaded for the Emperor. Charles was no fanatic. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his sacrilegious hands on Christ's vicegerent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was *then* no bigot. He believed in nothing, save that when the course of his imperial will was impeded, and the interests of his imperial house in jeopardy, pontiffs were to succumb as well as anabaptists. It was the political heresy which lurked in the restiveness of the religious reformers under dogma, tradition, and supernatural sanction to temporal power, which he was disposed to combat to the death. He was too shrewd a politician not to recognize the connection between aspirations for religious and for political freedom. His hand was ever ready to crush both heresies in one. Had he been a true son of the Church, a faithful champion of her infallibility, he would not have submitted to the peace of Passau, so long as he could bring a soldier to the field. Yet he acquiesced in the Reformation for Germany, while the fires for burning the reformers were ever blazing in the Netherlands, where it was death even to allude to the existence of the peace of Passau. Nor did he acquiesce only from compulsion, for long before his memorable defeat by Maurice, he had permitted the German troops, with whose services he could not dispense, regularly to attend Protestant worship performed by their own

Protestant chaplains. Lutheran preachers marched from city to city of the Netherlands under the imperial banner, while the subjects of those patrimonial provinces were daily suffering on the scaffold for their nonconformity. The influence of this garrison preaching upon the progress of the Reformation in the Netherlands is well known. Charles hated Lutherans, but he required soldiers, and he thus helped by his own policy to disseminate what, had he been the fanatic which he perhaps became in retirement, he would have sacrificed his life to crush. It is quite true that the growing Calvinism of the provinces was more dangerous both religiously and politically, than the Protestantism of the German princes, which had not yet been formally pronounced heresy, but it is thus the more evident that it was political rather than religious heterodoxy which the despot wished to suppress.

No man, however, could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily. He listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday. He confessed and received the sacrament four times a year. He was sometimes to be seen in his tent at midnight, on his knees before a crucifix with eyes and hands uplifted. He ate no meat in Lent, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier or plebeian, who failed to fast during the whole forty days. He was too good a politician not to know the value of broad phylacteries and long prayers. He was too nice an observer of human nature not to know how easily mint and cummin could still outweigh the "weightier matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith"; as if the founder of the religion which he professed, and to maintain which he had established the inquisition and the edicts, had never cried woe upon the Pharisees. Yet there is no doubt that the Emperor was at times almost popular in the Netherlands, and that he was never as odious as his successor. There were some deep reasons for this, and some superficial ones; among others, a singularly fortunate manner. He spoke German, Spanish, Italian, French, and Flemish, and could assume the characteristics of each country as easily as he could use its language. He could be stately with Spaniards, familiar with Flemings, witty with Italians. He could strike down a bull in the ring like a matador at Madrid, or win the prize in the tourney like a knight of old; he could ride at the ring with the Flemish nobles, hit the popinjay with his crossbow among Antwerp artisans, or drink beer and

exchange rude jests with the boors of Brabant. For virtues such as these, his grave crimes against God and man, against religion and chartered and solemnly sworn rights have been palliated, as if oppression became more tolerable because the oppressor was an accomplished linguist and a good marksman.

But the great reason for his popularity no doubt lay in his military genius. Charles was inferior to no general of his age. "When he was born into the world," said Alva, "he was born a soldier," and the Emperor confirmed the statement and reciprocated the compliment, when he declared that "the three first captains of the age were himself first, and then the Duke of Alva and Constable Montmorency." It is quite true that all his officers were not of the same opinion, and many were too apt to complain that his constant presence in the field did more harm than good, and "that his Majesty would do much better to stay at home." There is, however, no doubt that he was both a good soldier and a good general. He was constitutionally fearless, and he possessed great energy and endurance. He was ever the first to arm when a battle was to be fought, and the last to take off his harness. He commanded in person and in chief, even when surrounded by veterans and crippled by the gout. He was calm in great reverses. It was said that he was never known to change color except upon two occasions: after the fatal destruction of his fleet at Algiers, and in the memorable flight from Innspruck. He was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease: a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It was said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the departure of Don Ferrante Gonzaga from court. Such a temperament was invaluable in the stormy career to which he had devoted his life. He was essentially a man of action, a military chieftain. "Pray only for my health and my life," he was accustomed to say to the young officers who came to him from every part of his dominions to serve under his banners, "for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle; at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born and bred to arms, and must of necessity keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer." The restless energy and the magnificent tranquillity of his character made him a hero among princes, an idol with his officers, a popular favorite everywhere. The promptness with which, at much personal hazard, he descended like a

thunderbolt in the midst of the Ghent insurrection ; the juvenile ardor with which the almost bedridden man arose from his sick bed to smite the Protestants at Mühlberg ; the grim stoicism with which he saw sixty thousand of his own soldiers perish in the wintry siege of Metz ; all insured him a large measure of that applause which ever follows military distinction, especially when the man who achieves it happens to wear a crown. He combined the personal prowess of a knight of old with the more modern accomplishments of a scientific tactician. He could charge the enemy in person like the most brilliant cavalry officer, and he thoroughly understood the arrangements of a campaign, the marshaling and victualing of troops, and the whole art of setting and maintaining an army in the field.

Yet, though brave and warlike as the most chivalrous of his ancestors, Gothic, Burgundian, or Suabian, he was entirely without chivalry. Fanaticism for the faith, protection for the oppressed, fidelity to friend and foe, knightly loyalty to a cause deemed sacred, the sacrifice of personal interests to great ideas, generosity of hand and heart ; all those qualities which unite with courage and constancy to make up the ideal chevalier, Charles not only lacked but despised. He trampled on the weak antagonist, whether burgher or petty potentate. He was false as water. He inveigled his foes who trusted to imperial promises, by arts unworthy an emperor or a gentleman. He led about the unfortunate John Frederic of Saxony, in his own language, "like a bear in a chain," ready to be slipped upon Maurice should "the boy" prove ungrateful. He connived at the famous forgery of the prelate of Arras, to which the Landgrave Philip owed his long imprisonment ; a villainy worse than many for which humbler rogues have suffered by thousands upon the gallows. The contemporary world knew well the history of his frauds, on scale both colossal and minute, and called him familiarly "Charles qui triche."

The absolute master of realms on which the sun perpetually shone, he was not only greedy for additional dominion, but he was avaricious in small matters, and hated to part with a hundred dollars. To the soldier who brought him the sword and gauntlets of Francis the First, he gave a hundred crowns, when ten thousand would have been less than the customary present ; so that the man left his presence full of desperation. The three soldiers who swam the Elbe, with their swords in their mouths, to bring him the boats with which he passed to the victory of

Mühlberg, received from his imperial bounty a doublet, a pair of stockings, and four crowns apiece. His courtiers and ministers complained bitterly of his habitual niggardliness, and were fain to eke out their slender salaries by accepting bribes from every hand rich enough to bestow them. In truth Charles was more than anything else a politician, notwithstanding his signal abilities as a soldier. If to have founded institutions which could last, be the test of statesmanship, he was even a statesman; for many of his institutions have resisted the pressure of three centuries. But those of Charlemagne fell as soon as his hand was cold, while the works of many ordinary legislators have attained to a perpetuity denied to the statutes of Solon or Lycurgus. Durability is not the test of merit in human institutions. Tried by the only touchstone applicable to governments, their capacity to insure the highest welfare of the governed, we shall not find his polity deserving of much admiration. It is not merely that he was a despot by birth and inclination, nor that he naturally substituted as far as was practicable, the despotic for the republican element, wherever his hand can be traced. There may be possible good in despotisms as there is often much tyranny in democracy. Tried, however, according to the standard by which all governments may be measured, those laws of truth and divine justice which all Christian nations recognize, and which are perpetual, whether recognized or not, we shall find little to venerate in the life work of the Emperor. The interests of his family, the security of his dynasty, these were his end and aim. The happiness or the progress of his people never furnished even the indirect motives of his conduct, and the result was a baffled policy and a crippled and bankrupt empire at last.

He knew men, especially he knew their weaknesses, and he knew how to turn them to account. He knew how much they would bear, and that little grievances would sometimes inflame more than vast and deliberate injustice. Therefore he employed natives mainly in the subordinate offices of his various states, and he repeatedly warned his successor that the haughtiness of Spaniards and the incompatibility of their character with the Flemish would be productive of great difficulties and dangers. It was his opinion that men might be tyrannized more intelligently by their own kindred, and in this perhaps he was right. He was indefatigable in the discharge of business, and if it were possible that half a world could be adminis-

tered as if it were the private property of an individual, the task would have been perhaps as well accomplished by Charles as by any man. He had not the absurdity of supposing it possible for him to attend to the details of every individual affair in every one of his realms; and he therefore intrusted the stewardship of all specialities to his various ministers and agents. It was his business to know men and to deal with affairs on a large scale, and in this he certainly was superior to his successor. His correspondence was mainly in the hands of Granvelle the elder, who analyzed letters received, and frequently wrote all but the signatures of the answers. The same minister usually possessed the imperial ear, and farmed it out for his own benefit. In all this there was of course room for vast deception, but the Emperor was quite aware of what was going on, and took a philosophic view of the matter as an inevitable part of his system. Granvelle grew enormously rich under his eye by trading on the imperial favor and sparing his majesty much trouble. Charles saw it all, ridiculed his peculations, but called him his "bed of down." His knowledge of human nature was, however, derived from a contemplation mainly of its weaknesses, and was therefore one-sided. He was often deceived, and made many a fatal blunder, shrewd politician though he was. He involved himself often in enterprises which could not be honorable or profitable, and which inflicted damage on his greatest interests. He often offended men who might have been useful friends, and converted allies into enemies. "His Majesty," said a keen observer who knew him well, "has not in his career shown the prudence which was necessary to him. He has often offended those whose love he might have conciliated, converted friends into enemies, and let those perish who were his most faithful partisans." Thus it must be acknowledged that even his boasted knowledge of human nature and his power of dealing with men was rather superficial and empirical than the real gift of genius.

His personal habits during the greater part of his life were those of an indefatigable soldier. He could remain in the saddle day and night, and endure every hardship but hunger. He was addicted to vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence. He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first, soon after ves-

pers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was, perhaps, the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine. His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labor. His taste, but not his appetite, began to fail, and he complained to his major-domo, that all his food was insipid. The reply is, perhaps, among the most celebrated of facetiæ. The cook could do nothing more unless he served his Majesty a pasty of watches. The allusion to the Emperor's passion for horology was received with great applause. Charles "laughed longer than he was ever known to laugh before, and all the courtiers (of course) laughed as long as his Majesty."



THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

(TRANSLATION OF EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.)

SHE comes, she comes — the Burden of the Deeps!
 Beneath her wails the Universal Sea!
 With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps,
 And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
 The ocean castles and the floating hosts —
 Ne'er on their like looked the wild waters! — Well
 May man the monster name "Invincible."
 O'er shuddering waves she gathers to thy coasts!
 The honor that she spreads can claim
 Just title to her haughty name.
 The trembling Neptune quails
 Under the silent and majestic forms;
 The Doom of Worlds in those dark sails;
 Near and more near they sweep while slumber all the storms.

Before thee, the array:
 Blest Island, Empress of the Sea,
 The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,
 And thy great heart, Britannia!
 Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud —
 She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!
 Who to thy hand the orb and scepter gave,
 That thou shouldst be the sovereign of the nations!

To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave
 Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations;
 The mighty chart thy citizens made kings.
 And kings to citizens sublimely bowed,
 And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
 Hast thou not rendered millions up to slaughter
 When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
 The scepter—and the shroud?
 What shouldst thou thank? Blush, Earth, to hear and feel!
 What shouldst thou thank? Thy genius and thy steel!
 Behold the hidden and the giant fires!
 Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!
 Thy coming doom the round earth shall appeal,
 And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
 And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
Theirs is thy glory's fall!
 One look below the Almighty gave,
 Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe;
 And near and wider yawned the horrid grave.
 "And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low—
 The stem that blooms with hero deeds—
 The rock where man from wrong a refuge needs—
 The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?
 Who shall bid England vanish from the main?
 Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,
 Man's stout defense from Power, to Fate consigned."¹

God the Almighty blew,
 And the Armada went to every wind!



THE ARMADA.¹

By LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

(From the "History of England.")

[LEOPOLD VON RANKE, one of the foremost of modern historians, was born at Wieke, in Saxony, December 21, 1795; studied at the University of Leipzig; in 1817 became professor of history in the "Gymnasium" at Frankfort-on-the-Oder; and in 1824 published a "Critique on Modern Historians" (1824), and "History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations between 1494 and 1535," which gained him a professorship in the University of Berlin. The archives in the royal library there gave him materials for his voluminous "History of the

¹ By permission of the Clarendon Press. (6 vols., 8vo., price £3 3s.)

Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," the first volume published in 1827. Obtaining a long leave of absence, he spent four years in studying the archives at Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Florence; and in 1834-1837 published the "History of the Popes" (mainly of the late mediæval period), and "History of the Servian Revolution." In 1839-1847 came the "History of Germany during the Reformation," his best work; in 1841 he became royal historiographer, and published "Nine Books (afterwards twelve) of Russian History"; in 1852-1861 "History of France, Principally in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries"; 1859-1874, "History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century"; 1868, "History of Germany between the Religious Peace and the Thirty Years' War"; 1869, "History of Wallenstein"; 1870, "The Origin and Beginning of the Revolutionary War"; 1872, "The German Powers and the League of Princes"; 1873, "Correspondence of Frederick William IV. with Baron Bunsen"; 1875, "Contributions to the History of Austria and Russia, between the Treaties of Aachen and Hubertsburg"; 1877, "Memoirs of Hardenburg"; and in 1880 the first volume of a great "Universal History," of which he issued a volume each year till his death, May 23, 1886. He also wrote many monographs and essays; and he taught and trained nearly all the best recent German historians.]

AT this moment the war with the Spaniards—the resistance which the English auxiliaries offered to them in the Netherlands, as well as the attack now being made on their coasts—occupied men's minds all the more, as the success of both the one and the other was very doubtful, and a most dangerous counterstroke was to be expected. The lion they wished to bind had only become more exasperated. The naval war in particular provoked the extreme of peril.

Hostilities had been going on a long while, arising at first from the privateering which filled the whole of the Western Ocean. The English traders held it to be their right to avenge every injustice done them on their neighbor's coasts—for man has, they said, a natural desire of procuring himself satisfaction—and so turned themselves into freebooters. Through the counter operations of the Spaniards this private naval war became more and more extensive, and then also gradually developed more glorious impulses, as we see in Francis Drake, who at first only took part in the mere privateering of injured traders, and afterwards rose to the idea of a maritime rivalry between the nations. It was an important moment in the history of the world when Drake on the isthmus of Panama first caught sight of the Pacific, and prayed God for His grace that he might be sent over this sea some day in an English ship—a grace since granted not merely to himself, but also in the richest measure to his nation. Many companies were formed to resume the voyages of discovery, already once begun and

then again discontinued. And as the Spaniards based their exclusive right to the possession of the other hemisphere on the Pope's decision, Protestant ideas, which mocked at this supremacy of the Romish See over the world, now contributed also to impel men to occupy land in these regions. This was always effected in the main by voluntary efforts of wealthy mercantile houses, or enterprising members of the court and state, to whom the Queen gave patents of authorization. In this way Walter Raleigh, in his political and religious opposition to the Spaniards, founded an English colony on the transatlantic continent, in Wingandacoa: the Queen was so much pleased at it that she gave the district a name which was to preserve the remembrance of the quality she was perhaps proudest of: she called it Virginia.

But at last she formally undertook the naval war; it was at the same time a motive for the league with the Hollanders, who could do excellent service in it; by attacking the West Indies she hoped to destroy the basis of the Spanish greatness.

Francis Drake was commissioned to open the war. When, in October, 1585, he reached the *Islas de Bayona* on the Gallician coast, he informed the governor, Don Pedro Bermudez, that he came in his Queen's name to put an end to the grievances which the English had had to suffer from the Spaniards. Don Pedro answered, he knew nothing of any such grievances; but, if Drake wished to begin war, he was ready to meet him.

Francis Drake then directed his course at once to the West Indies. He surprised St. Domingo and Carthagena, occupied both one and the other for a short time, and levied heavy contributions on them. Then he brought back to England the colonists from Virginia, who were not yet able to hold their own against the natives. The next year he inflicted still more damage on the Spaniards. He made his way into the harbor of Cadiz, which was full of vessels that had either come from both the Indies or were proceeding thither; he sank or burnt them all. His privateers covered the sea.

Often already had the Spaniards planned an invasion of England. The most pressing motive of all lay in these maritime enterprises. The Spaniards remarked that the stability and power of their monarchy did not rest so much on the strong places they possessed in all parts of the world as on the movable instruments of dominion by which the connection with them was kept up; the interruption of the communica-

tion, caused by Francis Drake and his privateers, between just the most important points on the Spanish and the Netherlandish coasts, seemed to them unendurable; they desired to rid themselves of it at any price. And to this was now added the general cry of vengeance for the execution of the Queen of Scots, which was heard from the pulpit in the presence of the King himself. But this was not the only result of that event. The life of Queen Mary and her claim to the succession had always stood in the way of Spanish ambition: now Philip II. could think of taking possession of the English throne himself. He concluded a treaty with Pope Sixtus V., under which he was to hold the crown of England as a fief of the Holy See, which would thus, and by the reëstablishment of the Church's authority, have also attained to the revival of its old feudal supremacy over England.

Once more the Spanish monarchy and the Papacy were closely united in their spiritual and political claims. Sixtus V. excommunicated the Queen afresh, declared her deposed, and not merely released her subjects from their oath of allegiance, but called on every man to aid the King of Spain and his general, the Duke of Parma, against her.

Negotiations for peace, however, were still being carried on in 1587 between Spanish and English plenipotentiaries. It was mainly the merchants of London and Antwerp that urged it; and as the Spaniards at that time had manifestly the best of the struggle, were masters of the lower Rhine and the Meuse, had invaded Friesland, had besieged and at last taken Sluys in despite of all resistance, we can understand how the English plenipotentiaries were moved to unexpected concessions. They would have consented to the restoration of the Spanish supremacy over the northern Netherlands, if Philip would have granted the inhabitants freedom of conscience. Alexander of Parma brought forward a proposal to make, it is true, their return to Catholicism obligatory, but with the assurance that no Inquisition should be set over them, nor any one punished for his deviation from the faith. Even if the negotiation was not meant to be completely in earnest, it is worth remarking on what rock it was wrecked. Philip II. would neither grant such an assurance, which in its essence involved freedom of conscience, nor grant this itself completely in a better form. His strength lay precisely in his maintaining the Catholic system with unrelenting energy: by this he secured the attachment

of the priests and the zealous laity. And how could he, at a moment when he was so closely united with the Pope, and could reckon on the millions heaped up in the castle of St. Angelo for his enterprise, so completely deviate from the strictness of exclusive belief? He thought he was within his right when he refused any religious concession, seeing that every other sovereign issued laws prescribing the religion of his own territories.

If the war was to be continued, Alexander of Parma would have wished that all his efforts should be first directed against Vliessingen, where there was an English garrison; from the harbor there England itself could be attacked far more easily and safely. But it was replied in Spain that this enterprise was likewise very extensive and costly, while it would bring about no decisive result. And yet Alexander himself too held an invasion of England to be absolutely necessary; his reports largely contributed to strengthen the King in this idea; Philip decided to proceed without further delay to the enterprise that was needful at the moment and opened world-wide prospects for the future.

He took into consideration that the monarchy at this moment had nothing to fear from the Ottomans, who were fully occupied with a Persian war, and above all that France was prevented from interfering by the civil strife that had broken out. This has been designated as the chief aim of Philip's alliance with the Guises, and it certainly may have formed one reason for it. Left alone, with only herself to rely on (so the Spaniards further judged), the Queen of England would no longer be an object of fear: she had no more than forty ships; once in an engagement off the Azores, in the Portuguese war, the English had been seen to give way for the first time; if it came to a sea fight, the vastly superior Spanish Armada would without doubt prove victorious. But for a war on land also she was not prepared; she had no more than six thousand real soldiers in the country, with whom she could neither meet nor resist the veteran troops of Spain in the open field. They had only to march straight on London; seldom was a great city, which had remained long free from attack, able to hold out against a sudden attack, able to hold out against a sudden assault; the Queen would either be forced to make a peace honorable to Spain, or would by a long resistance give the King an opportunity of forming out of the Spanish nobility, which would otherwise degenerate in in-

dolence at home, a young troop of brave warriors. He would have the Catholics for him and with their help gain the upper hand ; he would make himself master of the strong places, above all of the harbors ; all the nations of the world could not take them from him again ; he would become lord of the ocean, and thus lord and master of the continent.

Philip II. would have preferred to begin the work as early as the autumn of 1587. He hoped at that time that Scotland, where the Catholic lords and the people showed a lively sympathy with Queen Mary's fate, would be thrown open to him by her son, who was supposed to wish to avenge her death. But to others this seemed not so certain ; in especial the experienced Admiral Santa Cruz called the King's attention to the perils the fleet might incur in those seas ; they would have to contend with contrary winds, and the disadvantage of short days and thick mists. Santa Cruz did not wish to endanger his fame, the only thing he had earned during a long life, by an ill-timed or very venturous undertaking. He held an invasion of England to be more difficult than most other enterprises, and demanded such preparations as would make the victory certain. While they were being made he died, after having lost his sovereign's favor. His successor, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, whom the King chose because he had distinguished himself at the last defense of Cadiz, did not make such very extensive demands ; but the fleet, which was fitted out under him and by him, was nevertheless, though not in number of ships (about 130), yet in tonnage, size, and number of men on board (about 22,000), the most important that had ever been sent to sea by any European power. All the provinces of the Pyrenean peninsula had emulously contributed to it ; the fleet was divided into a corresponding number of squadrons ; the first was the Portuguese, then followed the squadrons of Castille, Andalusia, Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and then the Italian — for ships and men had come also in good number from Italy. The troops were divided like the squadrons ; there was a Mass in time of war for each province.

With not less zeal did men arm in the Netherlands ; the drum beat everywhere in the Flemish and Walloon provinces, all roads were covered with military trains. In the Netherlands too there were a great number of Italians, Corsicans, and inhabitants of the States of the Church and Neapolitans, in splendid accouterments ; there were the brothers of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Savoy : King Philip had

even allowed the son of a Moorish prince to take part in the Catholic expedition. Infantry and cavalry also had come from Catholic Germany.

It was a joint enterprise of the Spanish monarchy and a great part of the Catholic world, headed by the Pope and the King, to overthrow the Queen who was regarded as the Head, and the State which was regarded as the main support, of Protestantism and the anti-Spanish policy.

We do not find any detailed and at the same time authentic information as to the plan of the invasion; a Spanish soldier and diplomatist however, much employed in the military and political affairs of the time, and favored with the confidence of the highest persons, J. Baptista de Tassis, gives us an outline, which we may accept as quite trustworthy. We know that in Antwerp, Nieuport, and Dunkirk, with the advice of Hanseatic and Genuese master builders, transports had been got ready for the whole force: from Nieuport (to which place also were brought the vessels built at Antwerp) 14,000 men were to be conveyed across to England, and from Dunkirk 12,000. But where were they to effect a junction with each other and with the Spaniards? Tassis assures us that they had selected for this purpose the roadstead of Margate on the coast of Kent, a safe and convenient harbor; there, immediately after the Spanish Armada had arrived, or as nearly as possible at the same time with it, the fleet of transports from the Netherlands also was to make the shore, and Alexander of Parma was then to assume the command in chief of the whole force and march straight on London.

All that Philip II. had ever thought or planned was thus concentrated as it were into one focus. The moment was come when he could subdue England, become master of the European world, and reëstablish the Catholic faith in the form in which he professed it. When the fleet (on the 22d July, 1588) sailed out of Corunna, and the long-meditated, long-prepared, enterprise was now set in action, the King and the nation displayed deep religious emotion: in all the churches of the land prayers were offered up for forty days; in Madrid solemn processions were arranged to our Lady of Atocha, the patroness of Spain: Philip II. spent two hours each day in prayer. He was in the state of silent excitement which an immense design and the expectation of a great turn in a man's fortune call forth. Scarcely any one dared to address a word to him.

It was in these very days that people in England first really became conscious of the danger that threatened them. A division of the fleet under Henry Seymour was watching, with Dutch assistance, the two harbors held by the Prince of Parma; the other and larger division, just returned from Spain and on the point of being broken up, made ready at Plymouth, under the admiral, Howard of Effingham, to receive the enemy. Meanwhile the land forces assembled, on Leicester's advice, in the neighborhood of London. The old feudal organization of the national force was once more called into full activity to face this danger. Men saw the gentry take the field at the head of their tenants and copyholders, and rejoiced at their holding together so well. It was without doubt an advantage that the threatened attack could no longer be connected with a right of succession recognized in the country; it appeared in its true character, as a great invasion by a foreign power for the subjugation of England. Even the Catholic lords came forward, among them Viscount Montague (who had once, alone in the Upper House, opposed the Supremacy, and had also since not reconciled himself to the religious position of the Queen), with his sons and grandsons, and even his heir presumptive, who, though still a child, bestrode a war horse; Lord Montague said he would defend his Queen with his life, whoever might attack her, king or pope. No doubt that these armings left much to be desired, but they were animated by national and religious enthusiasm. Some days later the Queen visited the camp at Tilbury; with slight escort she rode from battalion to battalion. A tyrant, she said, might be afraid of his subjects: she had always sought her chief strength in their good will; with them she would live and die. She was everywhere received with shouts of joy; psalms were sung, and prayers offered up in which the Queen joined.

For, whatever may be men's belief, in great wars and dangers they naturally turn their eyes to the Eternal Power which guides our destiny, and on which all equally feel themselves dependent. The two nations and their two chiefs alike called on God to decide in their religious and political conflict. The fortune of mankind hung in the balance.

On the 31st of July, a Sunday, the Armada, covering a wide extent of sea, came in sight of the English coast off the heights of Plymouth. On board the fleet itself it was thought most expedient to attempt a landing on the spot, since there were

no preparations made there for defense and the English squadron was not fully manned. But this was not in the plan, and would, especially if it failed, have incurred a heavy responsibility. Medina Sidonia was only empowered and prepared to accept battle by sea if the English should offer it. His galleys, improved after the Venetian pattern, and especially his galleons (immense sailing ships which carried cannon on their different decks on all sides), were without doubt superior to the vessels of the English. When the latter, some sixty sail strong, came out of the harbor, he hung out the great standard from the foremast of his ship as a signal for all to prepare for battle. But the English admiral did not intend to let matters come to a regular naval fight. He was perfectly aware of the superiority of the Spanish equipment and had even forbidden boarding the enemies' vessels. His plan was to gain the weather gauge of the Armada, and inflict damage on them in their course, and throw them into disorder. The English followed the track of the Armada in four squadrons, and left no advantage unimproved that might offer. They were thoroughly acquainted with this sea, and steered their handy vessels with perfect certainty and mastery; the Spaniards remarked with dissatisfaction that they could at pleasure advance, attack, and again break off the engagement. Medina Sidonia was anxious above all things to keep his Armada together: after a council of war he let a great ship which lagged behind fall into the hands of the enemy, as her loss would be less damaging than the breaking up of the line which would result from the attempt to save her; he sent round his *sargentos mayores* to the captains to tell them not to quit the line on pain of death.

On the whole the Spaniards were not discontented with their voyage, when, after a week of continuous skirmishing, they, without having sustained any very considerable losses, had traversed the English Channel, and on Saturday, the 6th August, passed Boulogne and arrived off Calais; it was the first point at which they had wished to touch. But now to cross to the neighboring coast of England, as seems to have been the original plan, became exceedingly difficult, because the English fleet guarded it, and the Spanish galleons were less able in the straits than elsewhere to compete with those swift vessels. It was also being strengthened every moment; the young nobility emulously hastened on board. But neither could the admiral proceed to Dunkirk, as the harbor was then far too narrow

to receive his large ships, and his pilots were afraid of being carried to the northward by the currents. He anchored in the roadstead east of Calais in the direction of Dunkirk.

He had already previously informed the Duke of Parma that he was on the way, and had then, immediately before his arrival at Calais, dispatched a pilot to Dunkirk, to request that he would join him with a number of small vessels, that they might better encounter the English, and bring with him cannon balls of a certain caliber, of which he began to fall short. It is clear that he still wished to undertake from thence, if supported according to his views, the great attempt at a disembarkation which he was commissioned to effect. But Alexander of Parma, whom the first message had found some days before at Bruges, had not yet arrived at Dunkirk when the second came: the preparations for embarking were only then just begun for the first time; and they could scarcely venture actually to embark, as English and Dutch ships of war were still ever cruising before the harbor.

Alexander Farnese's failure to effect a junction with Medina Sidonia has been always traced to personal motives: it was even said in England, at a later time, that Queen Elizabeth had offered him the hand of Lady Arabella Stuart, which might open the way to the English throne for himself. It is true that his enterprises in the Netherlands appeared to lie closest to his heart; even Tassis, who was about his person, remarks that he carried on his preparations more out of obedience than with any zeal of his own. But the chief cause why the two operations were not better combined lay in their very nature. The geographical relation of the Spanish monarchy to England would have required two separate invasions, the one from the Pyrenean peninsula, the other from the Netherlands. The wish to combine the forces of such distant countries in a single invasion made the enterprise, especially when the means of communication of the period were so inadequate, overpoweringly helpless. Wind and weather had been little considered in the scheme. In both those countries immense materials of war had been collected with extreme effort; they had been brought within a few miles of sea of each other, but combine they could not. Now for the first time came to light the full superiority which the English gained from their corsairlike and bold method of war, and their alliance with the Dutch. It was seen that a sudden attack would suffice to break the whole combi-

nation in pieces: Queen Elizabeth was said to have herself devised the plan and its arrangement.

The Armada was still lying at anchor in line of battle, waiting for news from Alexander Farnese, when in the night between Sunday and Monday (7th to 8th August) the English sent some fire ships, about eight in number, against it. They were his worst vessels which Lord Howard gave up for this purpose, but their mere appearance produced a decisive result. Medina Sidonia could not refuse his ships permission to slip their anchors, that each might avoid the threatening danger; only he commanded them to afterwards resume their previous order. But things wore a completely different appearance the following morning. The tide had carried the vessels towards the land, a direction they did not want to take; now for the first time the attacks of the English proved destructive to them; part of the ships had become disabled; it was completely impossible to obey the admiral's orders that they should return to their old position. Instead of this, unfavorable winds drove the Armada against its will along the coast; in a short time the English too gave up the pursuit of the enemy, who without being quite beaten was yet in flight, and abandoned him to his fate. The wind drove the Spaniards on the shoals of Zealand; once they were in such shallow water that they were afraid of running aground: some of their galleons in fact fell into the hands of the Dutch. Fortunately for them the wind veered round first to the N.S.W., then to the S.S.W., but they could not even then regain the Channel, nor would they have wished it; only by the longest circuit, round the Orkney Islands, could they return to Spain.

A storm fraught with ruin had lowered over England; it was scattered before it discharged its thunder. So completely true is the expression on a Dutch commemorative medal, "The breath of God has scattered them" (*flavit et dissipati sunt*).

Philip II. saw the Armada, which he had hoped would give the dominion of the world into his hand, return home again in fragments without having, we do not say accomplished, but even attempted anything worth the trouble. He did not, therefore, renounce his design. He spoke of his wish to fit out lighter vessels, and intrust the whole conduct of the expedition to the Prince of Parma. The Cortes of Castille requested him not to put up with the disgrace incurred, but to chastise this woman; they offered him their whole property and all the chil-

dren of the land for this purpose. But the very possibility of great enterprises belongs only to one moment ; in the next it is already gone by.

First the Spanish forces were drawn into the complications existing in France. The great Catholic agitation, which had been long fermenting there, at last gained the upper hand, and was quite ready to prepare the way for Philip II.'s supremacy. But Queen Elizabeth thought that the day on which France fell into his hands would be the eve of her own ruin. She too, therefore, devoted her best resources to France, to uphold Philip II.'s opponent. When Henry IV., driven back to the verge of the coast of Normandy, was all but lost, he was by her help put in a position to maintain his cause. At the sieges of the great towns, in which he was still often threatened with failure, the English troops in several instances did excellent service. The Queen did not swerve from her policy even when Henry IV. saw himself compelled, and found it compatible with his conscience, to go over to Catholicism. For he was clearly thus all the better enabled to reëstablish a France that should be politically independent, in opposition to Spain and at war with it ; and it was exactly on this opposition that the political freedom and independence of England herself rested. Yet as this change of religion had been disagreeable to the Queen, so was also the peace which he proceeded to make ; she exerted her influence against its conclusion. But as by it the Spaniards gave up the places they occupied on the French coasts, which in their possession had menaced England as well, she could not in reality be fundamentally opposed to it.

These great conflicts on land were seconded by repeated attacks of the English and Dutch naval power, by which it sometimes seemed as if the Spanish monarchy would be shaken to its foundations. Elizabeth made an attempt to restore Don Antonio to the throne from which Philip II. had driven him. But the minds of the Portuguese themselves were very far from being as yet sufficiently prepared for a revolt : the enterprise failed, in an attack on the suburbs of Lisbon. The war interested the English most deeply. Parliament agreed to larger and larger grants : from two fifteenths and a single subsidy (about £30,000), which was its usual vote, it rose in 1593 to three subsidies and six fifteenths ; the towns gladly armed ships at their own expense, and sailors enough were found to man

them; the national energy turned towards the sea. And they obtained some successes. In the harbor of Corunna they destroyed the collected stores, which were probably to have served for renewing the expedition. Once they took the harbor of Cadiz and occupied the city itself: more than once they alarmed and endangered the West Indies. But with all this nothing decisive was effected; the Spanish monarchy maintained an undoubted ascendancy in Europe, and the exclusive possession of the other hemisphere: it was the Great Power of the age. But over against it England also now took up a strong and formidable position.

Events in France exercised a strong counteraction on the Netherlands; under their influence the reconquest of the United Provinces became impossible for Spain. Elizabeth also contributed largely to the victories by which Prince Maurice of Orange secured a strong frontier. But these could not prevent a powerful Catholic government arising on the other side in the Belgian provinces: and though they were at first kept apart from Spain, yet it did not escape the Queen that this would not last forever: she seems to have had a foreboding that these countries would become the battle ground of a later age. However this might be, the antagonism of principle between the Catholic Netherlands (which were still ruled by the Austro-Spanish House) and the Protestant Netherlands (in which the Republic maintained itself), and the continued war between them, insured the security of England, for the sake of which the Queen had broken with Spain. Burleigh's objects were in the main attained.



TRUE LIBERTY.

BY DIRK COORNHERT.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

WHAT'S the world's liberty to him whose soul is firmly bound
 With numberless and deadly sins that fetter it around?
 What's the world's thralldom to the soul which in itself is free? —
 Naught! with his master's bonds he stands more privileged, **more**
 great,
 Than many a golden-fettered fool with outward pomp elate;
 For chains grace virtue, while they bring deep shame on tyranny.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.¹

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

[WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL, the popular English writer of sea stories, was born in New York city, February 24, 1844; son of the vocalist Henry Russell, author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and of Isabella Lloyd, niece of the poet Charles Lloyd. He was in the British merchant service from thirteen to twenty, when he abandoned the sea for journalism. Since 1887 he has devoted himself entirely to writing fiction. Among the most popular of his nautical novels are: "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate" (1874), "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "The Lady Maud," "Jack's Courtship," "Frozen Pirate," "Marooned," "Romance of Jenny Harlowe," "An Ocean Tragedy," "My Danish Sweetheart," "The Convict Ship," "The Last Entry." He has also written a sketch of Nelson (1890), and a life of Collingwood (1891).]

As the curtain of memory rises upon the most majestic, if not the most glorious, of the conflicts in all maritime history, the very first scene disclosed is hardly less noteworthy than the most impressive of the features of the mighty marine piece. It is a clear summer night; the stars are bright, and spangle the fine liquid dusk down to the sea line; but in the far east there is the green faintness of the lunar dawn, and the black line of the rolling horizon stands out against it as though wrought by the sweep of a brush steeped in India ink. A pin-nace of those days, a little sailing craft of some hundred tons, let us call it, is buzzing through the dark waters, with her head east-northeast for Plymouth town. She is a piratical craft, with the Jolly Roger for her bunting, and is commanded by Master Thomas Fleming, a hardy Scotsman. He is short of victuals and water, and his ship besides has been somewhat roughly handled by successive gales of wind; so he is homeward bound, after a tedious and idle filibustering cruise. But it is for something more than the mere design of filling his casks and re-stocking his tierces that he is speeding for the English coast under every press of cloth he can spread abroad. For it is only just now that, whilst standing near the tiller looking to windward, with the weatherly eye of a sailor ever on the watch for a change, he took notice of a blot of blackness making a deeper dye upon the shadow of the night far down in the south. And away past it he descried such another blotch, and yet another and another still, and so on through a range of hard upon two leagues of seaboard; showing, all of

¹ From "Mystery of the Ocean Star." By permission of Chatto & Windus.
Crown 8vo., price 3s. 6d.



W. CLARK RUSSELL

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

them, like the shoulders of black clouds lifting slowly to the stars, with a compacted mass of vapor to follow.

But Fleming was born in a land that breeds the finest race of sailors in the world, besides having served a long apprenticeship to the business of keeping a bright lookout for prizes. It was impossible he could be mistaken. Every instinct of the mariner in him gave him warning; indeed, it was in full cry at a breath. 'Twas the Spaniard coming, by Our Lady! Those dusky loomings were ships, and nothing else. They were the swelling canvas of the mighty galleons and huge carracks of the Don. So it was "crack on all" with the pirate, and "buzz away" with him to Plymouth town to give the news, as nimbly as ever the soft summer night wind could blow his little round-bowed craft along. The mere fancy of the fate of England hanging upon that small craft, swinging her quaint form over the long swells of the Atlantic rolling northwards to the narrow seas, should make a man hold his breath, even three hundred years afterwards, for a moment, as he thinks how it might have been with this tight little island but for the alertness of that piratical, patriotic old Scotsman, willing to heave overboard all sulky prejudice against England, all sullen resentment over the beheading of Queen Mary, at sight of yonder dusky challenge to his heart as a Briton. England lay sleeping restfully after months of bitter disquiet. Master Thomas Fleming knew that. His own suspicions had been lulled, though he had hung much about the Spanish seaboard. The mighty fleet had sailed from the Tagus; but the news of its having been dispersed by a tempest that had wrecked three of the Portuguese galleys, dismasted eight of the bigger ships, and forced the Duke of Medina Sidonia, with such as were visible of his Armada clinging to his skirts, into the Bay of Corunna, there to refresh and to ship more soldiers, was already old. Fleming, picking up the gossip, as he cruised here and there, knew that the British High Admiral, the Lord Charles Howard, had received her Majesty's commands to send four of her tallest and strongest ships to Chatham for repairs and reëquipment, as it was the Queen's belief that the Spanish fleet had no present intention of putting to sea. The pirate was also aware that many of the British ships lying at Plymouth were in a partially dismantled condition, the crews ashore, sails unbent, rigging unrove; and that the fate of the nation was sealed, if the stems of the Don's mighty galleons

struck our English home waters before the noble Howard could be apprised of the enemy's approach. This wonderful passage of our national story grows confused presently with the intermingling of contending vessels, disjointed murderous struggles, the flames of fire ships, the rage of battle slowly trending, like a pall of gunpowder smoke, from abreast of the Start to the white terraces of the Forelands. But that incident of Fleming, that detail of his little pinnace seeming to yearn, in her swelling canvas, with the same wild longing to make haste that animated the spirit of the pirate, stands out bright and sharp in its isolation. One sees the figure of the man, in slouched hat, short cloak, belted doublet, jack boots, spiked beard, and mustachios curled upon his cheeks, standing at the rail of his humming craft, and sending a falcon glance under the sharp of his hand into the southern dusk, where the loom of a hundred dark shadows break the continuity of the sea line there.

It was at four o'clock in the afternoon on July 19, according to the old writers, that Master Thomas Fleming, being arrived at Plymouth Sound, rowed to the Lord High Admiral and told him that the Spaniard was close aboard, sailing large under towers of canvas, a vast, incredible multitude of him. It is three hundred years ago, but the variations of human nature are as the polaric changes of the compass, slow, with a steadfast recurrence to the old bearings; and nothing is easier than to imagine to-day what the feeling then was when Fleming delivered his report. There is an old story of Sir Francis Drake leisurely completing his game of bowls, after a glance of indifference seawards. It is a good tale for the marines. There is no illustration in all naval history that so gloriously expressed the English seaman's genius of promptitude as the dispatch Howard and his men exhibited in making ready to prepare for sea and confront the enemy. A large number of the sailors and soldiers belonging to the Royal ships were ashore, as Fleming had heard; yet before darkness had settled down that same night the admiral was lying ready with six ships, waiting for the morning to break for others to join him. They arrived in twos and threes, and assuredly not one moment too soon; for at midday the Armada hove into view, whitening in a crescent seven miles of sea with its flowing canvas, and glorifying the blue of the sky beyond it with the radiance of fluttering pennons. The enemy's strength was

well known. It had been circulated long before in printed copies, doubtless with the intention of paralyzing the spirit of the English. The description had been dated May 20, and subsequent gales of wind had scarcely rendered its modification needful. The Happy Armada then, as it was styled, consisted of 130 ships, expressing an aggregate of close upon 58,000 tons. It was manned by over 19,000 soldiers, 8450 marines, above 2000 slaves, and armed with 2630 pieces of cannon. The tenders to this fleet, loaded to their ways with a prodigious quantity of arms and ammunition, formed of themselves a considerable armada besides. In addition to the soldiers and sailors there were upwards of 180 monks of several orders, together with 124 volunteers, who represented the noblest blood in old Spain. It is impossible out of mere figures to collect even a poor notion of dimensions, of aspect, of the hundred formidable elements which went to the composition of the vast unwieldy structures of this enormous fleet. There were several fifty-gun ships. Don Pedro de Valdez's vessel was of 1550 tons' burden, carried 304 fighting men, besides 118 sailors. There were pinnaces that rose to the burden of 876 tons. The "Saint Martin," the galleon commanded by the Captain General, was of 1000 tons. There were huge galleasses besides, armed each with fifty pieces of cannon, and manned by an army of soldiers and sailors. One obtains some idea of their bulk on reading that "they contained within them chambers, chapels, turrets, pulpits, and other commodities of great houses." They were propelled with oars by 300 slaves, and, in common with most of the other vessels of Portugal, Biscay, Andalusia, Castille, and the contributory provinces, they were "furnished and beautified with trumpets, streamers, banners, warlike ensigns, and other such-like ornaments."

It was hardly guessed yet, perhaps, by the crowds who viewed that vast floating crescent of white cloths and shining banners from the Devon and Cornwall heights that, but for the blundering of its pilots, by which the Lizard had been mistaken for Rame's Head, Plymouth Sound would even on the yester eve have been crowded with those cathedral-like galleons, whilst the shining armor and gaudy raiment of His Most Catholic Majesty's troops would have gleamed on the rise of the inland moor, or glittered betwixt the hedgerows of the fair summer country. The spectator, to have found heart, must have needed

the deepest and most enthusiastic faith in the courage of the English seamen when, from some Plymouth eminence, he carried his eye from the slender squadron just outside the harbor to the immense flotilla whose southeasternmost wing showed in dim dashes of light against the blue of the horizon, so wide apart were the horns of this unparalleled arc. Yet one may say, with all memory strong in one of such men as Benbow, Blake, Howe, Nelson, that never did British-built structures hold so valiant and noble a company of English sailors as those who chased, fought, harassed, and defeated the Don during those nine subsequent days of thunderous conflict. Sir William Monson, who was eighteen years of age in 1588, and who served, it is said, as a common sailor aboard the "Charles," a pinnace that was engaged in the great fight, tells us that when even the whole resources of the country had come to the help of her mariners there was not above 120 sail of men-of-war to encounter that Invincible Armada, and not above five of them all, except the largest of the Royal ships, which were of 200 tons' burden. It was our seamen, he says, who by their experience and courage were the cause of our victories; not the ships, though elsewhere in his admirable "Naval Tracts" this fine old admiral says that, big as the Spanish galleons were, he would rather have fought them in a vessel of 200 tons, manned by a crew of 100 Englishmen, than in the biggest of the galleons have engaged the same Englishmen with a company under him of 1000 Spanish soldiers and sailors. One needs but glance at the flags flying from the British mastheads to comprehend the certainty of the issue. The pious chroniclers of those times attribute a great deal to the weather; but it is not too much to say that neither the glorious First of June nor Trafalgar itself exhibits instances of fiercer fighting than does this three-hundred-year-old nine days' rage of battle. Charles Howard, of the ducal house of Norfolk, was the Lord High Admiral. The scientific discipline of modern times renders the strategic maneuvers of this noble gentleman somewhat primitive, but no sailor who narrowly follows the movements of the English in this series of engagements but must recognize in Charles Howard as fine an expression of naval genius, as remarkable a combination of every quality which enters into the composition of a great admiral as our maritime annals anywhere offer. Sir Francis Drake was next in command, still bronzed by the suns of the Pacific Ocean, whose mysterious solitudes he was the first Englishman to penetrate.

His name alone was worth a score of galleons in its terror-striking influence over the Spanish spirit. Fresh from his easy and cheerful burning of 10,000 tons of shipping at Cadiz, he might be one of the few commanders over whom floated the English colors who could contemplate the result of the approaching strife without the least stir of uneasiness or misgiving. There was Martin Frobisher, again, the hardiest of Yorkshiremen, the most intrepid of seamen, with a body toughened to the inflexibility of his spirit by the Arctic blasts that had obstructed his exploration for the Northwest Passage. There was the lion-hearted Edward Fenton, who had been captain of the "Gabriel" in Frobisher's expedition, and who had studied the secrets of his profession, not under the comfortable shining of Spanish suns, but amidst the wild ice plains of the north and the high surge and desperate gales of the Norwegian heights. There was John Hawkins, he who had fired upon the Spanish admiral, who was to bring Ann of Austria from Flanders, for endeavoring to sneak out of Cattwater without saluting the symbol of Britannia's domination of the deep; the hero of the amazing, if disastrous, expedition of the "Jesus of Lubeck," and, after Drake, the most famous seaman of his age. There were many other renowned and capable men, but the list is too long to exhaust.

It is pleasant to follow Sir William Monson in his brief reference to this famous Armada battle. The mere feeling that he bore a part in the tremendous conflict, young as he was, causes one to read his obscure page as though he were some ancient survivor of the heroic company talking to us out of his armchair about what he saw and did. You get the same feeling in reading Emanuel van Meteran's relation of the fight in the black-letter copy of "Hakluyt," printed in 1598—ten years afterwards; as fresh almost as a newspaper version of a battle two days' old in these times, so slow were people's movements then as compared with our activity. The "Ark Royal" carried the admiral's flag; Drake commanded the "Revenge," Hawkins the "Victory," Lord Thomas Howard the "Lyon," Lord Sheffield the "Bear," Sir Robert Southwell the "Elizabeth Jones," Frobisher the "Triumph." The "Hope," the "Bonaventure," the "Dreadnaught," the "Nonpareille," the "Swiftsure," the "Rainbow," the "Vauntguard," the "Mary Rose," were the names of others. There were besides the "Nory," the "Spy," the "Moon," the "Charles," the "Bull," the "Scout,"

the "Tyger," the "Swallow," with a few more of the smaller fry. Historic names go to the commanding even of these lesser craft, such as Lord Henry Seymour, Fenner, Cross, Richard Hawkins, the two Wentworths, Fenton, Clifford, and others. Later on the English fleet was reinforced by privately equipped ships, "in which number," says the black-letter account, "there were many great and honorable personages, as — namely, the Earles of Oxford, of Northumberland, of Cumberland, etc., with many knights and gentlemen : to wit, Sir Thomas Cecill, Sir Robert Cecill, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Hatton," and some scores besides. All England indeed flocked seawards. Upon the South Coast were cantoned 20,000 men ; an army of 22,000 foot and 1000 horse was encamped near Tilbury, and for the guarding of the Queen's person was a third army of 32,000 foot and 4000 horse, all picked men.

In this age of colossal ordnance, it is perhaps excusable to recur somewhat slightly to the primitive death-smiting engines of three hundred years ago. But do not let us suppose for a moment that the genius of murder was not horribly consummate in its way even in those days. Conflicts meant a species of butchery which the world is happy in regarding as one of the lost arts. The largest gun a ship then carried was called a demi-cannon ; but then this weapon weighed 400 pounds, its bore was $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches, it threw a shot weighing 30 pounds, could send its missile 1700 paces, and was loaded with 18 pounds of powder. Next was the cannon petro, that carried a 24-pound shot ; the culverin, a 17-pound shot ; the basilisk, a 15-pound shot, and so on, down to the little serpentine and rabenet, which threw respectively shots weighing three quarters of a pound and half a pound. Here, then, were broadside armaments capable almost of equaling the thunders of Trafalgar and of rivaling the execution done by the gunners of Nelson. But they fought in those days with other destructive engines as well ; they discharged flaming arrows of wildfire ; they boarded with pikes blazing with the same inextinguishable stuff. From the ship's sides, or from her enormous tops, they flung brass balls and earthen pots filled with powder and bullets stuck in pitch, which made an incredible slaughter when hurled amongst the surging crowd of combatants. They suspended barrels of powder at their yardarms, ready to let fall upon the enemy's deck as the ship rubbed sides together, where they

burst as though the powder room had blown up, scattering death right and left, and confounding and terrifying the seamen with the deafening blasts of the explosion. They also flung contrivances filled with a chemical composition that, as it burnt, threw out thick coils of black smoke of a stench so nauseating, of a character so poisonous that, in order to breathe, men were obliged to fly from their quarters. For as wild a picture of marine conflict as the imagination could desire, it might not be necessary to look outside that period. The great galleons of the Spaniard bristled with ordnance, they floated like vast castles upon the sea, and as we know from the annals of this Armada, from the voyage of Anson, from the experiences of English freebooters, they were almost inaccessible by boarders. Their tops were crowded by men who maintained an incessant fire with their matchlocks upon the enemy's decks; others discharged flaming arrows at the sails and hull of the opposing craft. An army of soldiers secreted in close quarters showed their heads only after a broadside to flash back their response to the challenge. To the quarter-deck something of the color of the mediæval field of battle was communicated by the figures of the generals, the admirals, the commanders, and officers in suits of armor. There was stateliness, indeed, in the castellated fabrics, with their great poop lanterns, stern windows, the gilded devices on the counter sparkling to the sunlight; in the milk-white softness of the huge spread of canvas enriched by streamers whose forked ends in calm fluttered the whole length of the masthead to the deck; in the gleam of accouterments, the radiant hues of romantic apparel, the rich and lustrous symbolism of the figurehead; in the garnishing of the broad decks by the colors of the varied attire of the slave, the soldier, the mariner, the monk, and the commander. But the shipboard discipline of the Spaniard was but an extension of the tactics of the battlefield. The prejudices of the tented plain were always strong for him. He went to sea as a soldier in a castle, and the English could not but ridicule a marine theory that reduced the Jacks of the ship to a condition of subordination that rendered them even of less worth in the eyes of the commanders than the slaves who tugged at the long sweeps of the galleys. Our sailors laughed, too, at qualities of superstition which might have crippled the resolution of a fore-castle of landmen even. The Spaniard's watchwords were the saints. He was allowed but six meals of flesh in a year. The

slaves who helped him to fight were fed on oil, on rice, and on beans. These, surely, were not the sort of folks to conquer England, that the Duke of Parma might take the place of noble Queen Bess!

On the arrival of Fleming, as we have seen, with news of the mighty Spanish armament close in soundings and heading direct for the English coast, the Lord High Admiral had, with incredible activity, himself working with his own hands far into the night, got ready six ships, which, by noon next day, had been reinforced to the number of thirty. They lay quiet, waiting for the Spaniard to pass away to leeward. It blew a pleasant breeze of wind from a little to the southward of west, and the Armada swept softly, cloudlike over the pale blue of the Channel waters as though it were the magnified reflection in that rippling mirror of the new moon hanging directly overhead. The galleons, carracks, and pollacres which formed the northern horn of the seven-mile semicircle had doubtless a good view of the thirty English craft, many of them very little ships, with their topsails aback, or their anchors, maybe, down, resting quietly within the yawn of the points which form Plymouth Sound; and their hardy sailors, soldiers, and slaves might well flatter themselves with the assurance that, if yonder toys represented the naval strength of England, the realm might already be regarded as vanquished and re-Catholicized. They were not to know, however, that amongst the most ardent of the men who were prepared dearly to sell their lives for the old country were those same Roman Catholics on whose sympathy and support the Spanish monarch and the Duke of Parma largely counted. It is true that the account in Purchas says, "The principal recusants (lest they should stir up any tumult in the time of the Spanish invasion) were sent to remain at certain convenient places, as, namely, in the Isle of Ely and at Wisbeach." But we also have it on high contemporary authority, "that even the Papists whom the Spaniards expected to have found in arms were glad to wipe away the aspersions which had been thrown upon them, by serving as common soldiers." The story of the first assault is vague. Howard waited until the Armada had traveled a little space up Channel, and then his thirty ships braced up, having now the weather gauge of the enemy, and started for him. The encounter was brisk, many broadsides were exchanged, but there does not appear to have been anything decisive in this action.

Next day, July 21, proved more mischievous for the Don. The English fleet was still further strengthened by arrival of ships, and approached within musket shot of the enemy, Lord Charles Howard singling out and hotly engaging the Spanish Vice Admiral. It needed but a very little maneuvering to show that whilst the advantage of strength of fabric and weight of broadside metal was altogether with the Spaniards, seamanship and nimbleness of heels were the happy possessions of the English. So high did the Spanish galleons float out of water that their people found it impossible to depress their guns so as to bring them to bear upon the decks and hulls of the English ships. Their shots flew high, sweeping betwixt the masts above the topsail yards. Indeed, it was more like a cutting-out job than an action fought broadside to broadside. One's triumph in the conflict is mingled with a sentiment of pity. They had some stout sea captains in that Armada; but think of the confrontment of Castilian marine prowess with such iron hearts as Drake, as Frobisher, as Hawkins, as Fenton; men whose veins ran with salt water, the most exquisite seamen of their time, of an intrepidity that is almost phenomenal, with the animation of real scorn for the Spaniard as an ocean foeman tingling in every fiber of their tough and oaklike natures! Think, too, of the comparative helplessness of a vast body of soldiers crowded betwixt the bulwarks of the mountainous timber castles, perhaps twice as long as they were broad, with a mere handful of seamen to work the ship — men whose services were so little valued that, as Monson tells us, they would be kept aloft furling and making sail, exposed to the hot sharpshooting of the foe until, as a matter of fact, ere the engagement had scarcely made fair progress, two thirds of the seamen lay dead on the deck or were floating mangled corpses alongside! There was rage, there was burning patriotism, there was the old unbending resolution to conquer amongst the English; but there must have been something of disdain too. The leviathan tubs scarce answering their helm, halcyards shot through, and hardly a seaman surviving to tell the soldiers what to do; the priests confessing the dying and exhorting the living, the black visages of the slaves whose hearts were assuredly not with their masters, the ducking of heads past the bulwark line to every broadside in the true old Spanish fashion — no! those Jacks of the Elizabethan day could not, amidst the stress and heat

and uproar of the battle, view such an enemy as the Don, wallowing in his cliff-high castle, without contempt of him as a sailor falling cool upon their wrath, though scorn might give a new nerve to the swing of the flaming pike, and a deadlier precision to the aim of the cannon petro.

The Spaniards speedily saw how it was. The nimbleness of the English craft was like the waltz of the running surge around their ponderous wagons; there was nothing for it but to shorten sail and come together in a body and defy the English with that half-moon front, which might have been a very excellent tactic, had it proved so. One of their great galleasses was so furiously hammered that the signal flew for as many of the fleet as could approach to gather round and save her; with the result that Don Pedro de Valdez's enormous galleon fell foul of another ship, carried away her foremast, and dropped to leeward out of the battle. Howard, spying this ship, concluded that she was abandoned, though in reality she was full of men all in hiding, no doubt, and sailed past her with the design of keeping the rest of the Spanish fleet in view all night; but next day, being the 22d, Sir Francis Drake fell in with her. He sent his pinnace and discovered that the great Pedro de Valdez himself was on board, along with a company of four hundred and fifty people, many of them noblemen. Drake was an old hand with the Don, and ordered Valdez to yield. The Spaniard was for making terms, upon which Drake informed him that he had no leisure now for ceremonies of any kind, that if he yielded himself he would receive friendly treatment, but that, "If he had resolved to die in fight, he should prove Drake to be no dastard." The mere utterance of Drake's name acted magically — indeed, Valdez and his companions had not known until now who was the Englishman that had hailed them. The memory of Cadiz was fresh, Drake's West Indian reputation, too, was equally green. Without an instant's hesitation Valdez struck, and went on board Drake's ship with his retinue of fifty noblemen and gentlemen. How Valdez kissed Drake's hand, how he protested his good fortune in having fallen into the power of one who was as famous for his gentleness to the vanquished as for his courage and expertness in battle, how Sir Francis embraced him, handsomely entertained him at his own table, and comfortably lodged him in his private cabin is known to all. On that same day a Spanish ship, commanded by the vice admiral of the whole fleet, was burnt down

to her powder room without exploding, though her people were miserably scorched. Needless to say she was promptly taken in tow by the English.

It is strange to notice how little this mighty conflict scatters. One might imagine that such a mass of shipping as is here assembled would have covered nearly the whole range of the English Channel with contending craft in twos and threes; but all the while the Spaniards seemed to keep together in a lump, with the English ordnance flashing through their closed ranks, and brilliantly handled vessels, big and little, flying English colors, snapping at their heels like wolves, and tearing first one and then another down. The bitterest, the most furious conflict of all, was on the 23d, when the Lord Howard found himself in the thick of the enemy, almost abandoned, though there was no intermission in the roar of his broadsides. Presently falling within hail of Captain Fenner, who was in command of the "Swiftsure," he cried out, "Oh, George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?" on which, says the old account, Fenner "approached forthwith, encountered the enemy, and did the part of a most valiant captain." In this action a large Venetian ship and several small vessels were captured by the English. Meanwhile almost every hour of the day was bringing fresh vessels to the rescue from English ports. By the time the fleets had arrived abreast of Dover the English ships amounted some say to one hundred and thirty, though so small was the bulk of them that, with the exception of three and twenty belonging to the Queen, not one but seemed ridiculously disproportioned for the conflict she had been fitted out to undertake.

There must have been much ungodly scoffing amongst the English when, the great running battle being over and all sorts of news filtering into this country drop by drop, it came to be known that the Duke of Parma, not questioning but that he should be crowned King of England by Cardinal Allan, had traveled several leagues that he might make some preliminary "bowes," according to Hakluyt, and "vows," according to Purchas, "unto Saint Mary of Hall in Henault (whom he went to visite for his blinde devotions sake)," and how, this duty being discharged, he had journeyed to Dunkirk simply to learn, not only out of the mouths of cannon roaring seaward, but from the crowds in the streets of the town, that the Spaniards were

being slowly, but surely, knocked to pieces. We were fighting the Dutch very hotly indeed in these same waters not long afterwards, but they were serving us astonishingly well now. Lord Henry Seymour, cruising on the coast of Flanders, was nobly supported by Count Nassau. The business of check-mating the Duke of Parma was intrusted to the sturdy broad-beamed Hans Butterboxes, as Charles II. loved to call the Dutch, and with the characteristic thoroughness of that plodding and much-to-be-admired people was that obligation fulfilled. In truth, the duke's people were so honestly terrified by the sight of the Holland and Zealand ships that day and night the business of desertion proceeded as regularly as the ebb of the tide. The spectacle of the flat-bottomed boats was too much for the disheartened creatures. How on earth were they to break through those floating batteries, lying yonder under the shadow of the horizontal tricolor in fabrics as flat as spoons, and as ungovernable as a barge adrift on a running river? So they wisely took to their heels, and we hear no more of them. Meanwhile, the English continued to pound the Spaniard with their great ordnance and flaming missiles. The Dons retorted handsomely, but their shots flew so high that our Jacks might have imagined they were bombarding the heavens. It was a dead calm on the 24th; the towering vessels lay lifeless, slewing slowly to every compass point with the fingering of the tide, and the reflection of their shining canvas lay under each bristling hull in a waving sheet of silver. But the enemy had four great galleasses, with an army of slaves for the multitudinous oars of each of them, and these craft, heavily armed, and crowded with fighting men, made for the Queen's ships, but without the least result, saving that they, on their part, were most cruelly mauled by the chain shot our demi-cannon hurled at them. Day after day was this great fight waged, slowly rolling up Channel, and there was no point of British coast from Bolt Head to Dungeness that did not echo the thunder of the contending fleets. To follow the conflict in its close details would demand such space as cannot be afforded here. There was a terrible fight on the 25th, the ships being abreast of the Isle of Wight, when the "Lyon" (Captain Lord Thomas Howard), the "Elizabeth Jones" (Captain Sir Robert Southwell), the "Bear" (Captain Lord Sheffield), the "Victory" (Captain Barker), and the galleon "Leicester" (Captain George Fenner) sheared desperately into the very heart of the Spanish

English Commanders against the Spanish Armada.

Resolution of a Council of War of the English commanders against the Spanish Armada after the defeat of the latter at Gravelines, Aug. 1, 1588. Signed by Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral; George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; Lord Thomas Howard, Edmund Sheffield, Lord Sheffield, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Edward Hoby, Sir John Hawkins, and Captain Thomas Fenner.

1 Augusti, 1588.

We whose names are herevnder written have determynd and agreeede in counsaile to folowe and pursue the Spanish Fleete vntill we have cleared oure owne coaste and brought the Frithe weste of vs, and then to returne backe again, as well to revictuall oure ships (which stand in extrem[e] searsitie) as alsoe to guard and defende oure owne coaste at home; with further protestation that, if our wantes of victualles and munitione were suppliede we wold pursue them to the furthest that they durst haue gone.

C. HOWARD

J. HOWARDE

FRA. DRAKE.

JOHN HAWKYNS

THOMAS FENNER.

GEORGE COUMBRELAND.

EDMONDE SHEFFEYLDE

EDW. HOBY.

DOCKET: 1^o Augusti. Determined by the consaile to return from thwarte of the Frythe.

1. August. 1588

He is a noble and generous man
and a good one in respect to honor and
reputation. He is a noble and
generous man and a good one in
respect to honor and reputation.
He is a noble and generous man
and a good one in respect to honor and
reputation.

1. August
determined by the courage
of the men for the
the fight

Donat Reynolds

fleet, engaging the enormous carracks within a hundred yards, firing so rapidly that their broadsides were like volcanic upheavals, flame after flame with scarce an intermission, until the tormented Spaniards tailed on to their topsail halyards to compact their timber castles into an impenetrable front. It was on this occasion that Master John Hawkins and honest Captain Frobisher were with others rewarded by the Lord High Admiral with the order of knighthood. That same day the false ironical rumor spread like wildfire from sea to land that the Spaniards had conquered England! On the 27th the Spaniards at sunset had hauled into Calais Roads and let go their anchors, intending presently to push on for Dunkirk, where — for they were still buoyed up by vain hopes — they believed the forces of the Duke of Parma would join them. It was now that Lord Henry Seymour united his little fleet with that of the Lord High Admiral; and it was on this day that the noble Howard was directed by letters from her Majesty the Queen to drive the Spanish fleet from Calais. The Sovereign knew her sailors, and was fearless in the instructions she gave them. Thereupon, the next day being Sunday — that is to say, at two o'clock on Sunday morning — the night being dark, and an inshore wind blowing dead upon the Spanish fleet along with a strong wash of tide, the Lord Admiral of England let slip some fire ships in charge of two bold captains, Young and Prowse. They drove accurately into the thick of the Don, blazing wildly, vomiting shot the while from heavy cannon which had been loaded to the muzzles. It is the wildest of all the scenes of this mighty show: sky and sea lighted up for leagues by the high and writhing flames of the fire ships, with the yellow-tinctured phantasms of near and distant Spanish galleons hurriedly and confusedly getting under way, cutting their hemp cables, toiling at brace and halyard, with the wild and agitated shouts and cries of the armies of soldiers, mariners, slaves, and priests rolling shorewards upon the damp night wind, with a sound as of sullen moaning of breakers.

But the end was not yet, though near at hand. A great galleass stranded, and the English made for her, but were driven from their prey by the heavy ordnance of the Calais batteries. There was another desperate fight on the 29th, off Gravelines, and it is impossible to follow even three hundred years later the superb seamanship of the English on this occasion without something of those emotions of triumph and pride which must have

swelled the hearts of the contemporaries of Drake and Frobisher. Three great Spanish ships were sunk, two big Portuguese galleons abandoned ; and vast mischief in other ways done to the Don. And now still on this same 29th we witness the Spaniards running, with the English in full pursuit. The cloths they spread were warrant enough that their stomach was gone, and that they had had enough. Lord Henry Seymour with his squadron clung to the coast of Flanders to hold the Duke of Parma idle, whilst Lord Charles Howard pursued the Spaniards into the North Sea, to as high as 57 degrees of latitude. He then quietly shifted his helm for home, making little doubt that the Norwegian and Hebridean surge, with the weather of Cape Wrath and the bewildering navigation of the islands round about, would effectually complete the work he and his hearts of oak had begun. No schoolboy but knows what follows : how there came on to blow a succession of heavy gales, which drove upwards of thirty ships ashore on the Irish coast, with the loss of many thousands of men ; how of all that Invincible Armada, twenty-five vessels only, with the Duke of Medina Sidonia aboard one of them, yet alive to relate the incredible tale of disaster, succeeded in making the Bay of Biscay : how many large ships were lost upon the Western Isles and upon the coast of Argyleshire.

The story is old indeed, but the occurrence of its anniversary renders even an insufficient reference to it a justifiable expression of patriotic pride. It is a marine pageant fitly, nobly, gloriously closed by that quaint old spectacle of queenly, national, and civic thanksgiving, to the sight of which we are admitted by the grace and diligence of the old chroniclers. " Likewise the Queenes Maiesty herself, imitating the ancient Romans, rode into London in triumph, in regard of her own and her subjects glorious deliverance. For being attended upon very solemnly by all the principal estates and officers of her Realme, she was carried thorow her said Citie of London in a triumphant chariot, and in robes of triumph, and from her Palace into the Cathedrall Church of Saint Paul, out of which the ensigus and colours of the vanquished Spaniards hung displayed. And all the Citizens of London in their Liveries stood on either side of the streets, by their seurall Companies, with their Ensigns and Banners ; and the streets were hanged on both sides with blew cloath, which, together with the foresaid Banners, yielded a very stately and gallant prospect. Her Maiesty being entered into the

church, together with her Clergy and Nobles, gave thanks unto God, and caused a publike Sermon to be preached before her at Pauls Crosse ; wherein none other argument was handled, but that praise, honour, and glory might be rendered unto God ; and that God's name might be extolled by thanksgiving. And with her own Pryncely voyce she most Christianly exhorted the people to do the same : whereupon the people with a loud acclamation wished her a most long and happy life, to the confusion of her foes."



ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

BY SAMUEL DANIEL.

[1582-1619.]

Siren.

COME worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
 Possess these shores with me,
 The winds and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.
 Here may we sit and view their toil
 That travail on the deep,
 Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleep.

Ulysses.

Fair nymph, if fame or honor were
 To be attained with ease,
 Then would I come and rest with thee,
 And leave such toils as these.
 But here it dwells, and here must I
 With danger seek it forth,
 To spend the time luxuriously
 Becomes not men of worth.

Siren.

Ulysses, O be not deceived
 With that unreal name,
 This honor is a thing conceived,
 And rests on others' fame.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

Begotten only to molest
 Our peace, and to beguile,
 The best thing of our life, our rest,
 And give us up to toil.

Ulysses.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
 Nor honor nor report,
 Yet manliness would scorn to wear
 The time in idle sport;
 For toil doth give a better touch
 To make us feel our joy,
 And ease finds tediousness as much
 As labor yields annoy.

Siren.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
 Whereto tends all your toil,
 Which you forego to make it more,
 And perish oft the while.
 Who may disport them diversely
 Find never tedious day,
 And ease may have variety
 As well as action may.

Ulysses.

But natures of the noblest frame
 These toils and dangers please,
 And they take comfort in the same
 As much as you in ease;
 And with the thoughts of actions past
 Are recreated still:
 When pleasure leaves a touch at last
 To show that it was ill.

Siren.

That doth opinion only cause,
 That's out of custom bred,
 Which makes us many other laws
 Than ever nature did.

No widows wail for our delights,
 Our sports are without blood,
 The world we see by warlike wights
 Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses.

But yet the state of things require
 These motions of unrest,
 And these great sports of high desire
 Seem born to turn them best.
 To purge the mischiefs that increase,
 And all good order mar,
 For oft we see a wicked peace
 To be well changed for war.

Siren.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see,
 I shall not have thee here:
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there.
 I must be won that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not won,
 For beauty hath created been
 T' undo, or be undone.



THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

BY ALBION W. TOURGÉE.¹

(From "Out of the Sunset Sea.")

[ALBION WINEGAR TOURGÉE, American judge and author, was born in Ohio, May 2, 1838. He served through the Civil War, and after it lived at Greensboro, N.C., till 1880; was judge of the Superior Court (1868-1874), member of the constitutional conventions of 1868 and 1875, and a commissioner to codify the state laws. He edited the weekly *Our Continent*, 1882-1884; was afterwards professor of the Buffalo Law School. Besides law books, he has written, among other novels, "A Fool's Errand" (1879), "Figs and Thistles" (1879), "Bricks without Straw" (1880), "Hot Plowshares" (1883), "Out of the Sunset Sea" (1893). "An Appeal to Cæsar" appeared in 1884.]

GONSALVO DE CORDOVA was not then "the Great Captain," though he was already spoken of as "the Prince of

¹ Copyright, 1893, by Aimée Tourgée.

Cavaliers." Handsome, gay, of a reckless daring, true to his friends, loyal to his King, and a prime favorite with Queen Isabella; of luxurious habits but able to undergo inconceivable fatigue, he had, also, the very remarkable distinction of having fewer enemies than any man of our time — perhaps fewer than any great man of any time. United with these qualities was a strange winsomeness of manner, which caused men to accept his leadership in battle or advice in counsel, without argument or suspicion, and a genius for military affairs as unobtrusive as it was marvelous. His long service with the Spanish armies had shown him their defects, and without discussion or advice he set himself to make those changes on which his future fame so greatly depended. He was one of the first to recognize the fact that a foot soldier is better and cheaper than a horseman, if he is so armed and disciplined as to develop his full capacity.

When I was first ushered into his presence he sat in a sumptuous chair having high carved arms, over which was thrown a lion's skin. It was of a fashion said to have been modeled on the throne chairs of the Moors, which was at that time much in vogue. He was attired in a suit of rich brocade and velvet. At his right was a small table, the top of which was a single slab of that rich stone, shining like emerald, only a paler green, as if it had caught the light by lying for ages under the waters of the sea, as indeed some say it hath, which the plunder of Moorish palaces had introduced into Spain. I had seen pieces of it before, but never one so large, and indeed only in the palace of the Alhambra have I seen its equal since. On this table were writing materials and a book to which he now and then recurred as if it contained memorandums of what he had in hand. Back of this, at another table, sat a secretary who took notes of such matters as he was directed to record. He was evidently engaged in the dispatch of business, for while I waited in the anteroom more than a score passed through the double velvet curtains into the room where he sat, only to come forth after a brief interview and hurry away as if charged to use dispatch in executing the orders they had received. At last, there was but one remaining with me, a small slender man of about my own age, with regular features, a piercing eye, and a composed manner. While others chafed at being required to wait, he stood quietly looking out of the window. I was greatly impressed with his youth and grace, both

of which were enhanced by the slightness of his form, which, however, was compact and wiry. We were bidden to enter together, and he led the way as if entitled of right to precedence. I noted the fact with a smile, as characteristic of the Spanish people to whom, though the most fastidious people in the world, self-assertion seems altogether consistent with gentle manners.

The Chevalier Gonsalvo looked up as we entered and watched our approach with a steady glance. I was becomingly arrayed and knew that my appearance was that of one accustomed to a military life, so I felt no discomposure in coming into the presence of the great Captain. Motioning me to one side with a gesture that was a request in its gentle courtesy, he addressed my companion:—

“Your name, Señor?”

“Alonzo de Ojeda.”

“Your wish?”

“To serve in the corps you are recruiting.”

“In what capacity?”

“Such as you may assign me.”

“What can you do?”

“I carry a sword,” touching the hilt lightly.

“What service would you prefer?”

“What others shrink from.”

“If I give thee a spear?”

“Thou shalt never find it out of line.”

“Bring me twenty spearmen and thou shalt be an ensign.”

He waved his hand and the other withdrew.

“And now, Señor, by what name shall I call you?”

There was something in his tone and smile which satisfied me that I was recognized; but I answered gravely:—

“Tallerte de Lajes, at your lordship’s service.”

“Tallerte de Lajes! Good sooth, a fair name, but I remember it not. May I ask if you are a Biscayan?”

I bowed my head but made no reply. He made a sign to his secretary, who left the room and we were alone.

“Thou wishest service?”

“That is my desire.”

“In what capacity?”

“Where I may serve with credit to myself and advantage to the cause of their Catholic Majesties.”

“What induces thee to seek service?”

"There be many reasons."

"What is the strongest?"

"A pair of spurs."

"What other reward dost thou expect?"

"Faith! I know of nothing, beyond reasonable pay and good equipment."

"Rank? Favor? Place for others?"

"I seek nothing for myself, beyond the distinction of a good soldier, and have neither family nor friends for whom I need ask favor."

"And if thy service be one of which few know the merit?"

"If Gonsalvo de Cordova counts it important, and it be worthy of a soldier, I am content."

"And how about the reward?"

"I leave that to thee."

"Hark ye, Señor; I am making up a body of foot soldiers. It is on them we must rely hereafter, regular foot battalions, not a horse among them. I mean to arm and drill them on a new plan; every third file to carry long pikes like the Swiss infantry and the other two, sword and buckler, with perhaps a short spear. What think ye of it?"

"If well trained they should be effective."

"I mean them to be pikemen against cavalry and swordsmen against infantry."

"Why not all pikemen at need?" I answered. "Short pikes in the front and long ones behind them?"

"God's death, Señor!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Thou hast my thought exactly — a combination of Swiss pikemen and Asturian spearmen with bucklers and swords. Say one spearman to two swordsmen!"

"That should make a strong line and a flexible force."

"That is it; the Swiss pikes are too heavy."

"The Moors ran under them in the pass of Malaga and made short work with those that held them."

"Ah, thou sawest that? Yet the Swiss infantry bids defiance to the best cavalry in Europe as long as its formation holds. What we need is a union of heavy spearmen and light swordsmen — the one with shoulders like thine and the other with legs like mountain goats."

"Was that why you proffered a spear to the Señor Ojeda?" I asked with a smile.

"If he is content to bear a spear he will deserve a sword."

This was the key of "the Great Captain's" success. He knew every man's merit and how to make it available.

After a moment he added : —

"I am raising such a corps. There must be no rank or favor in it. A swineherd shall stand on a level with an hidalgo in opportunity, if intelligent and brave. There must be one uniform rule of merit; and only courage and skill be of any avail to secure preferment. To assist in its organization I want one who has some idea of discipline and some experience as a soldier, but who knows no one in all the realm and is willing to remain unknown to the very end. Rank and favor are the curse of our Spanish army. Their Majesties have given me full control in this matter. Are you minded to take such place?"

"What is the place?" I asked, quite dazed by the offer.

"You will be the Adjutant of Infantry in my household. Everything concerning the equipment, drill, discipline of this corps will be done through you. You shall have clerks and couriers as many as you require, and any equipment you wish. Gonsalvo de Cordova is not niggardly with them that serve faithfully. But you will act only in my name; I would you might be wholly unknown, except as my Adjutant."

"It is only a matter of a basinet and a visor," I responded, musingly. "How large is the corps to be?"

"I am granted leave to muster ten thousand, and hope to get five; perhaps no more than three!"

"I will try to fulfill your wish."

"Good. I will make order for your maintenance, forthwith. If you do not object to wear a basinet with an open visor, so much the better. It is a sure bar to prying eyes, even if it do not cover all the face. My armorer shall make one under my direction if you will allow him to take the necessary measurements. I think one might be made that would become thee well. Thou shalt have a liberal provision, and if thou servest to my satisfaction, I will gladly charge myself with providing the golden ornaments thou wishest for thy heels — if thou be of noble blood, that is," he added cautiously.

"If it be not equal in honor with thine own, your Excellency, I will ask naught," I answered, a little proudly.

"Indeed!" he responded with more consideration than he had before shown; "when shall I learn by what style thou art entitled to be known?"

"When thou hast no farther use for an Adjutant of Infantry," I answered.

"Agreed. When that time comes, I will let thee know. When wilt thou begin thy duty?"

"To-morrow, your Excellency."

"Till to-morrow then, adios."

He extended his hand; I touched it, bowed, and withdrew, no longer wondering that the Queen had said it was "worth the trouble of being a sovereign to have one such subject as Gonsalvo de Cordova."

From that day until the fall of Granada, I hardly unhelmed a score of times in the presence of a stranger. Once was, when the Doña Guadita de Ullana, bathed in tears for the loss of her gallant husband, begged the soldier who had rescued his body from the Moors, at the very gate of Baza, that he would lift his visor that she might know for whom she ought to pray. When I complied with her request and she saw who it was had risked his life to rescue the brave knight's body, she thanked God because it was as the dead, to whom she had vowed eternal widowhood, would have desired. When she asked what guerdon she could give I craved only the kerchief stained with her tears. Whereat all applauded, and she vowed that any request I might make consistent with her honor, she would grant if it were in her last hour.

The Infantry of Gonsalvo de Cordova made its mark in that savage war, and won for its chief much honor; also for some of its "Captains of Fifties," more than one of whom was there trained for victory and renown in lands which were then undreamed of, save by that white-haired giant, who, without helm or salade, cut his way with a huge two-handed blade into the midst of the turbaned throng, which made a stand about the Holy Fountain, in the Orchard of Baza. But for Gonsalvo's Infantry there had been an end then and there of all attempt to reach the Ind by sailing westward.

Some of the glory won by the new corps shone by reflection on the Adjutant of Infantry, but no one spoke his name or gave him other recognition. He was simply an upper servant in the military household of "the Prince of Cavaliers." Yet I enjoyed the duty that devolved upon me, and not seeking nor expecting promotion or any personal advancement except the knighthood on which my heart had so long been set, I was content to do my duty without regard to consequences. This was

all the easier from the fact that though I did everything and suggested many things, all was in Gonsalvo de Cordova's name, and I acted only as his instrument. The position was exactly fitted both to my temper and preparation. It was half clerical, which suited my studious habits, yet of a character requiring administrative ability as well as giving scope for that sort of military knowledge which is gathered from hearing battles and sieges, arms and armies, familiarly discussed by those who have not only borne arms but exercised high command. This I say, not to praise myself, but because the memory of that time brings back a proud day when Gonsalvo de Cordova publicly acknowledged the indebtedness of his fame to my efficiency.

Nevertheless, there was one who had not forgotten Del Porro. Riding at eventide across the plain that lay without the walls of Granada after service in the conquered city had become monotonous, I spoke to one whom I overtook, somewhat bitterly of the wrongs imposed upon the subjugated people and the rapacity of the Holy Office, who, when the war against the Moors was over, began at once the spoliation of the Jews to fill the depleted treasury. As if shaped out of the gathering mist, an unshod mule came softly over the white dust to my side, and a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed in cold, harsh tones :—

“Who art thou that speakest thus lightly of the Right Hand of God?”

“And who art thou that makest such demand of a soldier of their Majesties?”

“Men call me the ‘Pillar of Fire,’” was the calm, exultant reply.

“God have mercy!” shouted my companion. “Torquemada!” Thereupon he put spurs to his horse and fled. I never saw him more. As he had spoken quite as harshly as I, he had equal reason to fear. I did not attempt to fly; not because I did not fear, for I felt a chill as of death creep down my back under my armor, though it was midsummer and the breath of the south wind was stifling. But I knew it was useless to try to escape from one who had ten thousand eyes and ears at his command in Spain, and who held King and Queen in mortal terror of his wrath. Only guile could serve, and of this there was little hope. Even then a dull flame just visible to the right of the road we traveled, showed where another victim, “delivered up to the civil authorities,” had expired in the

flames of the Quemadero, which was set up without the city, almost before the cross had been reared within it.

"What is thy name?" asked the Chief Inquisitor, sternly.

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "my words were but lightly spoken. A soldier abhors bloodshed except by the sword and in open strife."

"The Holy Office sheds no man's blood. The Holy Word declares an unqualified curse against every one by whom man's blood is shed: 'by man shall his blood be shed.' It is not seemly that the servants of the Most High should be exposed to this anathema, in their efforts to rid the world of error and unbelief. In all that they do, therefore, care is taken to shed no drop of blood, even of the unworthiest while probing his soul for sin and compelling assent to the truths he hates. Even when found incorrigible, the sentence of destruction is never executed by the agents of the Holy Office, but clothed in the garb of the impenitent, the unhappy one against whom eternal doom is pronounced, through the faithfulness of their Catholic Majesties, is executed by the civil authorities by burning only; in order that even by implication no drop of blood may be shed by our action."

"I doubt not thou art right, Holy Father; I am no casuist and shall willingly do penance for my words."

"Aye, thou shalt do penance, of that be assured; but thou wert not so modest about thy casuistic skill a little time ago, methinks. What is thy name?"

"Men call me Del Porro," I answered as calmly as I could.

But now it was my listener's turn to show surprise.

"Del Porro! The Duke of Medina Sidonia's Captain!" he exclaimed. "Where hast thou hid thyself so long?"

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "you must not blame a soldier if you find him not, because he is in the front of battle rather than with them that chant the victory."

"But thou mightest have heard the King's trumpets! Knowest thou not that for a year proclamation hath been made for thee in every camp and a reward offered for him that should find thee dead or alive! That every Familiar in Spain hath special order to seize thee and bring thee before their Majesties without delay or intervention! God and Saint Dominic be praised for this good fortune! Come thou with me, my son!"

He reached out his hand to take my rein, but the bridle of

Achmet's son was far beyond his reach before he could touch it with a finger. Ere he could recover, my sword was out and though I would not turn its point against a man of his calling, I thought it no harm to send it into the neck of his mule just where the jointure leaves the marrow exposed, whereby the good Father was suddenly rolled in the dust.

"Good-by, Holy Father!" I shouted as I spurred away. "It will be more than two years ere thou seest me again!"

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "Thou knowest not what thou art fleeing from! I will forgive thy sacrilege and impiety! — I will absolve thy offense, if thou wilt but wait and hear me!"

Achmet's hoof strokes drowned his voice as we fled away into the darkness.



PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

By THOMAS HEYWOOD.

(From "The Rape of Lucrece.")

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
 To give my love good morrow.
 Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
 Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing;
 To give my love good morrow.
 To give my love good morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
 Sing birds in every furrow;
 And from each bill, let music shrill,
 Give my fair love good morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow;
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good morrow.
 To give my love good morrow,
 Sing birds in every furrow.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(From "Westward Ho!")

[CHARLES KINGSLEY, English clergyman, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Holne vicarage, Dartmoor, June 12, 1819. He took his degree of B. A. (1842) at Magdalen College, Cambridge, with honors in classics and mathematics, and two years later became rector of Eversley in Hampshire, where he resided through life. He was professor of modern history at Cambridge from 1860 until 1869, when he became canon of Chester, and subsequently (1873) of Westminster. He made his mark with the "Saint's Tragedy," a metrical drama; and added to his reputation with "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," novels dealing with social problems; and the historical romances "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward the Wake." Other works are: "Glaucus," "The Heroes," "The Water Babies," "Two Years Ago," "Prose Idylls." In company with Dr. Maurice and others Kingsley devoted much attention to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and to their efforts may be traced the formation of coöperative associations. Kingsley died at Eversley, January 23, 1875.]

IN the mean while, rumor flew thousand-tongued through the length and breadth of the land; of vast preparations going on in Spain and Italy; of timber felled long before for some such purpose, brought down to the sea, and sawed out for ship-building; of casting of cannon, and drilling of soldiers; of ships in hundreds collecting at Lisbon; of a crusade preached by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, who had bestowed the kingdom of England on the Spaniard, to be enjoyed by him as vassal tributary to Rome; of a million of gold to be paid by the pope, one half down at once, the other half when London was taken; of Cardinal Allen writing and printing busily in the Netherlands, calling on all good Englishmen to carry out, by rebelling against Elizabeth, the Bull of Sixtus the Fifth, said (I blush to repeat it) to have been dictated by the Holy Ghost; of Inquisitors getting ready fetters and devil's engines of all sorts; of princes and noblemen, flocking from all quarters, gentlemen selling their private estates to fit out ships; how the Prince of Melito, the Marquess of Burgrave, Vespasian Gonzaga, John Medicis, Amadas of Savoy, in short, the illegitimate sons of all the southern princes, having no lands of their own, were coming to find that necessary of life in this pleasant little wheat garden. Nay, the Duke of Medina Sidonia had already engaged Mount Edgecombe for himself, as the



THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

fairest jewel of the south ; which when good old Sir Richard Edgecombe heard, he observed quietly, that in 1555 he had the pleasure of receiving at his table at one time the admirals of England, Spain, and the Netherlands, and therefore had experience in entertaining Dons ; and made preparations for the visit by filling his cellars with gunpowder, with a view to a housewarming and *feu de joie* on the occasion. But as old Fuller says, "The bear was not yet killed, and Medina Sidonia might have caught a great cold, had he no other clothes to wear than the skin thereof."

So flew rumor, false and true, till poor John Bull's wits were well-nigh turned : but to the very last, after his lazy fashion, he persuaded himself that it would all come right somehow ; that it was too great news to be true ; that if it was true, the expedition was only meant for the Netherlands ; and, in short, sat quietly over his beef and beer for many a day after the French king had sent him fair warning, and the queen, the ministry, and the admirals had been assuring him again and again that he, and not the Dutchman, was the destined prey of this great flight of ravenous birds.

At last the Spaniard, in order that there should be no mistake about the matter, kindly printed a complete bill of the play, to be seen still in Van Meteran, for the comfort of all true Catholics, and confusion of all pestilent heretics ; which document, of course, the seminary priests used to enforce the duty of helping the invaders, and the certainty of their success ; and from their hands it soon passed into those of the devout ladies, who were not very likely to keep it to themselves ; till John Bull himself found his daughters buzzing over it with very pale faces (as young ladies well might who had no wish to follow the fate of the damsels of Antwerp), and condescending to run his eye through it, discovered, what all the rest of Europe had known for months past, that he was in a very great scrape.

Well it was for England then, that her Tudor sovereigns had compelled every man (though they kept up no standing army) to be a trained soldier. Well it was that Elizabeth, even in those dangerous days of intrigue and rebellion, had trusted her people enough, not only to leave them their weapons, but (what we forsooth, in these more "free" and "liberal" days dare not do) to teach them how to use them. Well it was, that by careful legislation for the comfort and em-

ployment of "the masses" (term then, thank God, unknown), she had both won their hearts, and kept their bodies in fighting order. Well it was that, acting as fully as Napoleon did on "*la carrière ouverte aux talens*," she had raised to the highest post in her councils, her army, and her navy, men of business, who had not been ashamed to buy and sell as merchants and adventurers. Well for England, in a word, that Elizabeth had pursued for thirty years a very different course from that which we have been pursuing for the last thirty, with one exception, namely, the leaving as much as possible to private enterprise.

There we have copied her: would to Heaven that we had in some other matters! It is the fashion now to call her a despot: but unless every monarch is to be branded with that epithet whose power is not as circumscribed as Queen Victoria's is now, we ought rather to call her the most popular sovereign, obeyed of their own free will by the freest subjects which England has ever seen; confess the Armada fight to have been as great a moral triumph as it was a political one; and (now that our late boasting is a little silenced by Crimean disasters) inquire whether we have not something to learn from those old Tudor times, as to how to choose officials, how to train a people, and how to defend a country. . . .

There was a loud hurried knocking, and in another minute a serving man hurried in with a letter.

"This to Captain Amyas Leigh with haste, haste!"

It was Sir Richard's hand. Amyas tore it open; and "a loud laugh laughed he."

"The Armada is coming! My wish has come true, mother!"

"God help us, it has! Show me the letter."

It was a hurried scrawl.

DR. GODSON, — Walsingham sends word that the A^{de} sailed from Lisbon to the Groyne the 18. of May. We know no more, but have commandment to stay the ships. Come down, dear lad, and give us counsel; and may the Lord help His Church in this great strait.

Your loving godfather,

R. G.

"Forgive me, mother, mother, once for all!" cried Amyas, throwing his arms round her neck.

"I have nothing to forgive, my son, my son! And shall I lose thee, also?"

"If I be killed, you will have two martyrs of your blood, mother! —"

Mrs. Leigh bowed her head, and was silent. Amyas caught up his hat and sword, and darted forth toward Bideford. . . .

At last upon the twenty-first of June, the clank of the capstans rang merrily across the flats, and amid prayers and blessings, forth sailed that gallant squadron over the bar, to play their part in Britain's Salamis.

THE GREAT ARMADA.

And now began that great sea fight.

"The Lord High Admirall of England, sending a pinnace before, called the 'Defiance,' denounced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently approaching within musquet shot, with much thundering out of his own ship, called the 'Ark-royall' (alias the 'Triumph'), first set upon the admirall's as he thought, of the Spaniards (but it was Alfonso de Leon's ship). Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discover the superior "nimbleness of the English ships"; and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give in spite of his endeavors, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galleasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which maneuver, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbor, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry

left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the saints, and the Bull Cerna Domini (dictated by one whom I dare not name here) are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the mean while, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed forever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which the good Lord Howard had adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice, of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanor."

Be that as it may, so ends the first day, in which Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours, knocking holes in a huge galleon, which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name of "Sta. Catharina." She had a coat of arms on the flag at her sprit, probably those of the commandant of soldiers; but they were shot away early in the fight, so Amyas cannot tell whether they were De Soto's or not. Nevertheless, there is plenty of time for private revenge; and Amyas, called off at last by the Admiral's signal, goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

But ere he has been in his hammock an hour, he is awakened by Cary's coming down to ask for orders.

"We were to follow Drake's lantern, Amyas; but where it is, I can't see, unless he has been taken up aloft there among the stars for a new Drakium Sidus."

Amyas turned out grumbling: but no lantern is to be seen: only a sudden explosion and a great fire on board some Spaniard, which is gradually got under, while they have to lie-to the whole night long, with nearly the whole fleet.

The next morning finds them off Torbay; and Amyas is hailed by a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which (saying the spelling, which was somewhat arbitrary, like most men's in those days) ran somewhat thus:—

DEAR LAD.—I have been woolgathering all night after five great hulks, which the Pixies transfigured overnight into galleons, and this morning again into German merchantmen. I let them go with my blessing; and coming back, fell in (God be thanked!) with Valdez' great galleon; and in it good booty, which the Dons his fellows had left behind, like faithful and valiant comrades, and the Lord Howard had let slip past him, thinking her deserted by her crew. I have sent to Dartmouth a sight of noblemen and gentlemen, maybe a half-hundred; and Valdez himself, who when I sent my pinnace aboard must needs stand on his punctilios, and propound conditions. I answered him, I had no time to tell with him; if he would needs die, then I was the very man for him; if he would live, then, buena quera. He sends again, boasting that he was Don Pedro Valdez, and that it stood not with his honor, and that of the Dons in his company. I replied, that for my part, I was Francis Drake, and my matches burning. Whereon he finds in my name salve for the wounds of his own, and comes aboard kissing my fist, with Spanish lies of holding himself fortunate that he had fallen into the hands of fortunate Drake, and much more, which he might have kept to cool his porridge. But I have much news from him (for he is a leaky tub); and among others, this, that your Don Guzman is aboard of the "Sta. Catharina," commandant of her soldiery, and has his arms flying at her sprit, beside "Sta. Catharina" at the poop, which is a maiden with a wheel, and is a lofty built ship of 3 tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you, and send you like luck with

Your deare Friend and Admirall.

F. DRAKE.

She sails in the squadron of Recalde. The Armada was minded to smoke us out of Plymouth; and God's grace it was they tried it not: but their orders from home are too strait, and so the slaves fight like a bull in a tether, no farther than their rope, finding thus the devil a hard master, as do most in the end. They cannot compass our quick handling and tacking, and take us for very witches. So far so good, and better to come. You and I know the length of their foot of old. Time and light will kill any hare, and they will find it a long way from Start to Dunkirk.

"The Admiral is in a gracious humor, Leigh, to have vouchsafed you so long a letter."

"'St. Catharine!' why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday!" said Amyas, stamping on the deck.

"Of course it was. Well, we shall find her again, doubt not. That cunning old Drake! how he has contrived to line his own

pockets, even though he had to keep the whole fleet waiting for him."

"He has given the Lord High Admiral the dor, at all events."

"Lord Howard is too high-hearted to stop and plunder, Papist though he is, Amyas."

Amyas answered by a growl, for he worshiped Drake, and was not too just to Papists.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. At least there was no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics, and, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if to wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by fanatics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less prudent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leaving their places to board her; but Amyas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight, and not to plunder; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without grudging." They pass on, and the men pull long faces when they see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbor, and towed off to Weymouth, where she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "misused," was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth? The wind has shifted to the north, and blowed clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the westward again; but it is only to return on the opposite tack; and now begin a series of maneuvers, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes ; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards ; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde being in danger." "Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman" (whom Prince claims, I hope rightfully, as a worthy of Devon), "died with honor in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvelous agility ; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and leveled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships." "This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all" (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft), "in which the Lord Admiral, fighting amidst his enemies' fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, 'O George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?' With which words he, being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain ;" as, indeed, did all the rest.

Night falls upon the floating volcano ; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead ; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England ; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh and Blunt, and many another honorable name, "as to a set field, where immortal fame and honor was to be attained." Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast ; not a noble house of Arragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son — and shall mourn the loss of one ; and England's gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the cavaliers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition : but they will scarce return to-night, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife, and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy

sea again. But what day is this? The twenty-fifth, St. James' day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honor by those whose forefathers have so often seen him with their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynims with celestial lance? He might have sent them, certainly, a favoring breeze; perhaps he only means to try their faith; at least the galleys shall attack; and in their van three of the great galleasses (the fourth lies half crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's "Triumph," his brother's "Lion," Southwell's "Elizabeth Jones," Lord Sheffield's "Bear," Barker's "Victory," and George Fenner's "Leicester," towed stoutly out, to meet them with such salvos of chain shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the English gunnery), "no galleass would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James' day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time; "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." At least the only fire by which he has answered his votaries has been that of English cannon; and the Armada, "gathering itself into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Etesian gale," which follows clear and

bright out of the south-southwest, glide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton Cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings, and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting, is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood which was then more honorable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins kneels and rises up Sir John, and shaking his shoulders after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty, that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her My Lady."

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the Guises will not stir against England, and Seymour and Winter have left their post of observation on the Flemish shores, to make up the number of the fleet to a hundred and forty sail—larger, slightly, than that of the Spanish fleet, but of not more than half the tonnage, or one third the number of men. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come, and that the bells which will call all Christendom to church upon the morrow morn will be either the death knell or the triumphal peal of the Reformed faith throughout the world.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a light-hearted coward, doubtless, who had scoffed (as many did) at the notion of the Armada's coming, because he dare not face the thought, gave himself up to abject fear, "as he now plainly saw and heard that of which before he would not be persuaded." A many a brave man, too, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those be-

loved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the immolation of the Moors, the extermination of the West Indians, the fantastic horrors of the Piedmontese persecution, which make unreadable the too truthful pages of Morland, — these were the specters, which, not as now, dim and distant through the mist of centuries, but recent, bleeding from still gaping wounds, flitted before the eyes of every Englishman, and filled his brain and heart with fire.

He knew full well the fate in store for him and his. One false step, and the unspeakable doom which, not two generations afterwards, befell the Lutherans of Magdeburg, would have befallen every town from London to Carlisle. All knew the hazard, as they prayed that day, and many a day before and after, throughout England and the Netherlands. And none knew it better than She who was the guiding spirit of that devoted land, and the especial mark of the invader's fury; and who, by some Divine inspiration (as men then not unwisely held), devised herself the daring stroke which was to anticipate the coming blow.

But where is Amyas Leigh all this while? Day after day he has been seeking the "Sta. Catharina" in the thickest of the press, and cannot come at her, cannot even hear of her; one moment he dreads that she has sunk by night, and balked him of his prey; the next, that she has repaired her damages, and will escape him after all. He is moody, discontented, restless, even (for the first time in his life) peevish with his men. He can talk of nothing but Don Guzman; he can find no better employment, at every spare moment, than taking his sword out of the sheath, and handling it, fondling it, talking to it even, bidding it not to fail him in the day of vengeance. At last, he has sent to Squire, the Armorer, for a whetstone, and, half ashamed of his own folly, whets and polishes it in by-corners, muttering to himself. That one fixed thought of selfish vengeance has possessed his whole mind; he forgets England's present need, her past triumph, his own safety, everything but his brother's blood. And yet this is the day for which he has been longing ever since he brought home that magic horn as a fifteen-years boy; the day when he should find himself face to face with an invader, and that invader Antichrist himself. He is believed for years with Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, and

Raleigh, that he was called and sent into the world only to fight the Spaniard: and he is fighting him now, in such a cause, for such a stake, within such battle lists as he will never see again: and yet he is not content; and while throughout that gallant fleet, whole crews are receiving the Communion side by side, and rising with cheerful faces to shake hands, and to rejoice that they are sharers in Britain's Salamis, Amyas turns away from the holy elements.

"I cannot communicate, Sir John. Charity with all men? I hate, if ever man hated on earth."

"You hate the Lord's foes only, Captain Leigh."

"No, Jack, I hate my own as well."

"But no one in the fleet, sir?"

"Don't try to put me off with the same Jesuit's quibble which that false knave Parson Fletcher invented for one of Doughty's men, to drug his conscience withal when he was plotting against his own admiral. No, Jack, I hate one of whom you know; and somehow that hatred of him keeps me from loving any human being. I am in love and charity with no man, Sir John Brimblecombe—not even with you! Go your ways in God's name, sir! and leave me and the devil alone together, or you'll find my words are true."

Jack departed with a sigh, and while the crew were receiving the Communion on deck, Amyas sat below in the cabin sharpening his sword, and after it called for a boat and went on board Drake's ship to ask news of the "Sta. Catharina," and listened scowling to the loud chants and tinkling bells which came across the water from the Spanish fleet. At last Drake was summoned by the Lord Admiral, and returned with a secret commission which ought to bear fruit that night; and Amyas, who had gone with him, helped him till nightfall, and then returned to his own ship as Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, to the joy and glory of every soul on board except his moody self.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath day before the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sand hills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot. Messenger after messenger is hurrying towards Bruges to the Duke of Parma, for light craft which can follow these nimble English somewhat better than their own floating castles; and above all, entreating him to put to sea at once with all his force. The duke is not with his forces at Dunkirk, but on the future field of Waterloo, paying his devo-

tions to St. Mary of Halle in Hainault, in order to make all sure in his Pantheon, and already sees in visions of the night that gentle-souled and pure-lipped saint, Cardinal Allen, placing the crown of England on his head. He returns for answer first, that his victual is not ready; next, that his Dutch sailors, who have been kept at their post for many a week at the sword's point, have run away like water; and thirdly, that over and above all he cannot come, so "strangely provided of great ordnance and musketeers" are those five and thirty Dutch ships, in which round-sterned and stubborn-hearted heretics watch, like terriers at a rat's hole, the entrance of Nieuport and Dunkirk. Having insured the private patronage of St. Mary of Halle, he will return to-morrow to make experience of its effects: but only here across the flats of Dixmude the thunder of the fleets, and at Dunkirk the open curses of his officers. For while he has been praying and nothing more, the English have been praying, and something more; and all that is left for the Prince of Parma is, to hang a few purveyors, as peace offerings to his sulking army, and then "chafe," as Drake says of him, "like a bear robbed of her whelps."

For Lord Henry Seymour has brought Lord Howard a letter of command from Elizabeth's self; and Drake has been carrying it out so busily all that Sunday long, that by two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire ships "besmeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones," are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower; and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches make night hideous. There are those too on board who recollect well enough Jenebelli's fire ships at Antwerp three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them! And cutting all cables, hoisting any

sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbor.

The largest of the four galleasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The Duke, having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after a while, and fires a signal for return; but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows; but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dikes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely, among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to reform. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of Thames.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner burning to redeem the honor which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two full hours into confusion worse confounded.

But what is that heavy firing behind them? Alas for the great galleass! She lies, like a huge stranded whale, upon the sands where now stands Calais pier; and Amyas Preston, the future hero of La Guayra, is pounding her into submission, while a fleet of hoys and drumblers look on and help, as jackals might the lion.

Soon, on the southwest horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the "Triumph" and the "Bear"; and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

True, we have still but some three and twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards: but we have

dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and fore yards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The Duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great "San Philip" into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the "San Matthew" comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the "Evangelist," though smaller, is stouter than the "Deacon," and of all the shot poured into him, not twenty "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galleasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes he shouts to his ancient enemy:—

"We are with you, sir; all friends to-day!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the "San Matthew," and then glides on to reload: but not to return. For not a pistol shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—can he believe his eyes for joy?—the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas, in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Reload, and be ready; I must speak with him first;" and silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the "Vengeance" glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop railing, twenty feet above Amyas' head, and shouts through his visor:—

"At your service, sir! whosoever you may be."

A dozen muskets and arrows are leveled at him; but Amyas frowns them down. "No man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on board. Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a raver, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the Spaniard, in a clear, quiet tone; "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat;" and lingering a moment out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again behind the bulwarks.

"Coward!" shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard reappears instantly. "Why that name, Señor, of all others?" asks he, in a cool, stern voice.

"Because we call men cowards in England who leave their wives to be burnt alive by priests."

The moment the words had passed Amyas' lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, clutched his sword hilt, and then hissed back through his closed visor:—

"For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yardarm, if St. Mary gives me grace."

"See that your halter be a silken one, then," laughed Amyas, "for I am just dubbed knight." And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash^d through the stern-works of the Spaniard: and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half an hour has passed of wild noise and fury; three times has the "Vengeance," as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the "Sta. Catharina," pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defenses of the "Vengeance," that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded

by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the thrasher and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asked Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead. "The 'San Matthew' has had his dinner, and is gone on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it."

"I thank your Lordship: but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder——"

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

A puff of wind clears away the sulphurous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull of the "San Philip" is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer the "San Matthew" is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymour's cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers' expenses," and on went Lord Henry, and, on shore went the "San Philip" at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the "San Matthew," whose captain, "on a hault courage," had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina's ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and four other valiant Dutchmen, who, like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then "hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground."

But in the mean while, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunderstorm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below. But still through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her topsails; Amyas calls to the men to fire high and cripple her rigging, but in vain, for three or four belated galleys, having forced

their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galleys' beaks.

"Most heroic! captain," says Cary, pulling a long face, "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silently, the "Vengeance" sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-northwest breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas' great disgust, the "Sta. Catharina" has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we — What is the Admiral about?"

He is signaling Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still; and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

"Good-by to Seymour," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment.

"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet, and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over. The Spaniard had refused battle, and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"But he will never get there, sir," said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his *Nunc Domine*, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: "Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore against such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people."

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the gray northwest, as it does so often after a thunderstorm; and the sea began to rise high and white under the "Claro Aquilone," till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie-to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying-to also, awaited an event which was in God's hands, and not in theirs.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labor! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!"

"Oh, sir," said Yeo, "don't murmur against the Lord in the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure; but His will be done."

"Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?"

"Look at the sea, sir!"

And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait weary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth, till the day wore on; when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas' heart.

"They are safe! safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartridge there?—anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with

some quantity : but he was on board again only just in time, for the southwester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away ; but this time northward. Whither now ? To Scotland ? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

The Armada was defeated, and England saved. But such great undertakings seldom end in one grand melodramatic explosion of fireworks, through which the devil rises in full roar to drag Dr. Faustus forever into the flaming pit. On the contrary, the devil stands by his servants to the last, and tries to bring off his shattered forces with drums beating and colors flying ; and, if possible, to lull his enemies into supposing that the fight is ended, long before it really is half over. All which the good Lord Howard of Effingham knew well, and knew, too, that Medina had one last card to play, and that was the filial affection of that dutiful and chivalrous son, James of Scotland. True, he had promised faith to Elizabeth : but that was no reason why he should keep it. He had been hankering and dabbling after Spain for years past, for its absolutism was dear to his inmost soul : and Queen Elizabeth had had to warn him, scold him, call him a liar, for so doing ; so the Armada might still find shelter and provision in the Firth of Forth. But whether Lord Howard knew or not, Medina did not know, that Elizabeth had played her cards cunningly, in the shape of one of those appeals to the purse, which, to James' dying day, overweighed all others save appeals to his vanity. "The title of a dukedom in England, a yearly pension of £5000, a guard at the queen's charge, and other matters" (probably more hounds and deer), had steeled the heart of the King of Scots, and sealed the Firth of Forth. Nevertheless, as I say, Lord Howard, like the rest of Elizabeth's heroes, trusted James just as much as James trusted others ; and therefore thought good to escort the Armada until it was safely past the domains of that most chivalrous and truthful Solomon. But on the 4th of August, his fears, such as they were, were laid to rest. The Spaniards left the Scottish coast and sailed away for Norway ; and the game was played out, and the end was come, as the end of such matters generally come, by gradual decay, petty disaster, and mistake ; till the snow mountain, instead of being blown tragically and heroically to atoms, melts helplessly and pitifully away.

TO CELIA.

By BEN JONSON.

(From "The Forest.")

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.



THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

By JOHN LYLY.

(From "Euphues and his England.")

[JOHN LYLY, English stylist, was born in Kent, 1553. He graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, 1573; studied also at Cambridge. He was in Lord Burghley's household, vice master of St. Paul's choristers; member of Parliament (1597-1601); buried November 30, 1606. He published "Euphues, or the Anatomie of Wit" (1579), "Euphues and his England" (1580), and several comedies later.]

It was my fortune to be acquainted with certain English gentlemen, which brought me to the court, where, when I came, I was driven into amaze to behold the lusty and brave gallants, the beautiful and chaste ladies, the rare and godly orders, so as I could not tell whether I should most commend

virtue or bravery. At the last, coming oftener thither than it beseemed one of my degree, yet not so often as they desired my company, I began to pry after their manners, natures, and lives, and that which followeth I saw, whereof whoso doubteth I will swear.

The ladies spend the morning in devout prayer, not resembling the gentlewomen in Greece and Italy, who begin their morning at midnoon and make their evening at midnight, using sonnets for psalms and pastimes for prayers, reading the epistle of a lover when they should peruse the Gospel of our Lord, drawing wanton lines when death is before their face, as Archimedes did triangles and circles when the enemy was at his back. Behold, ladies, in this glass, that the service of God is to be preferred before all things, imitate the English damoselles, who have their books tied to their girdles, not feathers, who are as cunning in the Scriptures as you are in Ariosto or Petrarch, or any book that liketh you best and becometh you most.

For bravery I cannot say that you exceed them, for certain it is the most gorgeous court that ever I have seen, read, or heard of; but yet do they not use their apparel so nicely as you in Italy, who think scorn to kneel at service for fear of wrinkles in your silks, who dare not lift up your head to heaven for fear of rumpling the ruffs in your neck, yet your hands, I conceive, are holden up rather, I think, to show your rings than to manifest your righteousness. The bravery they use is for the honor of their prince, the attire you wear for the alluring of your prey; the rich apparel maketh their beauty more seen, your disguising causeth your faces to be more suspected; they resemble in their raiment the elfrich, who, being gazed on, closeth her wings and hideth her feathers, you in your robes are not unlike the peacock, who, being praised, spreadeth his tail and bewrayeth his pride. Velvets and silks in them are like gold about a pure diamond, in you like a green hedge about a filthy dunghill. Think not, ladies, that because you are decked with gold you are endued with grace; imagine not that shining like the sun in earth ye shall climb the sun in heaven; look diligently into this English glass, and then shall you see that the more costly your apparel is the greater your courtesy should be, that you ought to be as far from pride as you are from poverty, and as near to princes in beauty as you are in brightness. Because you are brave disdain not those

who are base; think with yourselves that russet coats have their christendom, that the sun when he is at his height shineth as well upon coarse kersey as cloth of tissue; though you have pearls in your ears, jewels in your breasts, precious stones on your fingers, yet disdain not the stones in the street, which, although they are nothing so noble, yet are they much more necessary. Let not your robes hinder your devotion; learn of the English ladies that God is worthy to be worshiped with the most price, to whom you ought to give all praise: then shall you be like stars to the wise, who are now but staring flocks to the foolish, then shall you be praised of most who are now pointed at of all, then shall God bear with your folly who now abhorreth your pride.

As the ladies in this blessed island are devout and brave, so are they chaste and beautiful; insomuch that when I first beheld them I could not tell whether some mist had bleared mine eyes or some strange enchantment my mind: for it may be, thought I, that in this island either some Artimedorus or Lisimandro, or some odd necromancer did inhabit, who would show me fairies, or the body of Helen, or the new shape of Venus; but coming to myself and seeing that my senses were not changed but hindered, that the place where I stood was no enchanted castle but a gallant court, I could scarce restrain my voice from crying, "There is no beauty but in England." There did I behold them of pure complexion, exceeding the lily and the rose, of favor (wherein the chiefest beauty consisteth) surpassing the pictures that were feigned, or the magician that would feign, their eyes piercing like the sunbeams yet chaste, their speech pleasant and sweet yet modest and courteous, their gait comely, their bodies straight, their hands white, all things that man could wish or woman would have, which how much it is none can set down, whenas the one desireth as much as may be, the other more. And to these beautiful molds, chaste minds: to these comely bodies, temperance, modesty, mildness, sobriety, whom I often beheld merry yet wise, conferring with courtiers yet warily; drinking of wine yet moderately, eating of delicacies yet but their ear full, listening to discourses of love but not without reasoning of learning: for there it more delighteth them to talk of Robin Hood than to shoot in his bow, and greater pleasure they take to hear of love than to be in love. Here, ladies, is a glass that will make you blush for shame and look wan for anger; their

beauty cometh by nature, yours by art ; they increase their favors with fair water, you maintain yours with painters' colors ; the hair they lay out groweth upon their own heads, your seemliness hangeth upon others ; theirs is always in their own keeping, yours often in the dyer's ; their beauty is not lost with a sharp blast, yours fadeth with a soft breath ; not unlike unto paper flowers which break as soon as they are touched, resembling the birds in Egypt called ibes, who, being handled, loose their feathers, or the serpent serapie, which, being but touched with a brake, bursteth. They use their beauty because it is commendable, you because you would be common ; they, if they have little, do not seek to make it more, you that have none endeavor to bespeak most ; if theirs wither by age they nothing esteem it, if yours waste by years you go about to keep it ; they know that beauty must fail if life continue, you swear that it shall not fade if colors last.

But to what end, ladies, do you alter the gifts of nature by the shifts of art ? Is there no color good but white, no planet bright but Venus, no linen fair but lawn ? Why go ye about to make the face fair by those means that are most foul ? a thing loathsome to man and therefore not lovely ; horrible before God and therefore not lawful.

Have you not heard that the beauty of the cradle is most bright, that paintings are for pictures without sense, not for persons with true reason ? Follow at the last, ladies, the gentlewomen of England, who, being beautiful, do those things as shall become so amiable faces, if of an indifferent hue, those things as they shall make them lovely, not adding an ounce to beauty that may detract a dram from virtue. Besides this, their chastity and temperance is as rare as their beauty, not going in your footsteps, that drink wine before you rise to increase your color and swill it when you are up to provoke your lust. They use their needle to banish idleness, not the pen to nourish it, not spending their time in answering the letters of those that woo them, but forswearing the company of those that write them, giving no occasion either by wanton looks, unseemly gestures, unadvised speech, or any uncomely behavior of lightness or liking. Contrary to the custom of many countries, where filthy words are accounted to favor of a fine wit, broad speech of a bold courage, wanton glances of a sharp eyesight, wicked deeds of a comely gesture, all vain delights of a right, courteous courtesy.

And yet are they not in England precise but wary, not disdainful to confer but fearful to offend, not without remorse where they perceive truth but without replying where they suspect treachery, whenas among other nations there is no tale so loathsome to chaste ears but it is heard with great sport and answered with great speed.

Is it not then a shame, ladies, that that little island should be a mirror to you, to Europe, to the whole world?

Where is the temperance you profess, when wine is more common than water? where the chastity, when lust is thought lawful? where the modesty, when your mirth turneth to uncleanness, uncleanness to shamelessness, shamelessness to all sinfulness? Learn, ladies, though late, yet at length, that the chiefest title of honor in earth is to give all honor to him that is in heaven; that the greatest bravery in this world is to be burning lamps in the world to come; that the clearest beauty in this life is to be amiable to him that shall give life eternal. Look in the glass of England, too bright, I fear me, for your eyes: what is there in your sex that they have not, and what that you should not have?

They are in prayer devout, in bravery humble, in beauty chaste, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in all their actions, though courtly because women, yet angels because virtuous.

Ah, good ladies, good, I say, for that I love you, I would you could a little abate that pride of your stomachs, that looseness of mind, that licentious behavior, which I have seen in you, with no small sorrow, and cannot remedy with continual sighs.

They in England pray when you play, sow when you sleep, fast when you feast, and weep for their sins when you laugh at your sensualities.

They frequent the church to serve God, you to see gallants; they deck themselves for cleanliness, you for pride; they maintain their beauty for their own liking, you for others' lust; they refrain wine because they fear to take too much, you because you can take no more. Come, ladies, with tears I call you, look in this glass, repent your sins past, refrain your present vices, abhor vanities to come, say thus with one voice, "We can see our faults only in the English glass;" a glass of grace to them, of grief to you; to them in the stead of righteousness, to you in place of repentance. The lords and gentlemen in that court are also an example for all others to follow,

true types of nobility, the only stay and staff of honor, brave courtiers, stout soldiers, apt to revel in peace and ride in war ; in fight fierce, not dreading death ; in friendship firm, not breaking promise ; courteous to all that deserve well, cruel to none that deserve ill. Their adversaries they trust not, that showeth their wisdom ; their enemies they fear not, that argueth their courage. They are not apt to proffer injuries, nor fit to take any ; loath to pick quarrels, but longing to revenge them.

Active they are in all things, whether it be to wrestle in the games of Olympia or to fight at barriers in Palestra ; able to carry as great burdens as Milo ; of strength to throw as big stones as Turnus, and what not that either man hath done or may do ; worthy of such ladies and none but they, and ladies willing to have such lords and none but such.

This is a glass for our youth in Greece, for your young ones in Italy, the English glass : behold it, lords and ladies, and all that either mean to have piety, use bravery, increase beauty, or that desire temperance, chastity, wit, wisdom, valor, or anything that may delight yourselves or deserve praise of others.

But another sight there is in my glass, which maketh me sigh for grief I cannot show it, and yet had I rather offend in derogating from my glass than my good will.

Blessed is that land that hath all commodities to increase the common wealth ; happy is that island that hath wise coun-cilors to maintain it, virtuous courtiers to beautify it, noble gentlemen to advance it, but to have such a prince to govern it as is their sovereign queen, I know not whether I should think the people to be more fortunate, or the prince famous ; whether their felicity be more to be had in admiration that have such a ruler, or his virtues to be honored that hath such royalty ; for such is their estate there that I am enforced to think that every day is as lucky to the Englishmen as the sixth day of February hath been to the Grecians.

But I see you gaze until I show this glass, which, you having once seen, will make you giddy. O ladies ! I know not when to begin nor where to end ; for the more I go about to express the brightness, the more I find mine eyes bleared, the nearer I desire to come to it, the farther I seem from it ; not unlike unto Simonides, who, being curious to set down what God was, the more leisure he took, the more loath he was to meddle, saying that in things above reach it was easy to catch

a strain but impossible to touch a star ; and therefore, scarce tolerable to point at that which one can never pull at. When Alexander had commanded that none should paint him but Apelles, none carve him but Lysippus, none engrave him but Pergoteles, Parrhasius framed a table squared every way two hundred feet, which in the borders he trimmed with fresh colors and limned with fine gold, leaving all the other room without knot or line, which table he presented to Alexander, who, no less marveling at the bigness than at the bareness, demanded to what end he gave him a frame without face, being so naked, and without fashion, being so great. Parrhasius answered him, "Let it be lawful for Parrhasius, O Alexander, to show a table wherein he would paint Alexander, if it were not unlawful, and for others to square timber though Lysippus carve it, and for all to cast brass though Pergoteles engrave it." Alexander, perceiving the good mind of Parrhasius, pardoned his boldness and preferred his art, yet inquiring why he framed the table so big. He answered that he thought that frame to be but little enough for his picture, when the whole world was too little for his person, saying that Alexander must as well be praised as painted, and that all his victories and virtues were not to be drawn in the compass of a signet but in a field.

This answer Alexander both liked and rewarded, insomuch that it was lawful ever after for Parrhasius both to praise that noble king and to paint him.

In the like manner I hope, and though it be not requisite that any should paint their prince in England that cannot sufficiently perfect her, yet it shall not be thought rashness or rudeness for Euphues to frame a table for Elizabeth, though he presume not to paint her. Let Apelles show his fine art, Euphues will manifest his faithful heart ; the one can but prove his conceit to blaze his cunning, the other his good will to grind his colors ; he that wetteth the tools is not to be disliked though he cannot carve the image ; the worm that spineth the silk is to be esteemed though she cannot work the sampler ; they that fell timber for ships are not to be blamed because they cannot build ships.

He that carrieth mortar furthereth the building, though he be no expert mason ; he that diggeth the garden is to be considered, though he cannot tread the knots ; the goldsmith's boy must have his wages for blowing the fire, though he cannot fashion the jewel.



UNA AND THE LION

Then, ladies, I hope poor Euphues shall not be reviled though he deserve not to be rewarded. I will set down this Elizabeth as near as I can, and it may be that as the Venus of Apelles, not finished; the Tindarides of Nichomachus, not ended; the Medea of Timonachus, not perfected; the table of Parrhasius, not colored, brought greater desire to consummate them and to others to see them; so the Elizabeth of Euphues, being but shadowed for others to varnish, but begun for others to end, but drawn with a black coal for others to blaze with a bright color, may work either a desire in Euphues hereafter, if he live, to end it, or a mind in those that are better able to amend it, or in all (if none can work it) a will to wish it. In the mean season I say, as Zeuxis did when he had drawn the picture of Atlanta, more will envy me than imitate me, and not commend it though they cannot amend it.



UNA AND THE LION.

By EDMUND SPENSER.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

[EDMUND SPENSER, English poet, was born in London about 1552, and attended Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, and through the latter's influence procured (1580) the post of private secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the queen's deputy in Ireland. For his services in suppressing Desmond's rebellion, he obtained a grant of three thousand acres of land from the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, including the castle and manor of Kilcolman Castle. At the suggestion of Sir Walter Raleigh, he went to London in 1589, and the next year brought out the first three books of "The Faerie Queene," which so pleased Queen Elizabeth that she bestowed upon him a pension of fifty pounds per annum. In 1591 he returned to Kilcolman Castle, and wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Seven years later his house was burned by the Irish rebels, and on January 13, 1599, he died destitute and broken-hearted at Westminster. By his own request he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the funeral expenses being paid by the Earl of Essex. Besides the works already mentioned, Spenser wrote: "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Amoretti," "Astrophel," "Four Hymns," etc.]

NAUGHT is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness

Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
 Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,
 Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassionèd so deep,
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
 To think how she through guileful handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
 Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorcèd in despair,
 And her due loves derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
 Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
 Far from all people's preace, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,
 To seek her knight; who, subtilely betrayed
 Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
 Had her abandoned; she of naught afraid,
 Through woods and wateness wide him daily sought,
 Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside: Her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood,
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood.
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devoured her tender corse;
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
 O how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion;
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him pricked in pity of my sad estate:—
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored
 As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood.
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her strayèd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared:
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

Long she thus travelèd through deserts wide,
 By which she thought her wand'ring knight should pass,
 Yet never show of living wight espied;
 Till that at length she found the trodden grass
 In which the track of people's footing was,
 Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar;

The same she follows, till at last she has
 A damsel spied slow-footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching, she to her gan call,
 To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
 But the rude wench her answered naught at all;
 She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand:
 Till, seeing by her side the lion stand,
 With sudden fear her pitcher down she threw
 And fled away; for never in that land
 Face of fair lady she before did view,
 And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly hue.

Full fast she fled, ne ever looked behind,
 As if her life upon the wager lay;
 And home she came, whereas her mother blind
 Sat in eternal night; naught could she say;
 But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signs of fear;
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the door. By this arrivèd there
 Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
 With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
 And let her in; where, of his cruel rage
 Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,
 She found them both in darksome corner pent:
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;
 Nine hundred *Paternosters* every day,
 And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painful penance more,
 Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
 And next her wrinkled skin, rough sackcloth wore
 And thrice-three times did fast from any bit:
 But now for fear her beads she did forget.
 Whose needless dread for to remove away,
 Fair Una framèd words and count'nance fit;
 Which hardly done, at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cottage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent; and cometh drowsy night,
 When every creature shrouded is in sleep;

Sad Una down her lay in weary plight,
And at her feet the lion watch doth keep;
Instead of rest, she does lament, and weep,
For the late loss of her dear-lovèd knight,
And sighs, and groans, and evermore does steep
Her tender breast in bitter tears all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted high,
Above the shiny Cassiopeia's chair,
And all in deadly sleep did drownèd lie,
One knockèd at the door, and in would fare;
He knockèd fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call;
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

He was, to weet, a stout and sturdy thief,
Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
And poor men's boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept;
And spoiled the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredom used that few did know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne sparèd he to give her gold and rings;
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bet;
Yet of those fearful women none durst rise
(The lion frayèd them) him in to let;
He would no longer stay him to advise,
But open breaks the door in furious wise,
And ent'ring is; when that disdainful beast,
Encount'ring fierce, him sudden doth surprise;

And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succor call,
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand;
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismemb'red hath: the thirsty land
Drank up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woeful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap which on them is alight;
Afraid, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke;
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wand'ring knight to seek,
With pains far passing that long-wand'ring Greek,
That for his love refusèd deity:
Such were the labors of this lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly;
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weenèd nigh.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slain,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear:
And when they both had wept and wailed their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazèd deer,
Half mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill:

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flower of faith and chastity:
And still, amidst her railing, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers naught prevail,
She back returnèd with some labor lost;

And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
A knight her met in mighty arms embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast;
But subtle Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have tossed:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady she could tellen aught.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her hair,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That caused her shed so many a bitter tear;
And so forth told the story of her fear.
Much seemèd he to moan her hapless chance,
And after for that lady did inquare;
Which being taught, he forward gan advance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmèd lance.

Erelong he came where Una traveled slow,
And that wild champion waiting her beside;
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himself too nigh at hand, but turnèd wide
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spied,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by name
She weened it was, and towards him gan ride;
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;
And with fair fearful humblesse towards him she came:

And weeping said, "Ah, my long-lackèd lord,
Where have ye been thus long out of my sight?
Much fearèd I to have been quite abhorred,
Or aught have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my dear heart light;
For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,
My cheerful day is turned to cheerless night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is:
But welcome now, my light, and shining lamp of bliss!"

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me lovèd still,
And chose in Faerie court, of mere good will,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill

To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
Than I leave you, my life, yborn of heavenly birth.

“And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seek adventure in strange place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily work disgrace;
But knight he now shall nevermore deface:
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithful service, that by land and seas
Have vowed you to defend: now then your plaint appease.”

His lovely words her seemed due recompense
Of all her passed pains; one loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense;
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.
She has forgot how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endured; she speaks no more
Of past: true is that true love hath no power
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toiled so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,
That long hath wand' red in the ocean wide,
Oft soused in swelling Tethys' saltish tear;
And long time having tanned his tawny hide
With blust'ring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soon as the port from far he has espied,
His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crowns with cups; his mates him pledge around:

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchanter joyous seemed no less
Than the glad merchant, that does view from ground
His ship far come from watery wilderness;
He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless.
So forth they passed; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,
In which he asked her what the lion meant;
Who told, her all that fell in journey, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,

Full strongly armed, and on a courser free,
 That through his fierceness foamed all with sweat,
 And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
 When his hot rider spurred his chafed side;
 His look was stern, and seemèd still to threat
 Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide:
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyed.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,
 And saw the red cross which the knight did bear,
 He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
 Himself to battle with his couchèd spear.
 Loath was that other, and did faint through fear,
 To taste th' untried dint of deadly steel:
 But yet his lady did so well him cheer,
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;
 So bent his spear, and spurred his horse with iron heel.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce
 And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head spear,
 Through vainly crossèd shield he quite did pierce;
 And, had his staggering steed not shrunk for fear,
 Through shield and body eke he should him bear:
 Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his saddle quite he did him bear:
 He tumbling rudely down to ground did rush,
 And from his gorèd wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
 He to him leapt, in mind to reave his life,
 And proudly said: "Lo, there the worthy meed
 Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
 When mourning altars, purged with enemy's life,
 The black infernal furies do aslake:
 Life from Sansfoy thou took'st, Sansloy shall from thee take."

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
 Till Una cried: "O hold that heavy hand,
 Dear sir, whatever that thou be in place:
 Enough is that thy foe doth vanquished stand
 Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
 For he is one the truest knight alive,
 Though conquered now he lie on lowly land:

And, whilst him fortune favored, fair did thrive
In bloody field; therefore of life him not deprive."

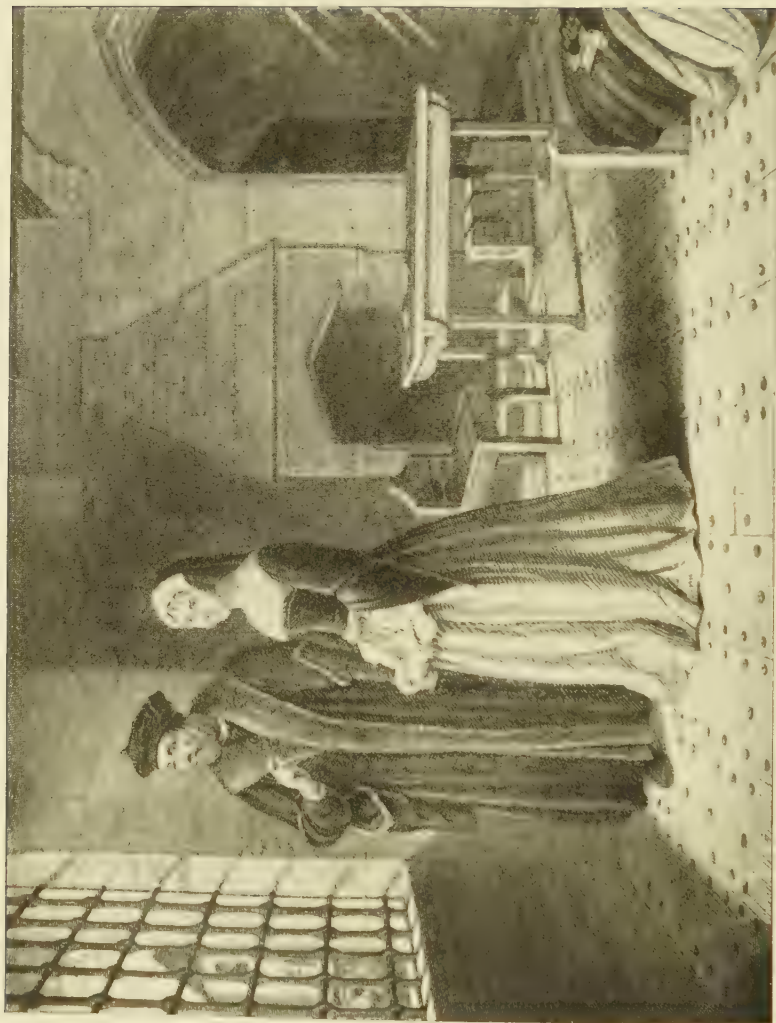
Her piteous words might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slain him straight; but when he sees his age,
And hoary head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And, half ashamed, wond'ered at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though untold,
In charms and magic to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight;

And said: "Why, Archimago, luckless sire,
What do I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"
He answered naught, but in a trance still lay,
And on those guileful dazed eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit; which done away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amazed stands, herself so mocked to see
By him who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to be:
Yet is she now in more perplexity,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flee:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey plucked, her visage to behold.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdain, whenas his sovereign dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did ween the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending claws:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping paws
He hath his shield redeemed; and forth his sword he draws.

O then, too weak and feeble was the force
Of savage beast, his puissance to withstand!



SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET OBSERVING FROM HIS PRISON WINDOW THE MONKS GOING TO EXECUTION. A.D. 1535

From the picture by J. R. Herbert, R.A., in the National Gallery

For he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
 As ever wielded spear in warlike hand;
 And feats of arms did wisely understand.
 Eftsoones he piercèd through his chafèd chest
 With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
 And lanced his lordly heart: with death opprest
 He roared aloud, whiles life forsook his stubborn breast.

Who now is left to keep the fórlorn maid
 From raging spoil of lawless victor's will?
 Her faithful guard removed; her hope dismayed;
 Herself a yielded prey to save or spill!
 He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foul reproaches and disdainful spite
 Her vilely entertains; and, will or nill,
 Bears her away upon his courser light:
 Her prayers naught prevail: his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,
 And piteous plaints, she filleth his dull ears,
 That stony heart could riven have in twain;
 And all the way she wets with flowing tears:
 But he, enraged with rancor, nothing hears.
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But follows her far off, ne aught he fears
 To be partaker of her wand'ring woe:
 More mild in beastly kind, than that her beastly foe.



UTOPIA AND ITS CUSTOMS.

BY SIR THOMAS MORE

[**SIR THOMAS MORE**, English statesman and scholar, was born in London, February 7, 1478; son of Sir John More, justice of the King's Bench. He was placed as a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, who sent him to Oxford. Having completed his legal studies in London, he obtained the appointment of undersheriff of London, and was elected a member of Parliament during the last years of Henry VII.; and in the reign of Henry VIII., to whom he was recommended by Wolsey, became a knight, treasurer of the exchequer, speaker of the House of Commons, and, on the fall of Wolsey, lord chancellor. He resigned the seals in 1532 because he could not conscientiously sanction the divorce of Queen Catherine, and two years later was committed to the Tower for refusing to swear allegiance to the "Act of Succession." After a year's imprisonment, he was brought to trial at Westminster, convicted of high treason, and

beheaded in the Tower, July 6, 1535. More's masterpiece is his "Utopia" (published in Latin, 1516; in English, 1551), an account of an imaginary commonwealth in a distant island of the Atlantic. He also wrote a "History of Richard III." in English, and a number of Latin dissertations, letters, etc.]

THE island of Utopia is in the middle two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower toward both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent: between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current, the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbor, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce; but the entry into the bay, occasioned by rocks on the one hand and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and may therefore be easily avoided, and on the top of it there is a tower in which a garrison is kept; the other rocks lie under water, and are very dangerous. The channel is known only to the natives, so that if any stranger should enter into the bay, without one of their pilots, he would run great danger of shipwreck; for even they themselves could not pass it safe, if some marks that are on the coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost.

On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbors; and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent.

Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excel all the rest of mankind; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite round them. To accomplish this, he ordered a deep channel to be dug fifteen miles long; and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labor in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of

men to work, he beyond all men's expectations brought it to a speedy conclusion. And his neighbors, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection, than they were struck with admiration and terror.

There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built: the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it.

Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the center of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles: and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground: no town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords.

They have built over all the country farmhouses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labor. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family; and over thirty families there is a magistrate.

Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed two years in the country; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town.

By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors, which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most

convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner ; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but a vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat, in order to be hatched, and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them ; for they do not put them to any work, either of plowing or carriage, in which they employ oxen ; for though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer ; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge, and with less trouble ; and even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labor, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn, but that which is to be their bread ; for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes boiled with honey or licorice, with which they abound ; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town, and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more cattle, than are necessary for their consumption ; and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbors.

When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it. And the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them ; for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes, the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest ; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly dispatch it all in one day.

OF THEIR TOWNS, PARTICULARLY OF AMAUROT.

He that knows one of their towns, knows them all, they are so like one another, except where the situation makes some difference. I shall therefore describe one of them ; and none is so proper as Amaurot ; for as none is more eminent, all the rest yielding in precedence to this, because it is the seat of their supreme council, so there was none of them better known to me, I having lived five years altogether in it.

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground : its figure is almost square, for from the one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles to the river Anider; but it is a little broader the other way, that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles above Amaurot, in a small spring at first; but other brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest. As it runs by Amaurot, it is grown half a mile broad; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles' course below it, it is lost in the ocean: between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows every six hours, with a strong current. The tide comes up for about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force; and above that for some miles the water is brackish; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh; and when the tide ebbs, it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a bridge cast over the river, not of timber, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches; it lies at that part of the town which is farthest from the sea, so that ships without any hindrance lie all along the side of the town.

There is likewise another river that runs by it, which though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it, and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain head of this river, which springs a little without the town; that so if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, nor poison it; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets; and for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rain water, which supplies the want of the other.

The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad; there lie gardens behind all

their houses; these are large but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets; so that every house has both a door to the street, and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves, which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other; and there is indeed nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant. So that he who founded the town seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their gardens; for they say, the whole scheme of the town was designed at first by Utopus, but he left all that belonged to the ornament and improvement of it to be added by them that should come after him, that being too much for one man to bring to perfection.

Their records, that contain the history of their town and state, are preserved with an exact care, and run backward 1760 years. From these it appears that their houses were at first low and mean, like cottages, made of any sort of timber, and were built with mud walls and thatched with straw. But now their houses are three stories high: the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick; and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat, and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows. They use also in their windows a thin linen cloth, that is so oiled or gummed that it both keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

OF THEIR TRADES, AND MANNER OF LIFE.

Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them that no person, either man or woman, is ignorant of it;

they are instructed in it from their childhood, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice; they being led out often into the fields about the town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves. Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself, such as the manufacture of wool or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter's work; for there is no sort of trade that is in great esteem among them.

Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes without any other distinction, except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes, and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters; and as it is neither disagreeable nor uneasy, so it is suited to the climate, and calculated both for their summers and winters. Every family makes their own clothes; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades formerly mentioned. Women, for the most part, deal in wool and flax, which suit best with their weakness, leaving the ruder trades to the men. The same trade generally passes down from father to son, inclinations often following descent; but if any man's genius lies another way, he is by adoption translated into a family that deals in the trade to which he is inclined: and when that is to be done, care is taken not only by his father, but by the magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good man. And if after a person has learned one trade, he desires to acquire another, that is also allowed, and is managed in the same manner as the former. When he has learned both, he follows that which he likes best, unless the public has more occasion for the other.

The chief and almost the only business of the Syphogrants, or magistrates, is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently: yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil, from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is everywhere the common course of life amongst all mechanics except the Utopians; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work; three of which are before dinner, and three after. They then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours. The rest of their time besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping is left to every man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that interval to

luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise according to their various inclinations, which is for the most part reading.

It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before daybreak, at which none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others, that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended, as men that take care to serve their country. After supper they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat, where they entertain each other, either with music or discourse. They do not so much as know dice, or any such foolish and mischievous games; they have, however, two sorts of games not unlike our chess; the one is between several numbers, in which one number, as it were, consumes another: the other resembles a battle between the virtues and the vices, in which the enmity in the vices among themselves, and their agreement against virtue, is not unpleasantly represented; together with the special oppositions between the particular virtues and vices; as also the methods by which vice either openly assaults or secretly undermines virtue; and virtue on the other hand resists it. But the time appointed for labor is to be narrowly examined, otherwise you may imagine that since there are only six hours appointed for work, they may fall under a scarcity of necessary provisions.

But it is so far from being true, that this time is not sufficient for supplying them with plenty of all things, either necessary or convenient; that it is rather too much; and this you will easily apprehend, if you consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who are the half of mankind; and if some few women are diligent, their husbands are idle: then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men; add to these all rich men, chiefly those that have estates in land, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons, that are kept more for show than use; add to these all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease, in excuse for their begging; and upon the whole account you will find that the

number of those by whose labors mankind is supplied is much less than you perhaps imagined.

Then consider how few of those that work are employed in labors that are of real service; for we who measure all things by money give rise to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and serve only to support riot and luxury. For if those who work were employed only in such things as the conveniences of life require, there would be such an abundance of them that the prices of them would so sink that tradesmen could not be maintained by their gains; if all those who labor about useless things were set to more profitable employments, and if all they that languish out their lives in sloth and idleness, every one of whom consumes as much as any two of the men that are at work, were forced to labor, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind, especially while pleasure is kept within its due bounds.

This appears very plainly in Utopia, for there, in a great city, and in all the territory that lies round it, you can scarce find five hundred, either men or women, who by their age and strength are capable of labor, that are not engaged in it; even the Syphogrants, though excused by the law, yet do not excuse themselves, but work, that by their examples they may excite the industry of the rest of the people. The like exemption is allowed to those who, being recommended to the people by the priests, are by the secret suffrages of the Syphogrants privileged from labor, that they may apply themselves wholly to study; and if any of these fall short of those hopes that they seemed at first to give, they are obliged to return to work. And sometimes a mechanic, that so employs his leisure hours as to make a considerable advancement in learning, is eased from being a tradesman, and ranked among their learned men. Out of these they choose their ambassadors, their priests, their Tranibors, and the Prince himself; anciently called their Barzenes, but is called of late their Ademus.

And thus from the great numbers among them that are neither suffered to be idle, nor to be employed in any fruitless labor, you may easily make the estimate how much may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labor. But besides all that has been already said, it is to be considered that the needful arts among them are managed with less labor than anywhere else. The building or the repairing of houses

among us employ many hands, because often a thriftless heir suffers a house that his father built to fall into decay, so that his successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge: it frequently happens that the same house which one person built at a vast expense is neglected by another, who thinks he has a more delicate sense of the beauties of architecture; and he, suffering it to fall to ruin, builds another at no less charge. But among the Utopians, all things are so regulated that men very seldom build upon a new piece of ground; and are not only very quick in repairing their houses, but show their foresight in preventing their decay: so their buildings are preserved very long, with but little labor; and thus the builders to whom that care belongs are often without employment, except the hewing of timber, and the squaring of stones, that the materials may be in readiness for raising a building very suddenly, when there is any occasion for it.

As to their clothes, observe how little work is spent in them: while they are at labor, they are clothed with leather and skins, cast carelessly about them, which will last seven years; and when they appear in public they put on an upper garment which hides the other; and these are all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. As they need less woollen cloth than is used anywhere else, so that which they make use of is much less costly. They use linen cloth more; but that is prepared with less labor, and they value cloth only by the whiteness of the linen, or the cleanness of white wool, without much regard to the fineness of the thread: while in other places, four or five upper garments of woollen cloth, of different colors, and as many vests of silk, will scarce serve one man, and while those that are nicer think ten too few, every man there is content with one, which very often serves him two years.

Nor is there anything that can tempt a man to desire more; for if he had them, he would neither be the warmer, nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. And thus, since they are all employed in some useful labor, and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them: so that it frequently happens that for want of other work, vast numbers are sent out to mend the highways. But when no public undertaking is to be performed, the hours of working are lessened. The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labor, since the

chief end of the constitution is to regulate labor by the necessities of the public, and to allow all the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.



THE BRINGING UP OF YOUTH.

By ROGER ASCHAM.

(From "The Schoolmaster.")

[ROGER ASCHAM, an English scholar and writer, was born at Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, 1515. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, with a brilliant record as a Greek scholar, and was appointed tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. In 1544 he published a treatise in defense of archery, entitled "Toxophilus," which secured for him an annual pension of ten pounds. After three years of diplomatic service at the court of the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, he was appointed Latin secretary to Queen Mary, and after her death was retained in the double capacity of secretary and tutor to Queen Elizabeth. His chief work, "The Schoolmaster," a treatise on education, appeared in 1570. Ascham died in London, December 30, 1568.]

IF your scholar do miss sometimes, in marking rightly these foresaid six things, chide not hastily : for that shall both dull his wit, and discourage his diligence ; but monish him gently : which shall make him both willing to amend, and glad to go forward in love and hope of learning.

I have now wished, twice or thrice, this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster : and that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason, I will now declare at large, why, in mine opinion, love is fitter than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England, I will not greatly contend : which if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy, neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the Prince : although in very deed, in the end, the good or ill bringing up of children doth as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our Prince, and our whole country, as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points : to have children brought to good perfectness in learn-

ing: to all honesty in manners: to have all faults rightly amended: to have every vice severely corrected: but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly, many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature, as, when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar: and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure: though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These we will say, be fond [foolish] schoolmasters, and few they be, that be found to be such. They be fond indeed, but surely overmany such be found everywhere. But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature, as they do correct faults. Yea, many times, the better nature is sorer punished: For if one, by quickness of wit, take his lesson readily, another, by hardness of wit, taketh it not so speedily: the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished; when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do now, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life, abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few which I will reckon. Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep: soon hot and desirous of this and that: as cold and soon weary of the same again: more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far: even like oversharpe tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators: ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also, for manners and life, quick wits commonly be in desire newfangled, in purpose unconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything: both benefit and injury:

and thereby neither fast to friend, nor fearful to foe: inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in greatest affairs: bold, with any person: busy in every matter: soothing in such as be present: nipping any that is absent: of nature also, always, flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors: and, by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

Moreover, commonly men very quick of wit be also very light of conditions: and thereby, very ready of disposition to be carried overquickly, by any light company, to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young: and therefore seldom either honest of life, or rich in living, when they be old. For, quick in wit, and light in manners, be either seldom troubled, or very soon weary in carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits also be, in most part of all their doings, overquick, hasty, rash, heady, and brainsick. These two last words, Heady and Brainsick, be fit and proper words, rising naturally of the matter, and termed aptly by the condition, of overmuch quickness of wit. In youth also they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever overlight and merry. In age, soon testy, very waspish, and always overmiserable: and yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their misordered life when they were young: but a great deal fewer of them come to show any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest time: and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that amongst a number of quick wits in youth, few be found, in the end, either very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to serve the commonwealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way: except a very few, to whom peradventure blood and happy parentage may perchance purchase a long standing upon the stage. The which felicity, because it cometh by others' procuring, not by their own deserving, and stand by other men's feet and not by their own, what outward brag soever is borne by them is indeed, of itself and in wise men's eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by overmuch study and use of some sciences, — namely,

Music, Arithmetic, and Geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits overmuch, so they change men's manners oversore, if they be not moderately mingled, and wisely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience, but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. Galene saith, Much music marreth men's manners: and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing in his books de Rep. well marked also, and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter, I wrote once more at large, twenty year ago, in my book of shooting: now I thought but to touch it, to prove that overmuch quickness of wit, either given by nature or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth, that is not overdull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish,—as Tully wisheth, "*otium, quietum, non languidum*;" and "*negotium cum labore, non cum periculo*,"—such a wit I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not overtwhartly, and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living, proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep: painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangledness: bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also, for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing: and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs: and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise. Not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter: and thereby, not quick in

speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel, in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

I have been longer in describing the nature, the good or ill success, of the quick and hard wit, than perchance some will think this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby plainly to utter what injury is offered to all learning and to the commonwealth also, first by the fond [foolish] father in choosing, but chiefly by the lewd [churlish] school-master in beating and driving away the best natures from learning. A child that is still, silent, constant, and somewhat hard of wit is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else, when he cometh to the school he is smally regarded, little looked unto, he lacketh teaching, he lacketh couraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh beating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of living.

And when this sad-natured and hard-witted child is bet [beaten] from his book, and becometh after either student of the common law, or page in the court, or serving man, or bound prentice to a merchant, or to some handicraft, he proveth in the end wiser, happier, and many times honest, too, than many of these quick wits do by their learning.

Learning is both hindered and injured, too, by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities. Of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children, in a fair garden about St. James tide : a child will choose a sweeting, because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet, because it is then green, hard, and sour : when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humors ; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats : sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude : but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities. Whereof cometh partly

that lewd [popular] and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men, that the greatest clerks be not the wisest men.

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners, yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men, and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangledness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well. . . .

But it is notable and true that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito : That that number of men is fewest, which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly, but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number : which he proveth true in diverse other things : as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found, exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow : And therefore, I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits, amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better, learned, wiser, and honester man : and therefore do I the more lament, that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond [foolish] fathers, or bet from learning by lewd [churlish] schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child, after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skillful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt, that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity, that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should : for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse. but wild and unfortunate children : and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

But concerning the true notes of the best wits for learning

in a child, I will report : not mine own opinion, but the very judgment of him that was counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning maketh mention of, and that is Socrates in Plato, who expresseth orderly these seven plain notes to choose a good wit in a child for learning : 1. *Euphues*, 2. *Mnemon*, 3. *Philomathes*, 4. *Philoponos*, 5. *Philekoös*, 6. *Zetetikos*, 7. *Philepainos*.

And because I write English, and to Englishmen, I will plainly declare in English both what these words of Plato mean, and how aptly they be linked, and how orderly they follow one another.

1. *Euphues* is he that is apt by goodness of wit, and applicable by readiness of will, to learning, having all other qualities of the mind and parts of the body that must another day serve learning, not troubled, mangled, and halved, but sound, whole, and able to do their office : as a tongue not stammering, or overhardly drawing forth words, but plain, and ready to deliver the meaning of the mind : a voice, not soft, weak, piping, womanish, but audible, strong, and manlike : a countenance not werish and crabbed, but fair and comely : a personage, not wretched and deformed, but tall and goodly : for surely a comely countenance, with a goodly stature, giveth credit to learning, and authority to the person ; otherwise commonly, either open contempt or privy disfavor doth hurt, or hinder, both person and learning. And even as a fair stone requireth to be set in the finest gold, with the best workmanship, or else it loseth much of the grace and price, even so excellency in learning, and namely divinity, joined with a comely personage, is a marvelous jewel in the world. And how can a comely body be better employed than to serve the fairest exercise of God's greatest gift, and that is learning. But commonly, the fairest bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so ; and with examples herein I would not meddle : yet I wish that those should both mind it and meddle with it, which have most occasion to look to it, as good and wise fathers should do, and greatest authority to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do ; and yet I will not let, openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein.

For, if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be, to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I have spent the most part of

my life in the university, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus: whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew make great and oft complaint: a good horseman will choose no such colt, neither for his own, nor yet for his master's saddle. And thus much of the first note.

2. *Mnemon.* Good of memory, a special part of the first note, and a mere benefit of nature: yet it is so necessary for learning, as Plato maketh it a separate and perfect note of itself, and that so principal a note, as without it, all other gifts of nature do small service to learning. Afranius, that old Latin poet, maketh memory the mother of learning and wisdom, saying thus: "Usus me genuit, mater peperit memoria;" and though it be the mere gift of nature, yet is memory well preserved by use, and much increased by order, as our scholar must learn another day in the university; but in a child, a good memory is well known by three properties: that is, if it be quick in receiving, sure in keeping, and ready in delivering forth again.

3. *Philomathes.* Given to love learning; for though a child have all the gifts of nature at wish, and perfection of memory at will, yet if he have not a special love to learning, he shall never attain to much learning. And therefore Isocrates, one of the noblest schoolmasters that is in memory of learning, who taught kings and princes, as Halicarnassæus writeth, and out of whose school, as Tully saith, came forth more noble captains, more wise councilors, than did out of Epeius' horse at Troy; — this Isocrates, I say, did cause to be written, at the entry of his school, in golden letters, this golden sentence, *ἐὰν ᾗς φιλομαθῆς, ἔσῃ πολυμαθῆς*, which, excellently said in Greek, is thus rudely in English: If thou lovest learning, thou shalt attain to much learning.

4. *Philoponos* is he that hath a lust to labor, and a will to take pains. For if a child have all the benefits of nature, with perfection of memory, love, like, and praise learning never so much, yet if he be not of himself painful [painstaking], he shall never attain unto it. And yet where love is present, labor is seldom absent, and namely in study of learning, and matters of the mind: and therefore did Isocrates rightly judge that if his scholar were Philomathes he cared for no more. Aristotle, varying from Isocrates in private affairs of life, but agreeing with Isocrates in common judgment of learning, for

love and labor in learning, is of the same opinion, uttered in these words, in his "Rhetoric ad Theodecten": Liberty kindleth love; love refuseth no labor; and labor obtaineth whatsoever it seeketh. And yet nevertheless, goodness of nature may do little good; perfection of memory may serve to small use; all love may be employed in vain: any labor may be soon graveled, if a man trust always to his own singular wit and will not be glad sometime to hear, take advice, and learn of another: And therefore doth Socrates very notably add the fifth note.

5. *Philekoös*. He that is glad to hear and learn of another. For otherwise, he shall stick with great trouble, where he might go easily forward; and also catch hardly a very little by his own toil, when he might gather quickly a good deal by another man's teaching. But now there be some that have great love to learning, good lust to labor, be willing to learn of others, yet, either of a fond shamefacedness, or else of a proud folly, they dare not or will not go to learn of another; and therefore doth Socrates wisely add the sixth note of a good wit in a child for learning, and that is —

6. *Zetetikos*. He that is naturally bold to ask any question, desirous to search out any doubt, not ashamed to learn of the meanest, not afraid to go to the greatest, until he be perfectly taught, and fully satisfied.

The seventh and last point is —

7. *Philepainos*. He that loveth to be praised for well-doing, at his father or master's hand. A child of this nature will earnestly love learning, gladly labor for learning, willingly learn of others, boldly ask any doubt. And thus, by Socrates' judgment, a good father and a wise schoolmaster should choose a child to make a scholar of, that hath by nature the foresaid perfect qualities, and comely furniture, both of mind and body, hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep, and ready to deliver: hath love to learning: hath lust to labor: hath desire to learn of others: hath boldness to ask any question: hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well-doing.

The two first points be special benefits of nature: which, nevertheless, be well preserved, and much increased by good order. But as for the five last, love, labor, gladness to learn of others, boldness to ask doubts, and will to win praise, be won and maintained by the only wisdom and discretion of the schoolmaster. Which five points, whether a schoolmaster shall

work sooner in a child, by fearful beating or courteous handling, you that be wise, judge.

Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us, when we thus wish and reason, that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love, than compelled to learning by beating and fear: They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk, and pass away time, but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes, forsooth: as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion, or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him, who, they themselves shall confess, wax as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all: and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this in these words: . . . in English thus, No learning ought to be learned with bondage: For, bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body: but any learning learned by compulsion, tarrieth not long in the mind: And why? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried, but have lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching, but of some other higher learning, hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say: . . . my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure. And you that do read Plato, as ye should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences, first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after, given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked, and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates, I will repose myself, until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was. Fond schoolmasters neither can understand, nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates, but wise riders in their office can and will do both: which is the only cause, that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly to school, and run so fast to the stable: For in very deed fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat into them the hatred of learning, and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in

them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools. They feel liberty and freedom in stables: which causeth them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this that, in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other: yea, I am sorry, with all my heart, that they be given no more to riding than they be: For of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises, amongst the noble gentlemen the old Persians, Always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well: and so it was engraven upon Darius' tomb, as Strabo beareth witness:—

Darius the king lieth buried here,
Who in riding and shooting had never peer.

But, to our purpose, young men, by any means, losing the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, they carry commonly, from the school with them, a perpetual hatred of their master, and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forget so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill handling by their schoolmasters. . . .

Yet some will say that children, of nature, love pastime and mislike learning: because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome: which is an opinion not so true as some men ween: For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For, beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book. Knock him always, when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, —and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent, —that if ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than other, to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is like the newest wax, most able

to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth: This, lewd [vulgar] and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young: and this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing; new clay fittest for working; new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing; new fresh flesh, for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse, of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit: young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak: and so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely, children, kept up in God's fear, and governed by his grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and country both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with willfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but impossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness, the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report ; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park : I found her in her chamber, reading "Phædon Platonis" in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park ? Smiling she answered me : " I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shallow to that pleasure that I find in Plato : alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." " And how came you, madame," quoth I, " to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it : seeing, not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto." " I will tell you," quoth she, " and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world ; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me : and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringing daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me." I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

I could be overlong, both in showing just causes, and in reciting true examples, why learning should be taught rather by love than fear. He that would see a perfect discourse of it, let him read that learned treatise, which my friend Joan. Sturmius wrote "de Institutione Principis," to the Duke of Cleves.

The godly counsels of Solomon and Jesus the son of Sirach, for sharp keeping in and bridling of youth, are meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating, rather for manners than for learning; for other places, than for schools. For God forbid but all evil touches, wantonness, lying, picking, sloth, will, stubbornness, and disobedience should be with sharp chastisement daily cut away.



THE DUCHESS' WOOING.

BY JOHN WEBSTER.

(From "The Duchess of Malfi.")

Duchess —

Cariola,

To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life — my fame.

Cariola —

Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children.

Duchess —

Thy protestation
Is ingenious¹ and hearty: I believe it.
Is Antonio come?

Cariola —

He attends you

Duchess —

Good, dear soul,
Leave me; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed;
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clew
To be my guide. [CARIOLA goes behind the arras.

¹ Ingenuous.

Enter ANTONIO.

I sent for you: sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?

Antonio —

Yes.

Duchess —

What did I say?

Antonio —

That I should write somewhat.

Duchess —

O, I remember.

After these triumphs and this large expense,
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.

Antonio —

So please your beauteous excellence.

Duchess —

Beauteous!

Indeed, I thank you: I look young for your sake;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Antonio —

I'll fetch your grace

The particulars of your revenue and expense.

Duchess —

O, you are

An upright treasurer: but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.

Antonio —

Where?

Duchess —

In heaven.

I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?

Antonio —

O, much better.

Duchess —

If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? say.

Antonio—

Begin with that first good deed began i' the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage :
I'd have you first provide for a good husband ;
Give him all.

Duchess—

All !

Antonio—

Yes, your excellent self.

Duchess—

In a winding sheet ?

Antonio—

In a couple.

Duchess—

Saint Winifred,¹ that were a strange will !

Antonio—

'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duchess—

What do you think of marriage ?

Antonio—

I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell ;
There's no third place in't.

Duchess—

How do you affect it ?

Antonio—

My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

Duchess—

Pray, let's hear it.

Antonio—

Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him ? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cockhorse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

¹“ A noble British maiden of the seventh century. Prince Cradocus fell in love with her ; but she would not accept his suit, and he cut off her head, which rolled to the foot of a hill : it stopped there, and a spring gushed up. Saint Bueno picked up the head and put it back on her shoulders : Winifred came to life, and lived fifteen years thereafter. The fame of her holiness spread : a shrine was built at the spring, and during many centuries that shrine, Holywell, in Flintshire, was the resort of pilgrims. Her day in the Saints' Calendar is November 3. Cradocus was swallowed up by the earth's opening immediately after he severed her head from its trunk.”

Duchess —

Fie, fie, what's all this ?
 One of your eyes is bloodshot; use my ring to't,
 They say 'tis very sovereign: 'twas my wedding ring,
 And I did vow never to part with it
 But to my second husband.

Antonio —

You have parted with it now.

Duchess —

Yes, to help your eyesight.

Antonio —

You have made me stark blind.

Duchess —

How ?

Antonio —

There is a saucy and ambitious devil
 Is dancing in this circle.

Duchess —

Remove him.

Antonio —

How ?

Duchess —

There needs small conjuration, when your finger
 May do it: thus; is it fit ?

[She puts the ring upon his finger: he kneels.]

Antonio —

What said you ?

Duchess —

Sir,
 This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
 I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
 Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
 Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.

[Raises him.]

Antonio —

Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
 That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
 But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
 With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
 Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
 Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
 Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool
 That, being acold, would thrust his hands i' the fire
 To warm them.

Duchess —

So, now the ground's broke,

You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Antonio —

O my unworthiness !

Duchess —

You were ill to sell yourself :
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' the city ; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares of : and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Antonio —

Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

Duchess —

Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great !
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us ;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless ; mine is in your bosom :
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble :
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident :
What is't distracts you ? This is flesh and blood, sir ;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man !
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't.¹

Antonio —

Truth speak for me ;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

¹ "The passion of the Duchess for Antonio, a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy : in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, declares to her dependent that he is the husband of her choice without losing anything of dignity and respect, and seems

Duchess —

I thank you, gentle love:
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est*. This you should have begged now:
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Antonio —

But for your brothers?

Duchess —

Do not think of them:
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not feared:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Antonio —

These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savored flattery.

Duchess —

Kneel. [CARIOLA comes from behind the arras.

Antonio —

Ha!

Duchess —

Be not amazed; this woman's of my counsel:
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presenti is absolute marriage.

[*She and ANTONIO kneel.*

Bless, Heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine!

Antonio —

And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion!

Duchess —

Quickening, and make
The like soft music!

Antonio —

That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit, divided!

only to exercise the privilege of rank in raising merit from obscurity." — DYCE.
"It may be added that neither in the English Drama nor in English Fiction
shall we find a scene in which womanly dignity and womanly love are exhibited
more naturally than in this. A noble woman, as Webster here depicts her, is
neither the unreal, ethereal creature of the Age of Chivalry, nor is she the toy or
servant of man." — THAYER.

Duchess—

What can the church force more ?

Antonio—

That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixed wishes !

Duchess—

How can the church build faster ?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but echo this. — Maid, stand apart :
I now am blind.

Antonio—

What's your conceit in this ?

Duchess—

I would have you lead your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage bed :
(You speak in me this, for we now are one :)
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot
To appease my humorous kindred ; and if you please,
Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick,
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets !

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS and ANTONIO.]

Cariola—

Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not ; but it shows
A fearful madness : I owe her much of pity. [*Exit.*]



PRAYERS BEFORE BATTLE.

By JOHN FLETCHER.

(From "The Two Noble Kinsmen.")

*Scene: Athens. An open space before the Temples of Mars,
Venus, and Diana.*

Theseus—

You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow the nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dovelike
Before the holy altars of our helpers,



JOHN FLETCHER

The all-feared gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
 Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
 And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
 I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
 I part my wishes.

Pirithous—

Honor crown the worthiest!

[*Exeunt THESEUS and train.*]

Palamon—

The glass is running now that cannot finish
 Till one of us expire: think you but thus,—
 That, were there aught in me which strove to show
 Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
 Against another, arm oppresst by arm,
 I would destroy the offender; coz, I would,
 Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
 How I should tender you.

Arcite—

I am in labor

To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
 Out of my memory; and i' the selfsame place
 To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
 The sails that must these vessels port even where
 The heavenly Limiter pleases!

Palamon—

You speak well.

Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin.

[*They embrace.*]

This I shall never do again.

Arcite—

One farewell!

Palamon—

Why, let it be so; farewell, coz!

Arcite—

Farewell, sir!—

[*Exeunt PALAMON and his Knights.*]

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
 True worshipers of Mars, whose spirit in you
 Expels the seeds of fear, and the apprehension
 Which still is father of it, go with me
 Before the god of our profession. There
 Require of him the hearts of lions, and
 The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness, too;
 Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
 Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
 Must be dragged out of blood; force and great feat
 Must put my garland on, where she will stick
 The queen of flowers. Our intercession, then,
 Must be to him who makes the camp a cestron¹

¹ Cistern.

Brimmed with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him. —

*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces;
then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turned
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teaming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The masoned turrets; that both makest and breakest
The stony girths of cities; me, thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' the day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

*[Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is heard
clanging of armor, with a short thunder, as the burst of a
battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.]*

O great corrector of enormous¹ times,
Shaker of o'errank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the plurisy² of people, I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly! — Let us go.

[Exeunt.]

Reënter PALAMON and his Knights.

Palamon —

Our stars must glisten with new fires, or be
To-day extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! —

*[Here they advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their
faces; then kneel.]*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
And weep unto a girl; that hast the might

¹ Monstrous.

² Plethora.

Even with an eyeglance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn the alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the polled bachelor,
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away and sigh. Take to thy grace
Me thy vowed soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles. I
Have never been foul-mouthed against thy law,
Ne'er revealed secret, for I knew none, — would not,
Had I kenned all that were; I never practiced
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blushed
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors,¹ and have hotly asked them
If they had mothers. I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wronged. I knew a man
Of eighty winters — this I told them — who
A lass of fourteen bridled. 'Twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screwed his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy² eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seemed torture. This anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer;
Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in

¹ Licentious boasters.² Bulging.

The boldest language: such a one I am,
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh
 Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet goddess,
 Give me the victory of this question, which
 Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
 Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reignest
 In mortal bosoms, whose chase¹ is this world,
 And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
 For this fair token, which, being laid unto
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
 My body to this business! — Let us rise
 And bow before the goddess; time comes on.

[*They bow, then exeunt.*

Still music of records. Enter EMILIA in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they courtesy and kneel.

Emilia —

O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
 Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
 As wind-fanned snow, who to thy female knights
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
 Which is their order's robe, I here, thy priest,
 Am humbled 'fore thine altar! O, vouchsafe,
 With that thy rare green eye — which never yet
 Beheld thing maculate — look on thy virgin!
 And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear —
 Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
 Ne'er entered wanton sound — to my petition,
 Seasoned with holy fear! This is my last
 Of vestal office; I'm bride habited,
 But maiden-hearted; a husband I have pointed,²
 But do not know him; out of two I should
 Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
 Am guiltless of election; of mine eyes,
 Were I to lose one — they are equal precious —

¹ Hunting ground.

² Appointed.

I could doom neither; that which perished should
 Go to't unsentenced: therefore, most modest queen,
 He, of the two pretenders,¹ that best loves me
 And has the truest title in't, let him
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
 The file and quality I hold I may
 Continue in thy band. —

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends
 a rose tree having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows²
 Out from the bowels of her holy altar
 With sacred act advances! But one rose!
 If well inspired, this battle shall confound
 Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
 Must grow alone, unplucked.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls
 from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.*

The flower is fallen, the tree descends! — O mistress,
 Thou here dischargest me! I shall be gathered,
 I think so; but I know not thine own will:
 Unclass thy mystery! — I hope she's pleased;
 Her signs were gracious. [*They courtesy, and exeunt.*



LOVE'S VITALITY.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON

[1563-1631.]

SINCE there's no hope, come, let us kiss and part, —

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,

That thus so clearly I myself can free;
 Shake hands together, cancel all our vows,

And when we meet in any place again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows,

That we one jot of former love retain;
 Now, at the last gasp of Love's failing breath,

When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes, —

Now, if thou wouldst when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou yet mightst him recover!

¹ Suitors.

² Refers to the moon (Diana) as ruler of the tides.

EXPLORATA; OR, DISCOVERIES.

BY BEN JONSON.

(From "Timber.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 2616.]

ILL fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counseled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them; but to place all things she gave them so, as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them: to keep always a distance between her and themselves. He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet that which happens to any man may to every man. But it is in his reason, what he accounts it and will make it.

No man is so foolish but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but may easily err, if he will take no others' counsel but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching. For he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master.

A fame that is wounded to the world would be better cured by another's apology than its own: for few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good and his evil deeds oppress him: he is not easily emergent.

In great affairs it is a work of difficulty to please all. And ofttimes we lose the occasion of carrying a business well and thoroughly by our too much haste. For passions are spiritual rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding.

Natures that are hardened to evil you shall sooner break than make straight; they are like poles that are crooked and dry, there is no attempting them.

We praise the things we hear with much more willingness than those we see, because we envy the present and reverence the past; thinking ourselves instructed by the one, and overlaid by the other.

Impostura. — Many men believe not themselves what they

Manuscript of Ben Jonson.

“The Masque of Queenes, celebrated from the House of Fame by the most absolute in all states and titles Anne Queene of Great Britayne, etc, with her honerable ladyes, at white Hall, Feb. 2, 1609. Written by Ben Jonson.” With a dedicatory epistle to Henry, Prince of Wales, and marginal notes. Published in 1609, 4to, being entered at Stationers Hall, 22 Feb., 1608-09.

Humanity, is not the least honor of y^e Merit. For, if once the worthy Professors of these learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the care of Princes, the Crownes Shall Soueraignes wares will not more adorne thy Temples, nor thy framps live longer in thy Medals, than in such Subjects labors. Poetry, my Lord, is not borne wth every man, nor every day: And in her generall right, it is, now my minute to thank y^e Highnesse, who not only to honor her wth y^e care, but are curious to examine her wth y^e eye, & inquire into her beauties, & strengths. Where, though it hath provid a work of some difficulty to mee to retrieve the particular authorities (according to y^e gracious command, and a desire borne out of indignation) to those things, w^{ch} I wth obt of fables, and memory of my former readings; yet, now I have overcome it, the reward that nature mee is double to our self. w^{ch} is, that thereby, y^e excellent understanding will not only instruct mee to y^e owne knowledge, but decline the stiffness of others original ignorance, already bound to censure: For w^{ch} singular beauty, if my Fate (most excellent Prince, and only Delicacy of mankind) shall reform mee to the life of y^e actions, whether in the Camp, or the Council-chamber, I may write, at nights, the doodes of y^e dayes; I will then labor to bring forth some worke as worthy of y^e fame, as my Ambition therein is of y^e person.

By the most true admirer of y^e Highnesse Vertues,

And most hearty Celebrater of them

Ben: Jonson ..

in the

THE MASQUE OF
QUEENES.

It increasing, now, to the third time of my being wth in those services to her Ma.^{ty} personall representations, wth the Ladyes whom she pleased to honor; it was my first, and special request, to for that the Nobility of the Iudition should be answerable to the dignity of these persons. For w^{ch} reason, I chose the Argument, to be, A Celebration of honorable, & true Fame, bred out of Vertues: of leaving that rule of the best Artist, to suffer no sight of delight to pass without his mixture of profit, & example. And because her Ma.^{ty} (both knowing, that a princely part of life in these spectacles lay in their variety) had commanded mee to think on some Dance, or Show, that might preceed here, I had the place of a foyler, or faller Malque; I was careful to decline not only from others, but mine owne foyles: in that kind, since the last years I had an Anti-Mac of Boys: and therefore, now, devised that twosome of Women, in the habite of Wags, or Whithers, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Religion, Credulity, &c. the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part; as is a Malque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of gestures, & not slightly forking wth the current, & whole fall of the Theatre. First, then, his Ma.^{ty} being got, and the whole Company in full expectation, that w^{ch} presented it self was wthough Hell; wth flaming bonnets, spread to the top of the heele. And, in respect all Equies w^{ch} (morally) sayd to come from Hell, as also from that obfuscation of Torrentius upon Horace his Canis dia.

would persuade others ; and less do the things which they would impose on others ; but least of all know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the sign of the cross over their outer doors, and sacrifice to their gut and their groin in their inner closets.

Scientiæ liberales non vulgi sunt. — Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body, though we less can be without them, as tillage, spinning, weaving, building, etc., without which we could scarce sustain life a day. But these were the works of every hand ; the other of the brain only, and those the most generous and exalted wits and spirits, that cannot rest or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labor : *Opere pascitur.*

There is a more secret cause, and the power of liberal studies lies more hid, than that it can be wrought out by profane wits. It is not every man's way to hit. There are men, I confess, that set the carat and value upon things as they love them ; but science is not every man's mistress. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

Affliction teacheth a wicked person sometime to pray : prosperity never.

Latro sesquipedalis. — The thief that had a longing at the gallows to commit one robbery more before he was hanged. And like the German lord, when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took order to have his arms set up in his last herborough : said he was taken and committed upon suspicion of treason, no witness appearing against him ; but the judges entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack ; but he confessed, etc.

Envy is no new thing, nor was it born only in our times. The ages past have brought it forth, and the coming ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those men's virtues which, because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despairst to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that which others had not yet known but from me ? or that I am the author of many things which never would have come in thy thought but that I taught them ? It is a new but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equal or come near in doing, you would destroy or ruin with evil speaking ; as if you had bound both your wits and natures prentices to slander, and

then came forth the best artificers when you could form the foulest calumnies.

Hearsay news. — That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the Great Mogul, who could both write and read, and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens' wives sent him. That he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negotiation was to confer or practice with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor Castle and carrying it away on his back if he can.

Acutius cernuntur vitia quam virtutes. — There is almost no man but he sees clearer and sharper the vices in a speaker, than the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease will find fault with what is spoken foolishly than can give allowance to that wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a fool is always in his tongue, said the witty comic poet; and it appears not in anything more than in that nation, whereof one, when he had got the inheritance of an unlucky old grange, would needs sell it; and to draw buyers proclaimed the virtues of it. "Nothing ever thrived on it," saith he. "No owner of it ever died in his bed; some hung, some drowned themselves; some were banished, some starved; the trees were all blasted; the swine died of the measles, the cattle of the murrain, the sheep of the rot; they that stood were ragged, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever reared there, not a duckling, or a goose." Was not this man like to sell it?

Amor et odium. — Love that is ignorant, and hatred, have almost the same ends. Many foolish lovers wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: as to wish a friend banished, that they might accompany him in exile; or some great want, that they might relieve him; or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a causeway to their courtesy by injury, as if it were not honest to do nothing than to seek a way to do good by a mischief.

Injuria. — Injuries do not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesy, takes not away the courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

Beneficia. — Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favoring and

fill our sails ; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true, some men may receive a courtesy and not know it ; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents ; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever ; but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause ; but he meant it not me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked ; was the wreck a benefit therefore ? No ; the doing of courtesies aright is the mixing of the respects for his own sake and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them : he hath his horse well dressed for Smithfield.

Valor rerum. — The price of many things is far above what they are bought and sold for. Life and health, which are both inestimable, we have of the physician ; as learning and knowledge, the true tillage of the mind, from our schoolmasters. But the fees of the one or the salary of the other never answer the value of what we received, but served to gratify their labors.

It is strange there should be no vice without his patronage, that when we have no other excuse we will say, we love it, we cannot forsake it. As if that made it not more a fault. We cannot, because we think we cannot, and we love it because we will defend it. We will rather excuse it than be rid of it. That we cannot is pretended ; but that we will not is the true reason. How many have I known that would not have their vices hid ; nay, and, to be noted, live like Antipodes to others in the same city : never see the sun rise or set in so many years, but be as they were watching a corpse by torchlight ; would not sin the common way, but held that a kind of rusticity. They would do it new, or contrary, for the infamy ; they were ambitious of living backward ; and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the vicious customs. It was impossible to reform these natures ; they were dried and hardened in their ill. They may say they desired to leave it, but do not trust them ; and they may think they desire it, but they may lie for all that ; they are a little

angry with their follies now and then; marry, they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confess they are offended with their manner of living: like enough; who is not? When they can put me in security that they are more than offended, that they hate it, then I'll hearken to them, and perhaps believe them: but many nowadays love and hate their ill together.

De Shakespeare nostrat [i]. — I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied: "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;" and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

One [Lord Bacon], though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for never no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end. . . .

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him

by his place or honors. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want.

If we would consider what our affairs are indeed, not what they are called, we should find more evils belonging us than happen to us. How often doth that which was called a calamity prove the beginning and cause of a man's happiness? and, on the contrary, that which happened or came to another with great gratulation and applause, how it hath lifted him but a step higher to his ruin? as if he stood before where he might fall safely.

Men that talk of their own benefits are not believed to talk of them because they have done them; but to have done them because they might talk of them. That which had been great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth. and is nothing, if he that did it speak of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

De sibi molestis.—Some men, what losses soever they have, they make them greater, and if they have none, even all that is not gotten is a loss. Can there be creatures of more wretched condition than these, that continually labor under their own misery and others' envy? A man should study other things, not to covet, not to fear, not to repent him; to make his base such as no tempest shall shake him; to be secure of all opinion, and pleasing to himself, even for that wherein he displeaseth others; for the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us. Wouldst not thou be just but for fame, thou oughtest to be it with infamy; he that would have his virtue published is not the servant of virtue, but glory.

BASIA.

By THOMAS CAMPION.

[1567-1620.]

TURN back, you wanton flyer,
 And answer my desire
 With mutual greeting.
 Yet bend a little nearer,—
 True beauty still shines clearer
 In closer meeting!
 Hearts with hearts delighted
 Should strive to be united,
 Each other's arms with arms enchaining,—
 Hearts with a thought,
 Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
 As still to reap the kisses
 Grown ripe in sowing?
 And straight to be receiver
 Of that which thou art giver,
 Rich in bestowing?
 There is no strict observing
 Of times' or seasons' swerving,
 There is ever one fresh spring abiding;—
 Then what we sow with our lips
 Let us reap, love's gains dividing.



OVERREACH OVERREACHED.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

(From "A New Way to pay Old Debts.")

[PHILIP MASSINGER, English dramatist, was baptized at St. Thomas', Salisbury, November 24, 1583. He studied at Oxford, but quitted the university without taking a degree, and repaired to London about 1606. Little is known of his personal history beyond the fact that he wrote many plays both independently and in conjunction with Field, Daborne, Dekker, and Fletcher; with the last he was associated from 1613 to 1625. He was found dead in bed in his house at Southwark (March, 1640), and was buried at the hands of actors in the churchyard of St. Saviour's. He wrote fifteen plays unaided—tragedies, tragi-comedies, and comedies—such as "The Bondman," "Duke of Milan," "Parliament of Love," "Maid of Honor," "City Madam," and "A



PHILIP MASSINGER

From a scarce print by T. Cross prefixed to his plays

New Way to pay Old Debts." Of his plays written in collaboration with other dramatists, the best are: "The Honest Man's Fortune," "Fatal Dowry," "Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt," and "The Virgin Martyr."]

Present: LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and others. *Enter* SIR GILES OVERREACH, with distracted looks, driving in MAREALL before him, with a box.

Overreach —

I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!

Marrall —

Sir, for what cause

Do you use me thus?

Overreach —

Cause, slave! why, I am angry,

And thou a subject only fit for beating,

And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;

Let but the seal be broke upon the box

That has slept in my cabinet these three years,

I'll rack thy soul for't.

Marrall —

I may yet cry quittance,

Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*

Overreach.

Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?

And the lord her husband? are they in your house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;

And, as an entrance to her place of honor,

See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtesies,

When she nods on you; which you must receive

As a special favor.

Lady Allworth —

When I know, Sir Giles,

Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;

But, in the mean time, as I am myself,

I give you to understand, I neither know

Nor care where her honor is.

Overreach —

When you once see her

Supported, and led by the lord her husband,

You'll be taught better. — Nephew.

Wellborn —

Sir.

Overreach —

No more!

Wellborn —

'Tis all I owe you.

Overreach —

Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent ?

Wellborn —

Insolent to you !
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself ?

Overreach —

His fortune swells him :
'Tis rank, he's married.

[*Aside.*

Lady Allworth —

This is excellent !

Overreach —

Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear ? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened ;
I name no parties.

Wellborn —

Well, sir, and what follows ?

Overreach —

Marry, this ; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds : put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the jail : you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Wellborn —

Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise ? was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else ?"

Overreach —

End me no ends ! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Wellborn —

And beg after ;
Mean you not so ?

Overreach —

My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security ?

Wellborn —

No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Overreach —

But my deeds shall.
Outbraved!

[*Both draw.*]

Lady Allworth —

Help, murder! murder!

Enter Serv.

Wellborn —

Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Armed with his cutthroat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Overreach —

That I had thee
But single in the field!

Lady Allworth —

You may; but make not
My house your quarreling scene.

Overreach —

Were't in a church,
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't!

Marrall —

Now put him to
The showing of the deed.

[*Aside to WELLBORN.*]

Wellborn —

This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Overreach —

I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That hath continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Marrall —

Now, now!

Wellborn —

I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

Lady Allworth —

In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Overreach —

Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.

Lady Allworth —

Never: do not hope it.

Wellborn —

Let despair first seize me.

Overreach —

Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the box and displays the bond.*]

Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear — ha!

Lady Allworth —

A fair skin of parchment.

Wellborn —

Indented, I confess, and labels too,
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?

Overreach —

I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust! — the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only

Made nothing ! do you deal with witches, rascal ?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle ; yes, there is ;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Wellborn —

To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Overreach —

Marrall !

Marrall —

Sir !

Overreach —

Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two : and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight : besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses : the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this ? *[Aside to MARRALL.]*

Marrall —

I ! no, I assure you :
I have a conscience not seared up like yours ;
I know no deeds.

Overreach —

Wilt thou betray me ?

Marrall —

Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.

Overreach —

Mine own varlet
Rebel against me !

Marrall —

Yes, and uncase you too.
" The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your " football " or
" The unprofitable lump of flesh," your " drudge,"
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay, pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Lady Allworth —

How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Wellborn —

To him again.

Overreach —

O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!

Marrall —

I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.

Wellborn —

All will come out.

Lady Allworth —

The better.

Overreach —

But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lovell —

Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other!

[*Aside.*]

Overreach —

I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Wellborn —

I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valor
To be honest, and repent.

Overreach —

They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY and PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbor here: — after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo —

Married! yes, I assure you.

Overreach —

Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honorable, my right honorable daughter.

Greedy —

Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more.
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Overreach —

Instantly be here? *[Whispering to WILLDO.*
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble: — *[Loud music]* — they come! I
hear the music.

A lane there for my lord!

Wellborn —

This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

Overreach —

Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Margaret —

Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, *[Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Overreach —

How!

Allworth —

So I assure you; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,

Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honorable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Overreach —

Devil! are they married?

Willdo —

Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

Overreach —

Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo —

They are married.

Overreach —

Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these: — my brain turns!

Willdo —

Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
"Marry her to this gentleman."

Overreach —

It cannot —
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labors
Defeated and made void.

Wellborn —

As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Overreach —

Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[Attempts to kill MARGARET.]

Lovell [coming forward] —

Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,

And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.

Overreach —

Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valor
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lovell —

I am ready.

Lady Allworth —

Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

Wellborn —

You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Overreach —

Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in —
Thus!
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut, — if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions!

[*Exit.*

Marrall —

Is't not brave sport?

Greedy —

Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

Allworth —

Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

Lady Allworth —

His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Marrall —

Was it not a rare trick,

An it please your worship, to make the deed **nothing**?
 I can do twenty neater, if you please
 To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
 Such a solicitor and steward for you,
 As never worshipful had.

Wellborn —

I do believe thee;
 But first discover the quaint means you used
 To raze out the conveyance?

Marrall —

They are mysteries
 Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
 Incorporated in the ink and wax —
 Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
 With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
 To this conundrum. If it please your worship
 To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
 To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
 I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Wellborn —

You are a rascal! he that dares be false
 To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
 To any other. Look not for reward
 Or favor from me; I will shun thy sight
 As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
 If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
 Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy —

I'll commit him,
 If you'll have me, sir.

Wellborn —

That were to little purpose;
 His conscience be his prison. **Not a word,**
 But instantly begone.

Order (the Steward) —

Take this kick with you.

Amble (the Usher) —

And this.

Furnace (the Cook) —

If that I had my cleaver here,
 I would divide your knave's head.

Marrall —

This is the haven
 False servants still arrive at.

[*Exit.*

Lady Allworth—

Lovell —

Wellborn —

Willdo —

Overreach —

I'll fall to execution. — Ha! I am feeble:

[*Rushes forward and flings himself on the ground.*]

Wellborn—

Greedy —

Lovell —

How he foams!

Wellborn —

And bites the earth!

Willdo —

Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Margaret —

O my dear father ! [*They force OVERREACH off.*]



GIBBON FALLS.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

BY WILLIAM R. BRADSHAW.

I FAIN would torrents greet,
By falling streams to rest,
In unloosed tresses of white wave,
I bid the pearly sweetness lave
Hot brow and wearied feet
Far in the gorgeous West.

Lo, through the distance swells
A sweet hesperian hymn,
Sung by the cascades of the stream,
That sweep the rocks — a sounding dream
With voices from the dells
And songs from gorges dim.

To headlong heights they cling,
In slumberous foam they roar.
In snowy whiteness voices shine,
And ring through aisles of lofty pine:
Come thou to Wyoming,
And rest for evermore.

The surge of endless air,
The branding waves of light,
The frankincense of grassy meads,
The odors from the scented weeds,
Make glad thy chamber fair;
Infuse thee with delight.

And near thee grandly dwell,
To perfect thy retreat,
The vast caressing space of heaven,
The lofty peaks, to keen airs given,
The happy hydromel
Of wildernesses sweet.

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